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A HARVARD MISCELLANY

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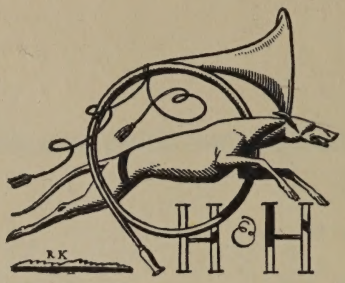

The Editors of The Hound & Horn

announce for future publication

JEAN GIRAUDOUX *by* Justin O'Brien

E. E. CUMMINGS, His Use of Words
by R. P. Blackmur

PAST REASON HATED
A story by Courtenay Hemenway

FORTY DAYS, *A poem by* J. B. Wheelwright

EISENSTEIN (Director of *Potemkin*)
NOTES & PHOTOGRAPHS
by Jere Abbott

BOOK REVIEWS, SHORTER NOTICES
PERIODICAL REVIEWS, ETC.

THE HOUND & HORN: Volume II, Number 1, Fall, 1928. Published quarterly by THE HOUND & HORN, INCORPORATED, at Portland, Maine: Editorial and Executive Offices at 472 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.; single copies, 50 cents; subscriptions, one year $2.00, two years $3.50; Canadian subscriptions, one year $2.25, two years $4.00; foreign subscriptions, one year $2.50, two years $4.50. Entered as second class matter December 10, 1927, at the post office at Portland, Maine, under act of March 3, 1879.

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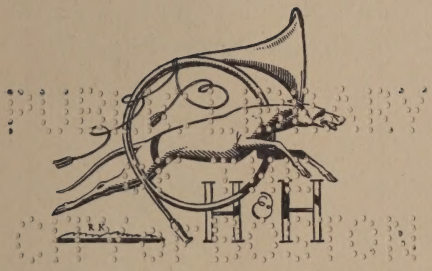

Vol. II, No. 1 September, 1928

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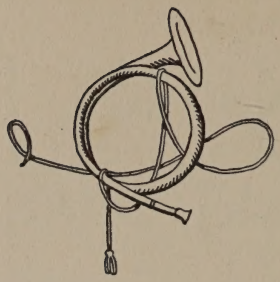

CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE

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Oct 5, 1928

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THE HOUND & HORN is published quarterly at Portland, Maine, by The Hound & Horn, Incorporated. Publication Office, 105 Middle Street, Portland, Maine. Editorial and Executive Offices, 472 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors, Box A, Cambridge, Mass., and must be accompanied by a stamped return envelope.

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THE
HOUND & HORN
A HARVARD MISCELLANY
Vol. II, No. 1 September, 1928

COMMENT

VOLUME TWO

WITH this number THE HOUND & HORN begins its second volume. "As a Harvard Miscellany it will attempt to present not the aspect of a single department or group of undergraduates in the University, but the entire scene of undergraduate and graduate activity. Its pages will be open to creative work in any field and on any subject, provided that the work is of a sufficiently non-technical character to arouse a general Harvard interest. .... It is the intention of THE HOUND & HORN to provide, in a measure, a point of contact between Harvard and the contemporary outside world both here and abroad." This announcement appeared in the first number and substantially it is still our platform. However, since certain practical editorial details have been overcome THE HOUND & HORN hopes this year to present a more polarized direction, an intensification of character heretofore impossible. There will be printed from time to time critical essays on Harvard men who have won distinction in the field of letters. Last year we presented a critique and analysis of the work of T. S. Eliot. In the future we hope to consider in a similar manner Henry Adams, Conrad Aiken, Irving Babbit, E. E. Cummings, Henry

James, and George Santayana. We would be particularly grateful for criticism either in an editorial or a personal vein: our own direction is neither so crystallized as to be immune from change, nor our taste so rigid as to be insusceptible to development.

We take pleasure in printing under the title "Notes on Politics" a document received from an eminent Danish jurist.

TOWARDS PEACE

At a time when the amicable desire of nations seems mainly to centre about the discussion of what is and what is not an *aggressive* war, and the ensuing treaties and pacts chiefly resemble a convenient means for these nations to escape immediate blame for the next war to end wars, Dr. Holm's projected law should prove embarrassing to diplomats. Except for the fact that these gentlemen will ignore it as quixotic, or undignified, it has in its furthest implications sound elements of sense and simple practicability. But simplicity, even in international relations, is, one sees, both impossible and undesirable. By no means is the personal bravery of Mr. Winston Churchill or Mr. Andrew Mellon in any way doubted: but if there exists a universal desire to end war,* and if all other means fail (as they heretofore have, bequeathing no hope of success to the future), this suggested law might conceivably be effectual, striking as it does directly at the immediate instigators and promotors.

* A very thorough and valuable book covering the whole complicated subject is *The Outlawry of War*, by Charles Clayton Morrison. *(Willet, Clark and Colby. Chicago.* 1927. $3.00)

FUGUE

THE clouds lifted slowly from the ridge of the mountains and the dawn-rim appeared. As I stooped low to peer over the frame of the little attic-window I whispered to Rory that it was pitch-dark; and indeed it was far darker than the night before when we had the full moon in the sky. Rory leaned up on one elbow in bed, and asked me if I could hear anything from beyond the river.

The damp of the dawn was everywhere that I might look. It softened the lime gable of the outhouse beneath me, it hung over the sodden hay in the barn and like the fog and mist last night under the blazing moon, it floated over the rumbling river to my right. I could imagine the flow taking strange courses in its flood, swishing in this neither dawn nor day nor dark, through all the alders and the reeds and the rushes and, doubtless, covering the steppingstones that we hoped would give us an escape to the mountains beyond.

So I whispered to Rory that I could only hear the water falling in the weirs, and tumbling out of his bed he cried a curse from Christ on the whore of a river that was holding us here to be plugged by the Tans for a pair of Irish bitches.

As I peered, standing in bare feet on the timber floor I recalled last night with a shudder. We were retreating from Inchigeela by the back-roads and we two had lost ourselves in the barren and rocky place they call the Rough, a difficult place by day and almost impassable by night. We had tramped up and down and up and down until I felt my eyes closing as I stumbled along, and scarcely had the energy

to push back my bandolier when it came sliding around my elbows. Rory, a country fellow, seemed tireless, but my shirt clung to my back with cold sweat. The fog lay like a white quilt under the moon, covering the countryside, and black shadows miles long and miles wide stretched across the land. Up and down we went, the fog growing thicker as we stumbled into boggy valleys, our feet squelching in the sodden turf, and fear hovering round our hearts. Earlier in the evening before the night fell, I had heard a noise before us in the lag, and had clicked a bullet in my rifle-breech and fallen flat, but Rory swore at me and asked me in amazement if I meant to fight them? After that I had no guts for anything but to get away from the danger of an encounter, to get across the river and the main road before the dawn, and up to the higher mountains on Ballyvourney beyond. So we trudged on and every natural night sound terrified us, a bird's cry, a barking dog with his double note, bark-bark, and then silence, bark-bark, and like that now and again the whole night long from one mountainside or another. People say the most lonely thing of all is the bark of a dog at night, but to us the most lonely sight was the odd twinkle of a light, miles away, one dot of light and all the rest of the land in darkness, except for the moon in the sky. The little light meant friends, a fireside, words of advice, comfort — but for us only the squelching and the trudging that seemed never to end, and maybe a bullet in the head before the dawn.

Once only we rested when Rory lost all patience and flung caution to the wind to light a cigarette in the hollow of his palms. I stretched out on the sodden moss — God, how

restful to sleep there for an hour of two — but Rory muttered to himself and I tried to keep awake by watching the coming of the red glow in his palm every time he drew in a fresh puff. The moon was a few nights from full roundness and I thought it looked like a jolly wench laughing at us both and the missing segment like a bonnety tam cocked on the side of her fat head. The devil would look after his own, Rory was saying, blast them, two again' twenty, we couldn't fight them. Rory pulled me up and we went on and I cursed Rory for not knowing the lay of his own countryside and he cursed me for a city snot that had no business out here in the mountains. Then we heard the cattle plunging in the boggy hollow beneath us, and we plunged ahead ourselves down a sharp descent where the river must have cut its way centuries ago: down we went sliding and running until the heavenly sight of trees broke against the sky and the dark mass of a house against them. Rory knew it for Dan Jamesy's house and we hammered with our rifle butts on the door, anxious only for sleep, and food, and the sight of friends. From an upper window she called to us and Rory spoke his name. Used to this sort of thing, and pitying us, she came down; barefooted, her black hair around her, a black cloak on her shoulders not altogether drawn over her pale breast, a candle blown madly by the wind slanting in her hand.

Rory had dressed himself while I peered out at the wall of mountain before me, and slinging his equipment over one shoulder he went down to eat something before we faced the river and the road — both half a mile away now. I followed him in a moment and found the old woman of

the house and a little boy seated on the settle, his eyes wide with interest, her's full of uneasiness at our being in her house, a danger to her sons and husband. The young woman who had opened the door the night before stood like a statue before the wide fireplace, her bright arm bare to the elbow, and — curious gesture — her hand on the crown of her head as if to keep in position the hair brushed and close-combed around her skull like a black velvet cap shining in the firelight. She smiled at me as I entered, but I was too anxious to reply with more than a wan smile. Rory asked her many questions about the encircling troops, and she replied, looking down at his ruddy earnest face, that some lorries had passed by an hour ago, and when he asked about the river she said that it had risen over the stones and could not be crossed. She stooped down to reach the teapot, keeping one hand on her hip as she poured the tea: before the hour was out I recollected how she looked at me while she poured me out a cupful, and at the recollection I felt just as when I saw the night before an odd, twinkling windowlight heading a deserted valley full of moonlight and mist. Stooping again she replaced the pot and went to sit on the other side of the little boy, and laying one hand on his knee spoke to him.

— That fir Tom brought last night has no fire in it.

— Tis a bad fire God bless it.

— Get a good log, now, Jamesy will you? Will you?

The little fellow looked at us only, and said, I will, but he did not stir. The old woman broke in irritably,

— Wisha, Jamesy couldn't.

— Indeed, Jamesy is a great man, isn't he, Jamesy? Imagine

Jamesy not to be able to carry a baulk of fir! Will you Jamesy?

But Jamesy sat with dangling legs watching us eat and she rose and with easy steps went out: the old woman stirred the wood fire; one of the sons handled my revolver with dull curiosity, and another fumbled in a ropeloft over Rory's head and replied that another lorry was gone by. We prepared for the river and the road, on our guard, not so afraid as when the night was all around. I went to the door to see if it rained, and stood looking into the dark archway of the stables and at the dark hollows under the thatch — nowhere else could I see the soft, silent fall. As I looked at the dark archway she appeared in it with an armful of logs and raised her head towards me and smiled once again and then approached pulling her blue apron over her head to protect her from the rain. I saw her smile and it tortured me. But Rory and the old man of the house came out and went towards the stables, arguing about a horse to carry us over the flood, and I followed them, and we came at last to where the river was tearing madly over the drowned stones.

As I sat behind the old fellow on his white mare clasping him firmly about the waist, and trying to keep my eyes from the swirling water that tore the gravel from the unsteady hoofs, I saw from the corners of my eyes, the drops that splashed up and flashed in the sun as they fell again on the prancing knees and the brown water. I saw at the identical moment the young woman in the blowing wind of the night, and her looks at me twice, thrice that morning. I longed for an end to this vagabond life, longed for I dared not think what, but there was in it the scent and light of flowers

and the scent of woman and her soft caresses. She had looked at me as if we had between us some secret love: not one woman in ten thousand will look so at one man in as many thousand, perhaps not one in all his life, never more than one I would have said a day ago, and now one such had looked at my eyes and I thought at once of the evening glow of the city streets when the sun has gone behind the tallest houses, when the end of the day is near, and the canyon-alleys are suffused with dusk and slowmoving lights: when men waken from the sleep of day and returning in upon themselves think of love, and the darkness where love is, and wander out from the city to the dark fields seeking a secret loneliness for their pain.

Rory had forgotten that he must not look down and he fell sidewise on the horse's back, and when he reached the opposite bank he began talking of his foolishness and never ceased reverting to it the whole day. He looked down, you see, he looked down into the flood, he forgot, man, he looked down, and by God, if he hadn't looked, but he looked into the water, he knew he shouldn't — wasn't it I myself was telling you not to look at the flood, but whatever happened I looked down. And Cripes! when I did . . . . To stay him and have peace for my own thought I told him that he had but little talk the night before: but he did not heed my jibes, and chattered on, glad of the morning and reckless about the last mile between us and the foothills. He was a little bellied fellow, his mouth like a crack across a potato, his cap distended by a cane hoop just like a plate on the top of his head. He had pinned a coloured miniature of the Virgin to the front of his queer cap, and when in the mood,

his talk bubbled from him in anything but a virginal flow. How he had sworn at me yesterday when he sighted the enemy troops and I could not see at all the tiny khaki figures below us on the lower slopes!

— Do you see them, he had cried with equal stress on each word after the manner of his dialect. Christ, can't you see them, he had shouted in rage, saying it as if it were spelled in two syllables, Chi-rist. Will you look at them, Christ, will you look at them when I tell you?

I used to wonder at his affection for me in spite of such failures as this. In better mood now he jabbered on while we made our way up against the sprung wind and a hilly place. At last we heard the incessant knocking of a threshing engine on the bald summit in front of us, and we made our way to it. Up here the wind was a storm, and it blew the chaff about the sky like yellow snow blown before the wind. First the blue slate-roof, then the white walls of the house, the yellow stack of corn, the stone-wall fences of the fields, and at last the little black engine jumping like a kettle on the hob, while all the time the men swung their arms to and fro in labour: soon we were amongst them telling one group after another of the night's and day's adventures. Rory gabbled between every pant after his climb, telling about the horse and how I could not see the little grey figures when they came around us the evening before. From where we stood, the Rough looked like a flat plain and the distant mountains like hunchbacks in a row. I watched the whole country change with the shadows of the flying clouds, listening to the engine, with its disyllabic knocking, cease-

less since the dawn, and the wind's cry, and Rory shouting above all.

— There was the bloody mare in the middle of the river, I'm not in the habit of horses, you know, a man that was used to horses wouldn't mind, but I wasn't in the habit of them and I never was, and what did I do and the bloody mare there in the middle of the river, what did I do, what did I do? The thing I did! What should I *do* I ask you but look down at the flood, to look down at the flood I did. I looked down and only for the lad got a grip of me I was down. Cripes, I was. I was! If I would only not look down at the flood, you see, but I looked down, and by Christ!

Here Rory began to shake in his excitement, too moved to be articulate.

The chaff was always driving away before the wind, and now and again, someone would look up and around at the sky and say to the man whose stack was being threshed in this communal fashion of the mountains,

— Maybe, it will hold dry.

The other would look up and around and say,

— Maybe it will. It might then. It's a strong wind.

Then they would set to work again, piking and tossing the broken sheaves and we moved down at last to the road.

The road twisted eastward behind the rocks and nothing but the tops of the telegraph poles shewed where it ran after that. It was bare and empty, so we ran for it, crossed it, and in another moment Rory was crying that a lorry was coming around the bend. Heartleaping we doubled our pace and fell upon our bellies in the moss, squirming around like legless things to face the road. In a moment more the shots be-

gan to whine away over our heads, and I saw two awkward figures firing at us as they ran: I fired wildly in reply until my bolt jammed, and then rolled away into a hollow that by the fortunes of war lay behind me: thereupon I ran through the rocky place, through the bracken and the bog, more madly than ever in my life before, and raced for such a lengthy spell that when at last I fell helpless upon the ground my breath pumped in and out painfully and my heart beat against my side like a thing trying to leave my body. I heard the shots still ringing and the bullets whining high up in the air, flying no doubt in a great parabola so that I fancied that I heard them thud when spent into the soft earth, a rainbow curve completed.

When at last they ceased and our hearts returned to a normal beat we were come to a little lowflung wood of birch and rowan, the silver bark peeling black stripes horizontally from the birch, the red berries of the rowan windblown on its delicate branches. Gray rocks covered the interstices of the trees and the sun fell sometimes on the rock to warm the cold colour: a stream twisted through the rough ground and its sound was soft and bass and up on a sudden promontory was a single figure silhouetted against the sky who was working in a series of vigorous thrusts on a spade. We remained in the little wood for many hours, listening to the bassviol of the falling water, to the wind pulling at the larchtops and shaking the tender rowan, and sometimes listening with attention to the drumming of a lorry as it passed in and out of earshot in the near distance.

Excited by danger, and by the beauty of this calm place, the falling stream beside me, the trees moving all around,

I began to think again of the young woman in the black cloak who had become aware that I too lived just as much as anyone she had hitherto known at church or fair. I saw her always as she had come to us in the night, her black cloak hanging heavily against her skin as she led us to the quiet kitchen and the dead embers on the hearth. Surely life had a less miser purpose in this encounter than in the thousand of thousands of meetings when men cross and recross in towns and country places? Time and again they had appeared barren and futile, but rather than believe them fruitless, rather than feel as a spool revolving in a shuttle, I had lived instead in the unrest of a chessman fingered by a hesitant player. Now sloth of mind, as sometimes before, drew down my heart to the beauty of this life, and in this little birdless wood, I began to dream. When the stream had carved itself a majesty, passing barges and lights on the barges would ride the brown smoke of the evening air, each crossing the scurrying wake of waves from swifter hulls to disappear slowly through the dusk while men sat on each deck and smoked in content with life, and recalled all the dead among my acquaintances who have suffered too willingly the futility of life. There is an owl in the Celtic fable who had seen each rowan as a seed upon a tree, and its length seven times fallen to the earth and seven times over raised in leaf; it had seen the men whose bones were washed from these boulders when the rain was rounding them to pebbles from seven hundred times their height this dropping evening; it had seen the men for whom the promontory above me was a bottomless valley and the hollow place where Rory and I sat was a high mountain before the flood. Such an owl

called out of the dusk at me and its cry filled me with age and the peace that comes when we feel the wheels of the passing years turn so slowly it is almost complete rest. I dozed as I lay — life stopped for me while my eyes swayed and fell.

But Rory, his mind whirling, sang of passionate life. He sang of the old Newgate murderer, the song found scrawled upon his Newgate cell after they hanged him and buried him: how eerie to see him ghosting like this in Ireland, his disjointed spine rattling and his single testicle aswing. Rory, not aware that before the night had fallen death would have got him, too, — his body plugged full of English lead, — sang cheerily: —

My name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,
My name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall.
My name is Samuel Hall,

. . . . . .

Here's my curse upon you all,
God damn your eyes!

I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,
I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said.
I hit him on the head,
With a bloody lump of lead,
And I laid the bugger dead,
God damn his eyes!

I did not heed the words, but the sense, entering my mind, broke my drowsy dream in part. Looking up I saw the West grow cold and saffron as if the threshers of the morn, re-

duplicated in valley after valley, had blown a storm of corn-sheaves against the falling cape of night. A score of birds fulfilling their ancient ritual flew homeward in formation: as they passed into the blazing sun I dropped my eyes again to the stream, but while I had turned away it had changed to silver against the dark stones. Night was dropping upon us secretly and we must move onward to some house where we could sit before the flames and doze before a chimney-wall browned with soot and old invading rain and sleep quietly while the night passed by.

We tramped ahead, keeping to the backroads, still, but quite without fear now that we were so many miles from the enemy, and at last, high up among the hills, walking in the reaches of the wind we came to the little roadside house that was shop and postoffice in one, and we sat there wearily by the fire.

The land was cold and windswept here, and the few elms that stood outside, landmark for many miles around, were torn by the wind and being blown to pieces like the clouds in the sky. Rory was to stay here for the night, but I must move further on, and I sat by the fire waiting impatiently for the cart that was to carry me part of the last few miles to a supper and a safe bed. At the end of the kitchen the old carter was whispering across the little counter with the woman of the house; the young daughter of the house stood beside them lighting an oil-lamp that hung from a beam overhead, and presently the two grey pates were lit from above. The light fell in a warm glow on the unpainted counter, plain as when its planks first arrived from the town of Macroom twenty miles away and were flung on the kitch-

en floor for the admiration of the little fat woman with her little fat baby. The glow fell on the soiled and mutilated banknotes, on the silver and copper coins and on the blue sugarbags and the dun surfaces of the remainder of Saturday night's groceries. I waited while they talked in a secretive whisper, perhaps over the account, perhaps about their oldwives' gossip of the countryside. Perhaps they were wishing us wandering guerillas farther on and wishing the fighting at an end lest their barns be burnt over their hay or their thatch over their heads. Outside in the windy night the old horse was tethered to an elm, its head bent low and its eyes heavy with sleep like a Buddha's. Thinking of it I sat by the fire and raked in the ashes with the nozzle of my rifle. I felt it would rain heavily tonight though the wind was getting stronger, and once again I thought of the girl in the black cloak; but already she had slipped many miles into the things of the past, and in another day she would have slipped wholly from my mind not to be recalled unless in some odd place at some odd time when I would wonder about our strange encounter, and in sentimental mood wonder if she ever asked a comrade where I had gone, saying that I was a nice boy, perhaps more than that. She had stood at such a door as this in her mother's arms and would as her mother had done stand there again in one, two, three years time bidding farewell to the very last mocking couple of her bridal party, and looking at the sky with her young husband, see the coming of the rain and lock and latch the door upon it, and returning to the dying fire would hear the first drops fall on the warm core, and the rising howl strip the elms; he would draw her toward him and she, feeling

her youth passed forever, would weep softly and secretly in the dark and then smile for her first ungirdling. What sad weavings the old weaver of life can think of, as if all will not fray away and moths rise from the eyes of his dears, and all his storms crumble at the end in dust.

I heard Rory chant some passage from a hedgeschool memory, and turning I saw the young girl of the house watching him, ready for a burst of laughter at the end.

— This, chanted Rory, is a man, the beauty of whose eloquence and the wisdom of whose conversation is balanced only by the impeccability of his character and the noble qualities of the mind wherewith God has endowed him, for it is abundantly clear to me, continued the emperor in a graver tone, that wherever the original refulgence of the human mind is neither adumbrated in its infancy nor adulterated in its maturity, the unique powers of the will of man must inevitably produce in every individual, no matter in what clime he has been born, nor under what star he has first seen the light of day, if only he be true to what is right and turn from what is wrong, the genius of an Alexander, the oratory of a Cicero, the wisdom of a Solomon, or the sublime skill of a Leonardo da Vinci, as the case may befall.

The little bellied fellow finished with a breathless rush and turning to the girl clapped his hands and clapped her hands in applause at his own performance.

I found that this child was to accompany me a little way on the road and we snuggled into the back of the cart and sat shouting our farewells as it jolted away from the two yellow squares of light and from the figures crowding the open door. Then as we entered the spacious dark, silence fell on

us three. I stretched back on the floor of the cart listening to the braggart storm. I felt young and wilful under its breath, I loved to hear its impotent whine: off behind the ridge of mountain through which a pass had been cut maybe five centuries ago by roadmakers rotted in the grave there came the great spreading light of the moon. We were following the direction of the racing clouds, they flying beyond us in the sky. My eyes were beginning to close with the rough swaying of the cart when suddenly the child clasping my hand said,

— Are you afraid of the pookas? I am!

And fell upon my breast and laid her head by mine and I put an arm around her and we lay so, jolting along under the stars and the driving fleeces overhead. But as suddenly, when about a mile had passed she pressed nearer and swiftly kissed me. Then she rolled away from me to the other side of the cart, though still grasping my coatsleeve in terror of the black night all around.

Presently I left them and the old cart was soon out of earshot. Jogging on through the dark, my thoughts wandered at will. I pictured the bed where I would sleep — I had slept in so many hundreds that it might be any size or shape, but I chose from my set of images one bed most suitable to the stormy night. It was the marriage bed of the peasants, made of plain wood, closed on back, side and top, and but only the front left open and that sometimes covered by a curtain on a string: it was like a beehive with a flat crown and sloping roofs, shallow at head and foot, so that a man could stand in comfort only in the middle of the bed. The storm might howl for all I cared, the rain might

drench the stooks and fill the yards with pools of dung, the windows might rattle — I would sleep the night through and wake to find the skies clearing in the morning. I was hungry for food and sleep, and in this bed I would lie for a while thinking over the day's happenings, trying to find a scheme for things in the true dreamer's way, a scheme into which everyone would fit as by nature, the woman of the cloak, the little girl, myself, the dead husband, the carter, the crowds that meet and remeet, as it seemed aimlessly, blindly — and all these would jumble in my mind and quaint combinations occur and confuse me and my reasoning fall under the sway of interweaving images and sleep come secretly with her hood.

At last the bright square of windowlight slid into view, quartered by the crucifix framework, and I found the causeway to the door and groped my way to it after the window vanished in its own recess: I played blindman's buff with the door and at last with outstretched hands I stumbled against it and grasped the latch. Fireflames, a settle, and maybe a white cloth and something to eat other than dry bread and tea with goat's milk. I lifted the latch and looked in: a young woman stood with her back to me stiffened in a posture of surprise as when I first fumbled at the door, but relaxing and turning when I spoke, touched her soft hair and bade me enter: it was the young woman of the morning.

— Is there 'ere a wake here? I asked seeing the lone kitchen, my voice trembling as I spoke.

— Devil a wake then! She was smiling at me again.

— Yeer very quiet then, I said, looking around at the clean-

swept kitchen, and then at her skin like a boy's under its first, white down.

— Tis quiet wisha, she answered making way for me as I moved to the settle. I asked if there would be room for the night, and she said there would be and welcome.

— And a bit to eat for a hungry man?

— Surely, if you don't mind waiting for just a moment or two. I wanted to ask how she came before me to the hither side of the country twelve long miles away from her last night's hostel. I flung aside my bandolier and raincoat; I laid my rifle and pack and belt in a corner. She went to the end of the kitchen and I heard the splash of water and the paddling of hands, and when she returned to me by the fire, wiping her fingers, they were rosy when the apron fell. She halfknelt before the fire to blow it with a handbellows, and as she worked her body formed a single curve, one breast on one knee, and her arms circling the knee while she worked lustily at the bellows. I could see the little wrinkles at each corner of her lips — laughter wrinkles maybe?

— Are the old people in bed, I asked.

— Yes. Her voice trembled, I thought.

— And the rest? Where's the rest from you?

— There's nobody else. Tom, my brother, is on the run in Kerry.

I leaned back on the settle and the flames crackled into life.

— Well you must be very lonely here all alone.

— I have got used to it, she answered, patting her hair with the fingers of her hands: how soft it looked! Then she stood up and began to spread a white cloth on the white

table, and then to lay a milkjug, a cup and saucer, a sugar-basin, a pot of jam.

— Do you live here?

— Yes.

— But you're not always as desolate as this — surely?

—Desolate, just as you say; this is a lonely district, you know.

— Well it's not so bad at all now, said I. I shouldn't mind if I lived here — the mountains and the valleys . . . .

She halted in her step and faced me: the little mouth was gathered into a hard, white button of flesh.

— You would soon tire of these mountains! The city, though, that's where I'd like to live. There's company there, and sport and educated people, and a chance to live whatever life you choose!

She had put two eggs into a little black pot of boiling water and the water bubbled and leaped around them with a hissing. A blast of wind came down the chimney and drove a cloud of firesmoke into the kitchen. We sat silent and presently went to the table and she poured me red tea to drink and I cut the brown loaf and plastered it with butter and jam, and ate greedily. She sat before the fire, and I asked her why she did not like the district, but she only looked at me and said nothing. I asked again, pleading that I wished to know, really and truly. She answered,

— Because this farm is bare and high. The land is poor. And this townland has a Northern aspect.

A heavy drop of rain fell on the fire, — the storm was howling. I saw the sea of discontent and unrest that these words were born of, saw the drizzling rain and no sun shining on it, saw her looks steal round her to this farm and to

that and back from them to her own home. Another gust of wind blew the smoke around her and she turned away from it and clasped my knee to prevent herself from falling from the low stool.

— You'll be choked, said I, and her eyebrows stirred and she smiled at me. I laid my palm on her hand and thought of the whole livelong day I had spent, the rick that must be threshed before the wind fell, the carter jogging through the wet night, the sea of darkness outside the door. How many days could I live without a complete revolt? I spoke earnestly,

— It's a cruel country to have to live in.

She spoke kindly to me then.

— I think you are honest, she said.

— Do you think that?

— I think you *are* honest. *Really* honest, she said again.

Looking at her soft eyes, and at her soft hair my eyes wandered down to the first shadows of her breasts: she caught my glance and looked down at her warm bosom and then at me and she smiled. As I moved to her I saw the little broken corner of her tooth; I had no word to say; so I sat beside her before the leaping flames and put my arms around her and felt in the cup of my hollow palm the firm casque of her breast. Smiling at me as a sick woman might smile upon a doctor who brought her her ease from pain she slipped my hand beneath her blouse to where I felt the warmth of her skin and her warm protruding nipple, and I leaned to her for a kiss.

A rush of feet came to the door and the little girl from the roadside house flung it wide with a cry to me to run, to

run; Rory was shot dead; They were coming West for me! I bundled up my equipment, ran in a flash through the open door into the dark night, and raced on and on — stumbling and falling and going I cared not where but away from the flashing lights to the North. When I fell into a panting walk I was like a man who has been listening to music the livelong day and after it his mind is full of strange chords and ill-recollected they torture him with a sense of something lost. On my bare head the rain fell heavily and aslant, now and again it was blown into my face by the wind, and the clouds totally blotted out the moon. Full of terror for such a death as I knew Rory's was I filled every house with armed men, fierce men to whom killing was a little thing and torture but little more, and my imagination and the stories I had heard drove me blindly on through the sodden night. I trudged a way through the pathless bogs and tore through briery dikes: all that night I found no shelter from the lashing rain and I met not a single tree in leaf: long after midnight I saw a little glinting window leap suddenly out of the dark about a mile away, and as I thrust away from it, away to safety, into the rain, the memory of its light tortured me as the memory of cool winds must torture the damned of hell.

At last I came upon a lonely ruin upon the mountain, three walls, and I lay on the lee side of it while the rain dripped on me from the remnants of its eaves. When I awoke a dim radiance lit the falling haze, but whether it was the dawn or the sinking moon or any hour past three or before three I could not say. No sound was to be heard: no living thing moved: no bird stirred the wet air: the falling

haze made no sound. I rose chattering and trembling and my feet plashed through the wet earth and the drowned grass and when I halted there was quiet. I crossed a little stone wall and one of the stones fell with a mighty sound. I might have been the last human creature to crawl to the last summit of the world waiting until the deluge and the fortieth night of rain would strain him upwards on his toes while the water licked his stretched neck. Yet everywhere they slept sound abed, my dark woman curling her warm body beneath the bedclothes, the warmer for the wet fall without, thinking if she turned and heard the dripping eaves — that the winter was at last come.

Cold till doom!
The storm has spread,
A river is each furrow on the slope,
Each ford is a full pool.

Each lake is a great tidal sea,
Each pool is a great lake,
Horses cannot cross the ford,
Nor two feet.

The fish of Ireland are wandering,
There is no strand upon which the waves do not pound.
Not a town is in the land,
Not a bell, not a crane's whining cry.

The wolves in the wood of Cuan cannot rest,
They cannot sleep in their lair:
Even the little wren cannot shelter
In her tiny nest on the side of Lon.

Keen wind and cold ice
Have burst upon the little world of birds.
The blackbird cannot shelter its side
In the wood of Cuan.

Cosy was our pot upon the nook,
In the crazy hut on the slope of Lon:
The snow has crushed the wood,
And toilsome is the climb to Ben-bo.

The ancient bird of Glenn Rye
Is grieved by the cold wind:
Her misery and her pain are great,
The ice will get into her throat.

From flock and from down to rise
Were folly for thee! Take it to heart.
Ice heaped on every ford,
Wherefore I say 'cold till doom.'

Down below me in the valley I heard an early cart; the morning wind, light and bitter, sang occasionally in the key of the flooded streams. The dawn moved along the rim of the mountains and as I went down the hill I felt the new day come up around me and felt life begin once more its ancient, ceaseless gyre.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

Hic et Ubique

The ghost of myself in an upper room,
H. N. D. aloft, his hand on his chin,
Imbibing philosophy, the systems of Berkeley and Hume,
Snuffing the lilac-smell that drifted in.

The others are body-dead, they
Are under elf-dead, body dead in the clay.
They can not walk and see their ghosts
Out of this pulling-apart of tie-strings and joists

Uncoiling, films in a drowning swimmer's brain,
Intimate cinema as incohesion begins,
Appearances and attitudes assumed again,
Similitude of life in cast-off skins.

Displacement of rhythm; newel-post, cupboard, shelf,
Their still dance broken up, inchoäte, undisposed;
And, delirium before death, the house gives up this ghost,
This shedding it has kept of my innumerable self.

H. N. Doughty, Jr.

THE ART OF KIPPS

"TALKIES" will not do as a name. They do more than talk. They make naturalistic sounds. They make music. They are visible. They are Kineto-Phono-Photographs. They are "Kipps."

It is my purpose to indicate the basic principles of the new art. A difficult essay when the medium has just been invented, when it has scarcely been perfected, when there are no masterpieces, only diverse experiments, when there is no previous body of criticism. So far I have seen and heard scarcely any comment on the thing itself, merely special pleading for and against the new art based on its relations to other arts.

Yet some essay is needed to bring judgment out of hysteria. We must imagine what the Kipps can do. We must see what they are doing. We must develop the æsthetics of the Kipps. By sound judgment on the basis of the new principles of the new art we must help producers and artists to see what it is they have to do. At present they are swamped with commercial considerations, technical considerations, fear for their jobs, hope for new fortunes. They need the help that can only be given by an intelligent critical attitude.

We must not confuse technical with artistic problems, but we must bring to the study an understanding of technical problems. We must recognize that technical difficulties are the resistance of a medium of expression. The resistance peculiar to a medium in large measure determines the nature of the art. Mere technical mastery is not art, but it is a condition of art.

In making Kipps, sounds are recorded by microphone much as in radio. The sounds recorded are music, voices, and naturalistic noises. They may be recorded separately or together. The effectiveness of the record depends partly on the perfection and placing of microphones. We know that distance from a microphone affects such a record. We must appreciate that distance from the camera also enters into the new art. The effect depends partly on the nature of the sounds recorded. All voices do not record equally well. Different musical instruments and combinations of them do not record equally well. The same thing is true of naturalistic sounds. In the current productions of the Kipps we can notice that the ringing of telephone bells, the snapping of fingers, the clapping of hands, kisses and some other noises do not reproduce well. We notice that some sounds we expect to hear are not recorded at all.

In making Kipps, sounds are not necessarily recorded at the same time as pictures, though they are synchronized in the production. The auditory record may be made first and the pictures made afterward to fit the auditory record and synchronized with it. The two records may be made at the same time. The auditory record may be made afterward to fit the pictures. This is the method used in a great part of the Vitaphone accompaniments, and Movietone accompaniments. Finally, different parts of the auditory record may be made at different times, and synchronized afterward. All the sounds heard at a given moment in the production may not have been recorded at one and the same time.

The machinery for making the Kipps is selective. On location, it automatically excludes, that is it fails to record,

some sounds that one would expect to hear. Specially developed and placed microphones may be able to catch some of these sounds. Some may always have to be added artificially. Some may always have to be left out. In the studio, as on the legitimate stage, sound proof construction automatically excludes certain sounds either for practical effect, to make audible dialogue and other sounds that would otherwise be lost, or for various artistic purposes. On location and in the studio, the relative natural emphasis and relation of different classes of sound is automatically exaggerated and changed. It may be artifically modified.

The technical problems in recording sounds for the Kipps include the selection of voices and instruments that will make records to reproduce the desired effects, the perfection and placing of microphones so as to make such records without interfering with the range of action and the angle of movement of the camera, fundamentally the development of all devices necessary to give the director freedom in the selection and record of sound without disturbing freedom of camera.

A great deal of nonsense has been written on some of these technical problems, nothing at all on others. The idea that the Kipps offer a new employment for stage actors meets with two serious objections. Most stage actors do not have the proper camera values. Stage voices are not microphone voices.

The microphone voice is a distinct sort of voice. It is the sort of voice that is clear and strong enough to reproduce musically and intelligibly, but lacks mannerisms and accidental qualities that are exaggerated by the microphone to the point of being ludicrous. Too much resonance makes a noisy

rattle in reproduction. Over emphatic diction becomes ridiculous. Conrad Nagle, one of the best microphone voices on the screen, has been having serious difficulties along this line. In *Tenderloin* his voice is so loud as to produce noise vibrations in the loud speaker and to give a general effect of political oratory where quiet conversation was required. Furthermore, his "s's" and "sh's" were as explosive as punctured tires. In later releases, he has almost eliminated these difficulties. Dolores Costello playing opposite him in *Tenderloin* gave her voice a lovely quality and clear natural diction, but she was frequently inaudible. The men's voices in the third degree scene were all disagreeably harsh. Furthermore, they were so alike as to make it difficult to tell who was speaking. Contrast this scene with the scenes in the office of "Hawk Miller's" night club in *The Lights of New York*, where all the voices are agreeable and markedly distinct in character. These observations may serve to indicate some of the technical problems involved in making records.

The records themselves are of two general kinds, a sort of Victrola record, to use a rough analogy, independent of the film, but mechanically synchronized with the film. This is the Vitaphone type. The other sort of record, represented by Movietone, is made on the film itself. The sound waves are transformed into electrical impulses as in the telephone, not into physical impressions as in the Victrola or dictaphone; the electrical impulses are transformed into light the intensity of which varies with the electrical impulse; and the light makes a photographic record on the film. In reproducing, the process is reversed except that a sort of loud speaker is substituted for the recording microphone.

In the productions I have witnessed the Vitaphone process appears to give the better synchronization and the Movietone process the better tone. The Vitaphone has a phonographic quality that the Movietone lacks. This difference is not inherent in the processes but in their present use. The imperfect synchronization of the Movietone is due to the fact that the sound and sight records have been separately made and artifically synchronized, instead of being synchronized in the taking as is the most difficult part of the Vitaphone record. A part of the Vitaphone record is superimposed later on the original and this process is in some degree responsible for the continuity of musical effect. The Vitaphone rattle is caused by mechanical defects in recording and reproducing instruments, defects that are being rapidly worked out. In the Gilli Kipp, the fortissimo notes produced disagreeable noises, though the piano and pianissimo notes were pure. In later productions, notably the Conlin and Glass performance of the comedy musical skit *Sharps and Flats,* which is intentionally noisy, the loud sounds do not crack the screen. All that is necessary to eliminate bad tone is a sufficiently solid and well baffled microphone so that it will not produce and reproduce internal vibrations of its own mechanism.

As critics who have entered into a non-critical consideration of technical problems, we may insist at least that the technical problems shall be solved in such a way as to permit artistic effects, that the medium shall be perfected for its art.

We may insist on one or two other points, that technical perfection alone is not artistic effect, that technical stunts shall not be foisted upon us as artistic achievements, that

dramatic and artistic effect shall not be subordinated to technical achievement nor obstructed by technical difficulty.

Rapid changes of camera angle and distance without interference with musical continuity, in the *Lights of New York*, have artistic value when they are used to sustain musical continuity during a change of scene. In the course of the orchestra leader's song they are merely technical stunts. These stunts silence criticism by demonstrating that scene and camera angle can be changed without breaking the musical continuity. They have, therefore, a critical and technical value, but no artistic value, since the changes of camera angle during this song have no effective, i.e. artistic purpose.

Though an understanding of the mechanical problems of an art is necessary to intelligent criticism, such commercial problems as have occupied a great deal of space in the current comment on the Kipps have very little interest to the critic. The æsthetic value of the Kipps is not affected by the expense of finding new stars who have voices, training new voices in old stars, or scrapping old stars who have impossible voices as far as the microphone is concerned. We have nothing to do with the cost of equipping theaters and studios with the new apparatus, nor with the loss occasioned by a possible decrease in the demand for silent pictures. The social and educational advantage Kipps may work by bringing good music and good dramatic literature into remote places is not an æsthetic question either, nor is the difficulty of showing Kipps to deaf persons and the similar but more commercially important difficulty of marketing in France and Germany films that speak English! As economists we may be amused by the notion that the Kipps will create a demand for spoken drama

that will crowd out the films. The economic point is, of course, that the proportion of plays produced to films produced is determined by the lower cost of renting and showing films, rather than by public demand. As critics, our task is to perceive the relation between technical and artistic achievement and the irrelevancy of economic questions.

Having got so far, we are in a position to lay down a few critical principles as we have set out to do.

First of all, we insist that the Kipp is a new medium for a new form of dramatic expression. It may produce effects that are not art, are not drama and are not new. A mechanical reproduction of stage performances such as concert numbers, is not art even when the performance reproduced is. By this means to make the Roxy element in the cinema theater more harmonious with the screen drama, is an artistic effect of the Kipp, but a subsidiary one. When the Kipp is used to provide background for what is essentially screen drama, as in *Warming Up* and half a dozen other current Paramount releases, the effect is certainly not new. Pianos, organs, orchestras and traps, "the little man in the tin shop," have been doing just this thing ever since the movies began.

The new instrument does help us to realize one important principle, namely that this accompaniment is not merely a collection of unrelated incidental sounds but something to which the general principles of musical composition must be applied, principles of a more complex orchestration, too, including noises and human voices as instruments. We shall be less patient in the future with a mere pot pourri, borrowed and garbled music jumbled with whimsical noises. We shall insist on original compositions, musical perfection, and proper har-

mony, synchronization and subordination in relation to the silent screen.

There are steps beyond this.

The thing called a "talkie," the essential art form of the Kipp, is not silent drama, nor an accompaniment to it. It is not a reproduction of stage drama. It is a new art in which moving pictures, sounds and silences are fused to produce drama. The early talkies were of course hybrids. *The Jazz Singer* served to demonstrate the possibilities of the Kipps, and incidentally of Al Jolson. He was better in that performance than he ever was on the stage. But the *Jazz Singer* remained a hybrid. The drama was told partly in silent drama, partly in "talkie" and largely with consciousness of the stage and reproduction of stage effects. At that point the Kipp was imagining that it was part stage and part screen. It had failed to imagine that it was a new art.

The *Lights of New York,* far inferior to the *Jazz Singer* in drama, setting, action, and story, is nevertheless a greater achievement. Here for the first time we have the sense of a new medium, used as such, a new art of dramatic expression. Analyzed, the audible part of it is a musical form. It does have a feeling of musical composition and continuity. Voices, noises, and music are orchestrated, brought out, subordinated, combined, separated, used for an effect, not for diverse effects. Similarly, the screen part of it is screen work. There is no sense of stage or proscenium. Many as are the faults in all elements of this drama, the essential whole, the basic principle of the Kipps is here grasped and intelligently attempted for the first time.

The art of the Kipps must be to select visual images in the

manner and with the range of the moving picture camera, to select sounds within the scope of the microphone, and to present these two groups of material in harmonious combination as one thing, one dramatic effect. The Kipps have powers that the stage has not, limitations that the stage has not. The Kipps have limitations that the screen has not, powers that the screen has not. The Kipp may borrow and adapt from either, it may be subordinated to either. Beyond these limitations and borrowings it has exclusive material of its own. But the ideal Kipp will only and always be produced with the consciousness that it is not reproduction of stage, that it is not sound added to silent screen, but that screen technique modifies sound technique, and sound effect modifies screen effect in such a way as to fuse both and to make of the product a distinct dramatic form.

GRANT CODE

GEORGIC

HORN'S breath against the wind, and all his dogs kept silence,
While across upland pastures, over frozen stubble,
They saw him running ahead, racing for hill-crest.
As he found the top—, his blast again. They heard,
Shifted, sniffed frost in the earth,
And seeing the sky-hint of snow, eyed one another.
He was, by this time, out of sight—, gone into snow.
So they turned home with the wind behind
Pinching the fur on their backbones, trotted home.

God speed all our goings. Half way 'round the world
We'll meet again. So let me stare well now
And you look well at me. We must remind ourselves;
In this splitting of air between us, the cold winds
Chill what heat your virtue traces in my mind.
Therefore, be not surprised if I pass by,
Missing you at half-way rock; for on the second lap
When we shall cross again, or on the third or fourth,
You eye me hard; you take my hand,
You say—, Stop, for a second: get your breath.
Look hard. You know me, —and when I ask,
Yes, but when, but where? —Then death, then death
Will wipe my living eyes, then I shall see —
You cleared the woods up as far as the dam;
You ploughed the orchard, packed the ice,
And baled hay in the tower . . . So: what more?
Why, first you built this house and granary,

These stables; trained the dogs, laid the fires,
And set fresh fruit upon your tables. .
Then you will answer, — Yes. I did.
I planned, I built, I sowed, so long
That all my fields green of themselves now, every Spring.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

FOUR HARVARD ARCHITECTS

HARVARD architects form no separate clan; but they are typical, as to racial background and as to training, of that class of architects who have done most in the past for the art of building in America, and who may again in the future provide us with an art of building less isolationist in tendency than that of a Wright, and more national than that of a van der Woerdt, a Lescaze, or a Neutra.

Of the two individual architects and the members of the two firms whose work is here illustrated all, with the natural exception of Miss Raymond, Mr. Frost's partner, went through Harvard College. Mr. Dodge and Mr. Smith went also for a short time to the Harvard School of Architecture before they continued their education elsewhere in America and abroad; while Mr. Frost completed the course of the Harvard School of Architecture and has since taught there. Miss Raymond received her training in Mr. Frost's Cambridge School of Domestic Architecture.

The selection of these four architects is not so much at random as it might appear. With the examples of the two firms who are doing work close to the norm of good American architecture of the day, high in quality, but little affected by the experimentation of Wright in the West or by the current imitation of the architecture of the Paris Exposition of 1925 now so general in New York, are placed two others. One is by an architect at the end of the eighteenth century in whom the continuance of Baroque tradition and the consci-

entiousness of the Classical Revival combined to form a style which is universally recognized to be American, to be sound, and to be capable of producing great buildings. The other is a design by an architect who as an American is striving to take as full advantage of the possibilities of style creation in the æsthetically conscious use of new means of construction as are the great innovators of Europe, Le Corbusier, Oud, and Gropius. Between the past, to which there is no return but about which there may ever be new discoveries (as in the restoration of the Boston State House), and the new style dependent on steel, concrete, and glass, which is hardly yet consciously in existence in America, lies the work of Messrs. Ames and Dodge, and the work of Mr. Frost and Miss Raymond, in which contemporary problems are solved with the contemporary forms of inherited materials and in a spirit generally called traditional.

The Boston State House of Bulfinch, which provides the first of our illustrations, alone of the four buildings we illustrate is in itself a monument of the first rank. The other three are more interesting as types of the present than as individual examples intrinsically great. Bulfinch was fortunate in the time he lived, and in the enthusiasm which as a cultivated American he was able to bring to the study of the monuments of his own day and of the past in Europe, — the study which was almost his sole professional training. He was even more fortunate in receiving the most important commission in the New England of his day, and an extraordinarily fine site upon which to build. What he made of his opportunities in this his greatest building has only lately again become fully clear with the removal of the paint which

so long hid his original brick. Now it stands freed by its colour from its ill-advised modern wings, and even enhanced in its delicate polychromy by contrast to their cold marble. The detail, no longer of the same tone as the wall surfaces, is seen to be of exquisite richness, where before it disappeared in the general whiteness altogether or seemed quite to lack structural purpose. The dome, which now vies with the light floating domes of Venice, justifies its extraordinary position: white and gold, it once rested somewhat heavily on the front of the top gable of a white building; today, with the paint removed, it seems in contrast to the solid brick below, warm and positive in colour, like a splendid and weightless bubble. Furthermore, the scale of the whole building is changed now that it is no longer forced to appear unsuccessfully monumental in the Roman sense. It becomes again of the proper scale for the climactic point of a city of domestic buildings, a large and indeed rather complicated building made up of small, subtly adjusted parts. In comparison, other buildings of Bulfinch appear poorer, less sumptuous; and no longer can one prefer to this masterpiece the Soanic sternness of the Massachusetts General Hospital or the timid chastity of University Hall.

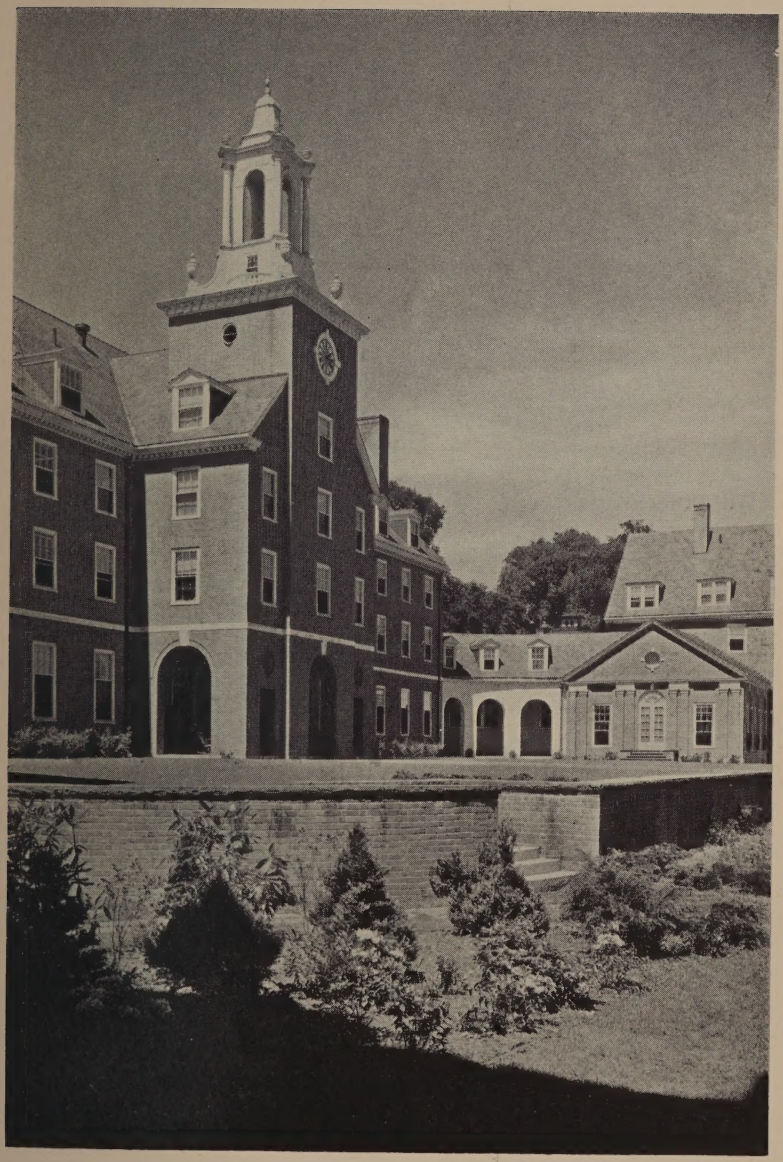
When we turn to the Smith College Dormitory — our second illustration — built more than a hundred years later than the State House by Messrs. Ames and Dodge, it is clear that the tradition here very successfully revived is in general the tradition of Bulfinch. The same Harvard background supplemented by more thorough foreign training should, but for the passage of time, have produced, where they were consciously sought, the same results. Unlike those who

attempt the revival of the Middle Ages in architecture, the architects of this building and of many similarly excellent buildings, I am sure, would be the first to admit that in quality their work is inferior to that of Bulfinch.

The reasons for this inferiority are not so easily found in the case of a building such as a college dormitory as in the case of a building wholly a necessity of modern times, such as a railroad station or a gymnasium. Yet on the whole it is clear that the problem of a modern college dormitory is not the same as the problem which was set the colonial builders of Hollis or Stoughton Hall. The "Colonial" tradition provides no direct expression of the baths, the elevators, the scientific kitchens and the other elaborate modern features which must today be included. This particular effect of scientific development interferes with the complete adequacy of traditional design; for these scientific features are not incidental, but as is clear on the side of structure more nearly central in modern building. Moreover, the products of craftsmanship, the hand-made bricks, the hand carved detail which were naturally used in the eighteenth century are today only anachronistically obtainable. In the work of Bulfinch, a creative hand has worked on every part; in modern "Colonial" work, of which our illustration provides a rather superior specimen, it is economically and practically desirable that the machine should produce everything except the controlling design. In so far as machine work is used a modern "Colonial" building is poor pastiche; in so far as hand work is used, it is in conflict with modern means of production.

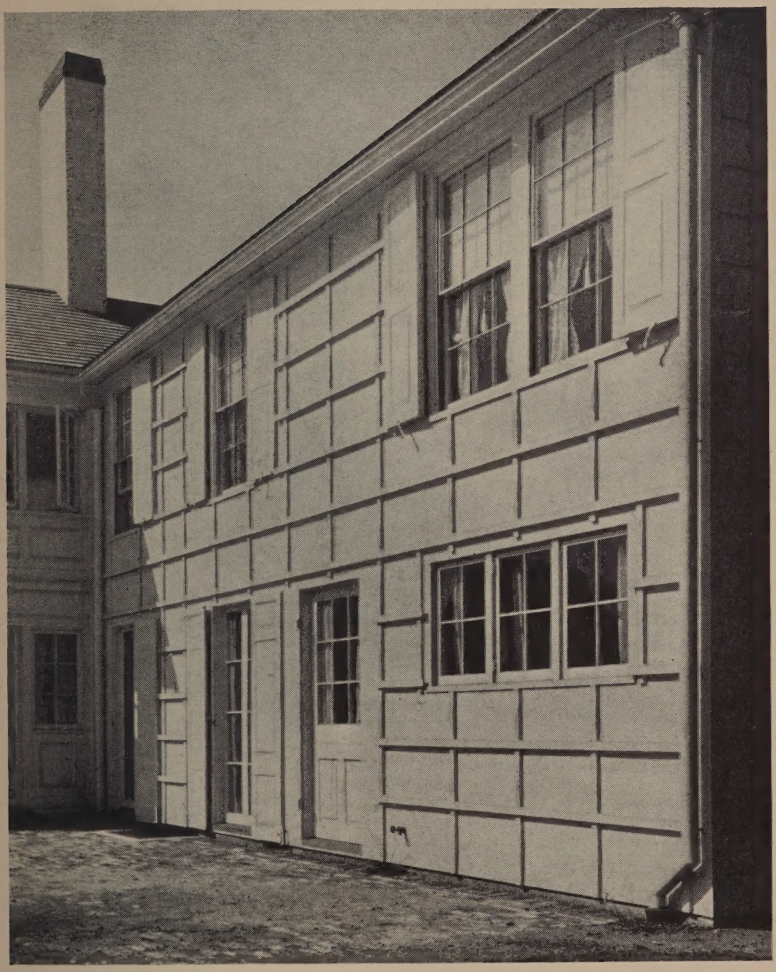
Impasse though this sort of traditionalism has been, Harvard architects have spent nearly a generation in it. Although

State House, Boston — Charles Bulfinch



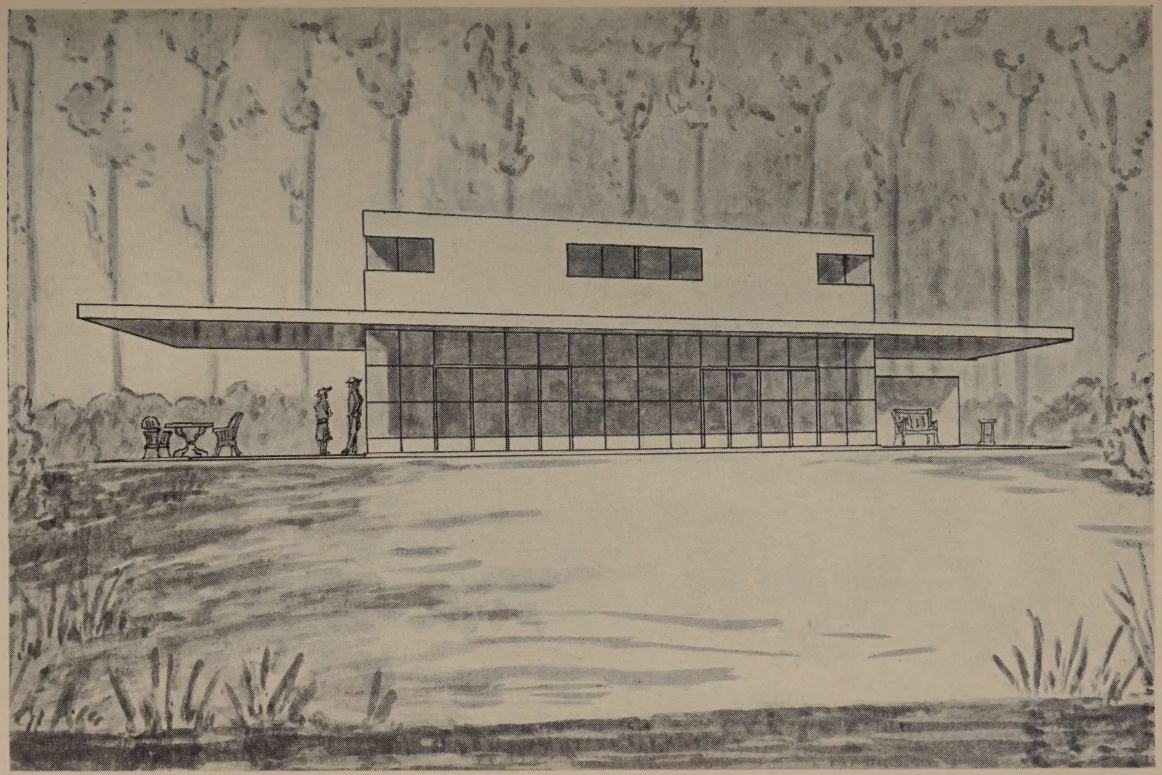
Martha Wilson Hall
Smith College, Northampton

J. W. Ames and
E. S. Dodge



House at Winchester

Frost & Raymond



Design for a Week-End House

Peter van der Meulen Smith

it has the bitter-sweet flavour of Oxford's lost causes, Harvard architects and the larger groups of architects of which they are the type, with sound American traditions and thorough foreign training, cannot go on indefinitely butting their heads against this particular wall.

The house by Mr. Frost and Miss Raymond, of a type generally accepted also as traditional, represents one way out of the impasse, the way out that Lewis Mumford has very ably advocated. Here the traditional features of American Colonial wooden architecture are used as standard features which they have during the generation of the impasse become. They are thus equivalent to any other standard features used in modern production, such as the metal windows of factories. Frame construction, of which Mr. Frost's theoretical knowledge is as great as his practical experience, is as logically modern (if the continued use of an inflammable material such as wood today be once granted) as the use of reinforced concrete in industrial building; and the problem which the architects have in this house set themselves is exactly the same as the problem of Le Corbusier: to produce architecture by the combination according to æsthetic principles of the standard elements of construction — only incidentally reminiscent of the eighteenth century in the present case. The cornice mouldings alone are the architect's direct borrowing from the past, for the ornament of the trellis is in terms of wood as modern as Oud's wire grilles on his houses at the Hoek van Holland. In wooden building of this sort we have the American equivalent of the contemporary manner which is represented in Germany by Tessemow, and in Austria by Frank; in France Perret's *Palais de Bois* is of

the same order. Although the validity of this manner is limited as is the impressiveness of its effect, it does provide a way out of the dilemma, peculiarly suited to the Harvard type of architects and the temperament of American clients. It is a way along which we may legitimately travel as long as in large fields of architecture we are unwilling to use the newest methods, of construction, and as long as standardized materials, such as windows and doors, continue to be produced in wood.

In the design of Mr. Smith for a Week-End House we encounter a different manner of architecture. It is a manner nearly as widely accepted in Europe as that of which we have just spoken, but in America it is only existent either unconsciously in the work of engineers in such buildings as factories and garages, or consciously in foreign work done in America by such architects as the Austrian Neutra in Los Angeles or the Swiss Lescaze in New York. In this case the renewment of architecture is attempted as in the work of Gropius in Germany or of Buroff in Russia by the natural historical method of a renewment of structure. Reinforced concrete, steel and glass are today the essential materials. But they may of course at any time be changed by the scientific development of newer materials. The design has lost all traditional features and depends on the adjustment according to æsthetic principles of the expression of functional needs in terms of scientific materials. Mr. Smith's knowledge of, and respect for the past is as great, I think, as that of the other Harvard architects here illustrated; but the lessons he would learn from history are of a theoretical and philosophical nature. He has seen that the development of wholly new styles in the past has depended on the introduction of wholly new

means of construction and on intellectual experimentation in design toward a full expression of the potentialities of these new means of construction.

In the present design, for example, the porch roofs are treated as one continuous cantilevered slab, and by cantilevering out the front wall of the second story from supports within it has been possible to make the entire front of the living room one great window. In the perfect simplicity of this small building grandeur is obtained from this sweep of continuous projecting roof and the expanse of glass below.

But the theory of this newest architecture is familiar to those who have read *Towards a New Architecture* by Le Corbusier and to those who have seen the international work in the housing exposition at Stuttgart. The interest of this young architect is that as an American, as a Harvard graduate, he is the first to bring this manner of building to our shores — or rather the first to develop an American version of what is very definitely not a French, nor a Dutch, nor a German, nor a Russian, but an international style.

In conclusion we may remark again that these Harvard architects are but fine types of a sort of architect which is to be found widely in America and from whom in general the best of our architecture must be expected. They are men generally well educated to whom architecture is not the only intellectual interest or value, and their conception of the position of America does not lead them to disdain Europe. From Bulfinch through the works Mr. Smith *should* create, this holds true. The four buildings here illustrated are such as Harvard men may be proud to have given to American architecture.

HENRY-RUSSELL HITCHCOCK, JR.

IN A DARK ALLEY

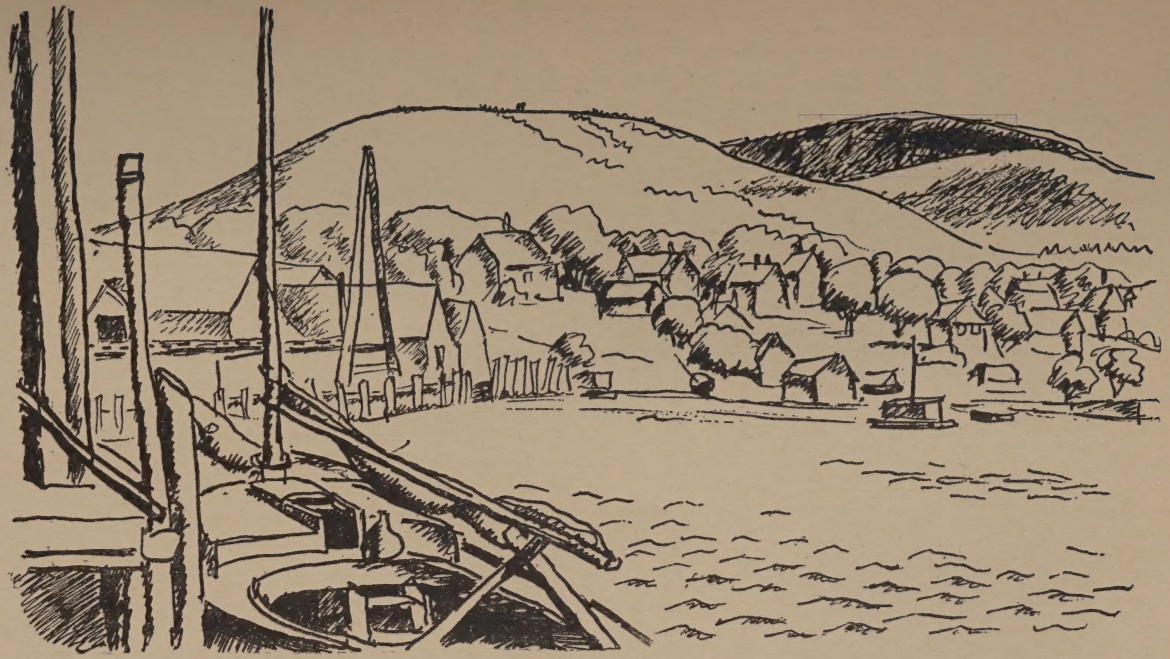
MY feet were walking down from the hill-top
and a cluster of doves blossomed
by the dusty roadside to fade
into the dying day.

My feet were walking down from the hill-top
and a vagrant wind would stroke my face.
My mouth took words and chiselled them sharp
and my ears lapped at them with eager tongues.

I will take the mountains
and break them like dry bread;
take; eat; this is the body.
I will take the oceans
in my broad, cupped hands and
fling them into the brooding sky;
come; drink; this is the blood.

My feet were walking down from the hill-top
and I took the sun and hammered it flat
and the moon I flung in a garbage can
while laughter rattled through
the twisted, blackened trees.

W. C. EMORY



Dark Harbor

Fairfield Porter

POLITIKON

The Young Man at Loss

THE more he thought of it the less difference it seemed to make whether the Presidential Election that confronted him was that of 1868 or 1928. Neither in the perspective of history nor in the unseen focus of the present, so far as he had them in mind, was his heart ever at stake. The young man was saddened; his own indifference palled him, and he tried every facility of sophistry to make his negation seem a choice and his abstention from the polls the only possible exertion, for him, of political power.

There were the candidates. And there was the party system. Barring class preference to a certain extent, party and candidate were interchangeable: the platforms of the two nominating conventions witnessed that. The better to appeal to *all* the voters, conflicts had been ironed out, minimized to the degree of insipidity; whereas for the individual voter (as distinct from *all* the voters) it had seemed more attractive, had the conflict been organized as such, so that principle set against principle—even, for lack of principle, emotion against emotion. If the young man took the platforms at their face value, instead of finding, as he had been taught, all his personal prejudices flowing deep in that of his hereditary party, then the face value was nil, there were no parties, and he was left with a choice only of personalities.

Personalities were abhorrent; they obscured the character of government, which deals with expressions of power and continues to a considerable extent in spite of the personalities it

enthrones. Parties were perhaps equally abhorrent, and for a similar reason; but they had the merit, at their best, of expressing principle in the form of action. No matter that the form was diluted. But American parties in 1928 were obviously not at their best; they were, taken literally, aside from certain men they contained, a rigid kind of anarchy. They furnished the prospect Jefferson must have seen when he remarked that if he had to go to heaven in a party he had rather not go at all.

There were doubtless still, however lost in oratory and the main chance, two really distinct ways of managing government under the American constitution. The one was perhaps interested in the consolidation of national sovereignty, and tended to the creation of a ruling class having political responsibility. Such a party would be Socratic in method, materialistic in philosophy, and classical in temper. The other doctrine tended to represent government as having a minimum sovereignty of its own, and as subservient, by an instinctive paradox, to individuals and states in themselves sovereign; it had a horror of a ruling class and left responsibility vaguely in the hands of the people: it thus acted on insight, thought idealistically, and felt romantically. Hamilton and Jefferson were the exponents; the Republican and Democratic parties presumably their residuary legatees. But no stretch of sophistry or good will could so define those parties to-day: the voter could not express his opinion, nor seek political salvation in the medium of either party. If by an accident of training and the lethargy of custom the young man found himself inclining to the party of Hamilton, he could hardly feel more than the slightest spur of loyalty to

the pale ghost he was able to raise in Hamilton's image. Honest politics was no field for nekromancy. What was needed was hardly a resurrection; rather, a reincarnation in a new body, with a new technique, of the old principle. And that, as he looked about, seemed to the young man impossible. The parties were not divided on political principles, or even political passions. Half of the Republican senators he knew of, had again and again, especially in the realm of foreign affairs, cast votes and made speeches contrary to the essential instinct of Republican principle. LaFollette, Lodge, Hiram Johnson, Borah, were all Republicans; Thomas and David Walsh, Wagner, Glass, Robinson, were all Democrats. How could these honourable members do anything but confute one another, severally, mutually, individually? A party vote, the young man felt, was the worst possible vote, since the parties could not be defined: it could be intelligent only by accident. It helped him not at all that he was able to trace the confusion of party back almost to the beginning. And it was small comfort that a contemporary historian could observe that, "Jefferson and Hamilton typified the two eternal spirits that contend for the government of all that men do or say; the spirit that creates and the spirit that denies; the hope that man can raise himself through the ages a little nearer God, and the mocking doubt that human nature can ever change its ways. But between the two parties that they organized there was not the same difference. . . . Both had something to give their country, and both were equally guilty of appealing to men's fears and appetites."

He had heard lately of very little but the fears and appetites; the articulation of which was from the seat of pat-

ronage and jobbery, the insatiable appetite for office. The only sincere voter was perhaps the office-holder, or the friend of the office-holder. Every other party vote was a vote thrown away.

As the young man neither held nor had any connection with any one who wished to hold office, he very much regretted that he could not, on that ground, vote for either candidate. But he was not yet, he felt, altogether lost. He had heard of the independent vote: the incalculable vote that now and then elected a Democratic president (for when it went Republican it merely increased the Democratic minority). By definition, in a presidential election, such a vote seemed practically useless: an expression of spleen. It was more satisfactory to stay at home and curse. But that was perhaps unfair.

According to his benighted theory, only the essential principles of government could persist and require loyalty. As an independent voter he might from time to time sustain measures in which his theory was interested: he would even belong to a party which was to his choice — a party without a name, without class boundaries, and with varying numbers of adherents. Opportunity should be easy to seize.

The essential problem of government was to make every power responsible and every expression of energy relevant to the general interest. In a society such as the present, where a majority of the doctrines of responsibility were limited to real property and the rights of individuals in real property, while the most obvious expressions of energy flowed from the irresponsible rights vested in intangible property, the young man felt sure that the opportunity for action must fairly snatch at the statesman's throat. The legal structure of society

must be so altered that the real interest of the proprietors lay in the real interest of those who consumed, at a cost, the energies in question. In short, government should exert the same control over industrial society as traditional law enabled it to exert over agricultural society — their being no radical difference in inherent rights. In other words, government should consider that all persons can be treated politically as one class; and as its members act with political effect, so are they subject to government entirely and without sovereignty in themselves. Hence the quality of leadership would be predetermined and almost insusceptible of contention: intelligence, and the habit to a superlative degree of considering persons and events in their political sense alone. All that such a leader would need to catch the independent vote would be a particular program relating to a particular set of problems. Senator LaFollette had had, the young man thought, in 1924, some of the right problems, but with the wrong solutions. It was undoubtedly the wrong solutions which brought him a popular vote of five million; but it was the right problems, as well as his personal power, which brought him the electoral vote of Wisconsin.

These considerations helped the young man very little as to what he should do in November, 1928. They brought him, chiefly, and as a practical expedient, back to what he had begun by abhorring — the personalities of the two candidates. But how could he judge between them? How could he conceive that he had the right data on which, — granting what was most unlikely; that he had the judicial talent —, to form a judgment? Must he presume, for example, that it was a case in equity, and that they both came to the bar with

clean hands? Or could he be permitted to mould the private motives and secret engagements that might influence them? How much of their energy of character, for example, was the mere stamina of adulation? A presidential candidate must always appear something of a turkey-cock. The newspapers and campaign managers took care of that. But did the candidate strut in private, or smirk solemnly at the reflection, as he must see it, of his mind on the shining face of the people, in the dim mirror of destiny? And if he wished to know, who could answer him? Not the voters, not the newspapers, not the candidate's friends. All those who ought to know had either illusions or were prejudiced. And the young man suspected that even the most independent spirit, unless caught altogether unawares, would rush into the haven of instinctive prejudice before answering. The honesty of the million was the prejudice of the individual; and the presidency depended on the former in particular terms of the latter. There was no alternative. A public figure was also a private myth.

So the young man undid his bundle of prejudice, his spirits cheapened as well as chastened at the low necessity. He knew in the beginning Smith would come off better than Hoover; no quantity of thought could aggravate his instinct to choice; but he felt he must sophisticate his natural notions enough to make them seem facts.

The names of Hoover and Smith were both catchwords or indices to whole systems of feeling. Hoover represented something easy; Smith something difficult. Why, the young man had no idea; but there it was, and it was very important. Analysis of a desultory and imaginative sort suggested that Hoover was most at home with major political problems and

forces when he felt most loyal to his party, when most tangled, when doing least. Hoover had not a talent for real initiative or real control. Where the end was not only in sight but without alternative, and had nothing to do with conflicting ideals and jarring interests, Hoover might concentrate every force to that end. He had a talent for pursuing given courses against any obstacles. But nothing was made so clear in his speech of acceptance as that, politically, he had no mind of his own. His experience in action had always tended to definition; in action he was free, bound only by necessity. In political thought he was not free, so far as the young man could see, because he lacked altogether the talent for abstraction. He needed control more than most figures of his dimensions. His character requiring movement and direction, and such not being naturally supplied to him in political matters, he was easily deceived, accepted with a discouraging whole-heartedness the myths of his party, and was thus peculiarly at the mercy of all sorts of obscure and irresponsible leadership. That his intentions were all to the contrary, was very little help. His personal integrity acted almost viciously with respect to his political integrity; was, indeed, such as to destroy the possibility of the latter. Personal honesty, personal sincerity — and with these the greatest vigour of being — were not enough; political integrity was the gift of a different god, it was an art, it was perhaps the quality of style; and its elements must be universal rather than personal. Surely Hoover had no style. His acceptance speech was stodgy; it tried to be clear from Hoover's point of view, but it failed altogether to clarify the emotions of the voters to whom it was directed. He had not the gift

for the definition either of feelings or of principles. Worse than that, if the newspaper reports were correct, he could not bear criticism and gave himself away completely when he insisted on taking personally the adversity of opinion and confusion of effect as well as the party adulation which his speeches caused. Such a defect in character could not be remedied. And in some way it seemed to the young man that this defect was analogous to another on the more practical side of politics. His nomination had been secured by a skilful machine. Rush Holland and half the old Ohio gang had collected the Southern delegates, and Vare had delivered Pennsylvania, contrary to the probable intentions of Mellon. Hoover saw the taint in these men after the nomination and tried to get rid of them. He tried to get rid of Moses. He suddenly wanted an evangelist's bandwaggon. The young man felt that Hoover could neither play the game nor keep free of it; the candidate was constantly awaking to suspicious realities, but after the alliance had been formed, after his political integrity had been marred. The candidate lacked style and might be expected in the future as in the present to be quite unconsciously under the control of very vulgar styles indeed. The very strength of the candidate's personal character made the substitution of political styles the more dangerous; style is the control of great energies. In short, the young man felt that while Hoover might be the most open man in the world, in politics he would have no candour at all. He was not a politician; and in the politician's guise he must always seem a little undependable, a little irresponsible, because he must be unconcious of what forces he expressed. He could not vote for Hoover.

The objections to Al Smith were very different; were constituted largely of praise of a politics to which he objected on traditional principle. It was very difficult at some moments, for the young man not to find himself persuaded to vote for Smith. He had nearly everything Hoover had not on the personal side. Nobody knew, besides those concerned, how much of his style depended on the assistance of Moskowitz and Proskauer; but it mattered very little: he had for the general public a personal and a political style. He had dignity and address and sincerity. He had political integrity. He was a politician and he thought politically. If elected, he could be depended on to act politically. He was allied to no class and to no body of interests; very little, in fact to any political party. His original talents were all the young man could ask for: the only question was one of limits. The ordinary objections to Smith could be, so far as the young man saw, set aside as negligible to the independent voter in this particular instance. It was the triumph, in essence, of the individual over circumstance. The governor's associations with Tammany seemed only to have taught him to deal with an existing power of dubious character to very respectable purposes. Certainly the connection had in no way injured his personal honesty, the proof of which lay in his control of a legislature majority normally of the opposition party. He was not a party statesman. His Catholicism, in so far as he adhered to it, would, in American politics, make him more liberal. Sufficient publicity had been given to the possible subversive force of the Church in American society to compel the candidate to unnecessary extremities to nullify that force, real or imagined, in which, of course, the candidate did

not himself believe. His wetness had the effect of freeing him from a national hypocrisy; and in the instance of his election might have the additional positive effect of bringing what was often treated as a moral, even a religious problem, to some extent back where it now belonged by an accident of history—, in the realm of politics. Tammany, religion, and prohibition might lose or gain votes among the fanatics and party contenders; but the governor's relation to these questions could never injure him at all in the eye of the independent voter. Al Smith was a professional politican; his training, which had been long and within its limits thorough, fitted him to the business of government; and the young man had no doubt whatever that as president he would be responsible to the people in their capacity as a political class and as none other.

If there had been nothing more to consider, the young man could have forgotten his political principles, paid attention to the flux of political opinion and fact for their own sake alone, and gone to the polls in November convinced of the integrity of his own political action in crossing the ballot for Smith. But there was much else he could not forget. His vote, were it successful, would help elect a party whose integral existence and real purpose he denied; would continue the vitiating practice, no matter who was elected, of devoting months and years of office to artificial problems which had so little real existence that their solution must needs be partisan. The young man had nothing, politically, to vote for except for one form or another of waste. And that was the real horror in the young man's mind. Smith, no more than Hoover, offered no signs of having witnessed contemporary American

society and contemporary international society as a whole. Both, by the fate of their character and the data their talents furnished, would resort to a politics of expedience: which meant in the long run the politics of a party bent on keeping itself in power.

Prohibition had been much talked of, and though it was by no means the most important issue, yet since it had been so much agitated, the young man considered the attitude of the major parties and their candidates might be a fair test of political capacity. The Republicans, being allied with the Anti-Saloon League, were nominally dry. Hoover had therefore raised the long windy howl of nullification in answer to Smith's plea for states-rights. The young man had no idea what if any was the solution to the prohibition question; but he felt sure that neither the constitution nor states-rights were involved in any relevant attitude in a preliminary consideration. They represented the most artificial aspects, and resulted, as in the matter of a political tariff, in a manufactured problem, which made dealing with the real problem impossible. So far as prohibition was concerned, it had struck him in the face again and again that the real question it raised was this: Was there any wisdom in attempting to compel the people of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, to obey against their general will any sort of law whatever? Could the real interest ever exist apart from real practice? Part of the answer lay in the admitted corruption in the cities named. The nature and use of law was at stake, if anything; because of the evident intrusion of legal practice into a field where it could not apply. Neither candidate nor party seemed able to pass further than the manufactured problem, in this case or

any other. This left the people to settle the matter by instinct and practice, if at all, so that politics bore a curious resemblance to academic philosophy, where technical problems received all the discussion and were resettled daily, while the real problems were left untouched in the soul.

The answer to his original question remained the same; if the young man voted at all, it would be either for fun or to commit political suicide, and in either case to be at rest from political obligations forever. But he hoped Hoover would get licked — on the ground of style.

R. P. Blackmur

CORRESPONDENCE

R. P. BLACKMUR'S ESSAY ON T. S. ELIOT

To the Editors
THE HOUND & HORN

Sirs:

Mr. Blackmur credits Eliot with the creation of a new sensibility. If this were true, it would constitute a major event in the history of literature and of civilization: Rousseau *perhaps* accomplished as much. But such is not the duty or the rôle of the artist. With any change in material environment, or in our scientific conceptions, there ensues a change in our attitude. It remains for the artist to seize and define this new sensibility, not to create an attitude having but fortuitous points of coincidence with life.

Wilde contended that the aspect of nature shown on the canvases of Corot and Whistler was a product of the artist rather than of the landscape. But this cloudy halo over nature was in direct line with the Romantic emotion; was but the transfer of an existing attitude into paint.

It is true that the precious poet may use as subject and scaffold a strictly personal scheme of life, and on this road may travel as far as he likes towards that mystic anomaly, "pure art." But Eliot is not precious. He has more than any other put into his work a habit of mind peculiarly modern. The subject and interpretation of *Prufrock* require as precedents certain general ideas alien to, for instance, the world of Wordsworth. That is, the quality of Eliot is, in a large measure, a quality of our civilization. The apprehension and definition of the quality would determine the significance not only of Eliot but that of modern poetry in general. I regret that Mr. Blackmur did not attempt to do this more precisely, rather than give an intellectual, almost literary, interpretation of Eliot's poems.

The great error and the great difficulty in this essay lies in the statement that "Poetry is moved by the intelligence primarily." This statement colours Mr. Blackmur's thesis and critique, and to it I would take objection. The difficulty lies in the definition of intelligence. If intelligence is an inclusive term embracing all vital phe-

nomena, the statement has no meaning. If it is a restrictive term, I believe it untrue. There is made patent a distinction between intelligence and intellect; and, I presume, the usual antithesis of intelligence and intuition.

The intelligence is, obviously, the controlling genius, the governor of the poet. But we must look for the *springs* of poetry elsewhere. When the image is not the direct apprehension of a similarity between two things, when it is a rational comparison, it is a bad image. There are many examples in Eliot:

> *When the evening is spread out against the sky*
> *Like a patient etherized upon a table.*

This is such an image, conceived and fostered by the intelligence.

Not only is the prime mover of poetry in general not to be found in the intelligence, but in particular does the poetry of Eliot take its urge in another field. For *Gerontion, The Waste Land, Prufrock,* gain their force not from the direct statement, but from allusion and evocation. The apprehension of such by the poet, in its amorphous condition; or by the reader, after formulation; is a function of the intuitive faculty. The "discursive intelligence" enters after the primary seizure, and enters merely to wander.

I would even go so far as to doubt any great part played by the intelligence in Eliot's use of literary derivatives. For to Eliot, Donne was probably as much of an experience as Grishkin, and an experience, however much pondered by the intelligence, that arrived *viâ* intuition.

The above issue, I fear, has not in any way been clarified by Mr. Blackmur's modifications of his original statement; and I also fear that my notes have done too little in that direction.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE ANTHONY PALMER

NOTES ON PRINTING

DANIEL BERKELEY UPDIKE

ANY institution or business house in America that can look back upon an unbroken history of over three decades takes on much of the dignity and permanence that attaches in Europe to ten times that number of years. So it is that the Merrymount Press, which this year has attained its thirty-fifth anniversary, has become more than a private business venture and has an historical and cultural interest for the general public. Its long career is all the more remarkable when compared with the brief annals of the numerous private and semi-private presses that started both in England and in America in 1893 or thereabouts. One by one these have faded from our sight, leaving behind them only the fragrance of a few "precious" limited editions on the shelves of wealthy collectors.

The Merrymount Press on the other hand has possessed vitality. Its output this year is as large as ever; a complete file of its work would indicate an amount of production remarkable in any small or medium-sized printing office. From this mass of books, Mr. Herbert Reichner has selected 150 as most significant for the progress of typography in America. The bibliography, with a long introduction by George Parker Winship of the Harvard College Library, will be issued this fall in German and English, each edition limited to two hundred copies. As the first formal list of the Merrymount Press, the volume will have decided importance; but it gains immensely in value through the reproduction of pages from Merrymount Press books and even more through Mr. Winship's Introduction, which is one of the few critical essays on Mr. Updike's work. It gives an accurate outline of Mr. Updike's business life and to some extent it

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* UPDIKE AND THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS AT BOSTON. With about 50 coloured plates and bibliography of the Books printed by Mr. Updike. Boards.
Price 28*s* or $7.00 net
for Subscribers 21*s* or $5.25 net

Édition de Luxe, 30 numbered copies, with the collotype-portrait signed by Mr. Updike, printed on handmade paper, bound in half vellum, gilt tops.
Price 60*s* or $15.00 net
for Subscribers 45*s* or $11.25 net

Introduction by G. P. Winship of the Harvard College Library at Cambridge
Printed for the Bibliotheca Typographica, 19, Tiefer Graben, Vienna · I ·

enables the reader to infer the reason for the vitality I have mentioned.

Since a commentator on a book has the privilege of pursuing threads of thought started here and there by his author, I may be permitted to emphasize a few details that Mr. Winship himself would doubtless have treated at greater length if the space were at his command. In the first place, it seems to me that in the case of the Merrymount Press books, if anywhere, the style is the man. Printing is not the whole business of Mr. Updike's life. Work is confined to 232 Summer Street, Boston, and is not allowed to squeeze over into other places. It takes its place as a necessary, happy, normal element in a well-balanced life led with a simplicity and austere gracefulness which indicates that Mr. Updike is a connoisseur in the art of living. His books reflect his simplicity, dignity, lack of excess. Mr. Dwiggins has said of the Merrymount style that it has "for its outstanding quality, the quality of lucidity. It is cool, vigorous, and assured. Its lapse — if it may be considered to lapse on occasion — is into a region not quite warm enough for unacclimated skins. This style is not imitative, it is not antiquarian nor archaic."

The point I wish to bring out is immediately obvious to anyone who spends an evening before Mr. Updike's fireplace in his comfortable apartment on the banks of the Charles, or a week-end in his farmhouse perched on the top of a Vermont hill. Many visitors are surprised that there is no "art" in either place. The farmhouse is a farmhouse, utilizing modern devices to minimize labor, but eschewing modern frumpery to make it artistic. His rooms in town are of course a little more elaborate; but they, too, might be the abode of any man of taste. There is not a book except the few magazines and current volumes anyone might naturally have on his table. Here is a great artist who refuses to be artful. He is above playing tricks with life.

In his conversation, furthermore, and in his habits of thought, Mr. Updike reveals the same clear-sighted, simple directness. Mr. Dwiggins was right again in his remark, "His discourse was informed with wit. What he said was to the point — very much to the point." And one may add that he can talk about a great many other things than printing; that printing, as a matter of fact, need never enter into an evening's conversation unless one wants to bring it in. One sees that he does not allow the machinery of business to dominate his interest in living.

STEPHEN CRANE

BY

Thomas L. Raymond

NEWARK NEW JERSEY
The Carteret Book Club
1923

It has been said by some people to whom Mr. Updike appears cold that his typography has a chilling dignity, that it lacks human warmth and playfulness. I am sure, however, that not one of his employés would agree with such an estimate of the man, and I am also sure that one can find in his typography much more warmth than appears at first glance. Of course, if you are looking for the expansive and gorgeous style that has inevitably come to mark the work of printers in the golden sunset regions of the great Commonwealth of California, you will be disappointed; the typography does not slap you on the back. But then, neither does he, nor does he encourage would-be "slappers." On the other hand, if you care at all for the reticent friendliness and sympathy characteristic of New England, you will catch a reflection of it in Merrymount books. On the right occasion you will find sentiment but never sentimentality.

Beyond this relation between Mr. Updike's personality and his work, there is another matter which Mr. Winship would doubtless have wished to give much more space to. That is Mr. Updike's work at Harvard. Unfortunately, I cannot speak of it quite at first hand for I took the printing course in the Business School the year after he gave up teaching. Nevertheless, the class was invited over to the Merrymount Press for two or three special lectures summarizing the history of printing. I remember with gratitude those hours around the big table in his library when he talked about printing as a career and about the great printers of the past. Much of what he said can be found in "In the Day's Work" and in the last chapters of "Printing Types." Because I can hear his voice behind the words and can see, as I read them, the mahogany table, with its piles of books, my judgment of these chapters may be favorably prejudiced; but I think that even the detached critic who has never been in Boston, must agree that they are very excellent writing for their purpose.

It is seldom that a book based upon a series of University lectures has had so direct an influence upon its own time. It is not too much to say that a large share of the post-war revival of interest in typography, in the collecting of rare editions, in the attention paid to good book-making, can be traced to "Printing Types." It has been reviewed in every country where the Roman alphabet is used; it has been quoted in appropriate and in inappropriate places; it is now referred to in the footnotes of other scholarly works. It has fur-

THE FELICITIES OF SIXTY

IN MY SIXTIETH YEAR, a wise woman of more than eighty said to me: "I congratulate you: you have begun to live after sixty years of preparation, and are now wise enough to govern yourself and help others. The best part of life is between sixty and eighty."

I pondered her saying, testing its truth by my own experience. I think she was right. I think so because my opinion of friends and enemies, of life and the meaning of life, has undergone a marked and significant change in which I find a distinct and abiding happiness. We have, at

nished a starting point for countless other books and articles on printing. Such practical evidences of its value are worth more than the mass of favorable review clippings in the publisher's files. I am afraid that Harvard men do not fully appreciate how far Mr. Updike has carried the name of their University, nor how deeply, through his work, it has moved tides of artistic and technical endeavor throughout the world. In its way, "Printing Types" is as great as William James's "Psychology."

Whoever talks about Mr. Updike eventually and inevitably meets the question whether his work will last, whether one hundred years from now it will be remembered and mentioned along with the work of Aldus, Jenson, and Baskerville. It would be worth living another century if one could be sure to find the answer. As it is, I venture but a modest prophecy. Some of the Merrymount Press work will, I think, be dismissed as inadequate, or as unsuccessful in attaining its purpose. Some of the earlier books, especially those done for commercial publishers, must be compared with the current printing of their time to be fairly judged. They are good specimens of nineteenth century *fin de siècle* but quite out of date for the time being — until they shall attain the quaintness that comes with antiquity. His later work, too, is not always successful. But a successful Merrymount Press book — and the majority of them are so — takes its place among the classic examples of printing. The Humanists' Library, the first three volumes of the Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature, Henry Van Dyke's edition of Tennyson's poems, Harold Murdock's "Sir William Kirkaldy," the catalogue of the John Carter Brown Library, Henry Dwight Sedwick's "Pro Vita Monastica," the Service Book for the dedication of the new chapel at St. George's School, the service for Morning Prayer lately chosen in the competition for the revised Prayer Book, and the Goodspeed edition of "The Compleat Angler" — these are instances of great printing; these are touchstones by which to test all other printing; these form a grammar of typography which the beginner should study over and over until their simplicity, their finality, their sheer honesty train his taste into the ways of perfection.

DAVID POTTINGER

Harvard University Press

These two type illustrations are Mr. Updike's arrangement for the title page of a monograph on Stephen Crane, and the opening page of *The Felicities of Sixty* by Isaac Lionberger printed for the Club of Odd Volumes.

NOTES ON POLITICS

PROJECTED LAW

The Enactment, Promulgation, and Enforcement of which will Prevent War Among Nations

WHEREAS the elected Representatives of this Nation, lawfully assembled for the purpose of their legislative duties, find a growing desire on the part of Mankind to abolish war in order to avoid its disastrous consequences to neutral, vanquished, and victor alike, and

Whereas the existing instruments for that purpose, for example, courts of arbitration, treaties of amity or preference, attempts at limitation of armaments, association or leagues of nations, peace propaganda and peace societies, and the hazardous profession of diplomacy, are admittedly insufficient for said purpose, and

Whereas it is felt that war is never caused by the public at large, but through misdirected power, or mistaken patriotism, or personal ambition of their rulers, i.e., members of the government, and

Whereas this Nation wishes to become the first to enact a Law that forever abolishes war, which no set phraseology or idealistic tendency can arbitrarily "outlaw"; therefore

BE IT NOW RESOLVED :

That, in case this Nation at any time becomes involved in armed conflict or war with another nation, or faction of another nation, whether for aggressive, repressive, imperialistic, defensive, or other purpose, the following measures shall, within ten hours after the beginning of hostilities and/or the formal declaring of war, be carried into effect, to wit :

A : There shall be enlisted as simple soldiers or simple sailors, *with rank of privates,* in the Nation's armed forces on land (although only in the infantry shock-troops), or at sea (although only for service on board submarines), or in the air, for the earliest possible participation in actual hostilities against the enemy under fire, the following persons :

1 : the Head of the State, if male, whether president or monarch,

2 : all male blood-relatives of the Head of State, having attained the age of sixteen years,

3 : all civilian officials, and military, naval, and air officers, attached to the household of the Head of State,

4 : the Prime Minister and other Secretaries of State, as well as all Under- and Assistant Secretaries of State, of the government, except the Secretary of State for Peace, hereinafter mentioned,

5 : all Representatives, elected by the Nation for legislative work, videlicet : all members of parliamentary or congressional bodies, of both lower and upper houses, *except such members as voted openly against said armed conflict or war,*

6 : all bishops and prelates, or ecclesiastics of similar rank, of the Nation's Christian and other Churches, whether State Churches or no.

The above enlistments as privates are for the duration of the armed conflict or war and are enforced in disregard of the individual's age and/or condition of health, upon which the military medical officers will pass *after* enlistment.

B : There shall be enlisted as simple nurses or servants in the medical auxiliaries of the army, and for service only at the front, as near actual hostilities under fire as dressing-stations and/or field-hospitals are established, the following persons :

7 : the Head of the State, if female,

8 : all female blood-relatives of the Head of State having attained the age of sixteen years; and all male relatives according to A-2, as well as her consort,

9 : all female officials, attached to the household of the Head of State, and all male functionaries according to A-3,

10 : all present wives, all daughters of present marriages, and all sisters, provided said women are entitled to vote at general elections, of the persons mentioned under A-(1-6).

The above enlistments as simple nurses or servants are for the duration of the armed conflict or war and are enforced in disregard of the individual's age and/or condition of health, upon which the military medical officers will pass *after* enlistment. (Women, however, are exempt from enlistment in case of pregnancy and/or lactation until one year after date of last confinement).

C : Promotion in rank, even for conspicuous military or medical service, is denied the persons mentioned under A) and B) forever; but their services, if worthy, may be recompensed with available national decorations.

D : The official positions vacated by the enlistments of the persons under A) and B) shall be filled immediately by their pre-elected or pre-appointed deputy-successors as follows :

x : the position of Head of State is filled by the Secretary of State for Peace, hereinafter mentioned,

y : the positions of Prime Minister and of other Secretaries of State, including Under- and Assistant Secretaries of State, are filled by the successors deputed for that purpose at the preceding general elections, or by previous appointment by the Head of State,

z : the positions of the elected Representatives of the Nation, except those who voted against the armed conflict or war in question, *and who therefore remain in office*, are filled by their deputy-successors, designated at the preceding general elections, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED :

That no armed hostilities of any kind whatsoever can be begun without a previous two-thirds vote of the entire parliamentary body, assembled in one chamber, cast in favour of commencing an armed conflict of war, whatever its nature, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED :

That, inasmuch as war will become extinguished through the present Law, the Committee on Disarmament of the elected Representatives of the Nation be forthwith directed to draw up in detail a plan for the abolition of the armed forces of the Nation, a small remnant of which shall constitute this Nation's contribution towards such international protective police force as the security of nations may require by treaty against piracy, banditry, etc., and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED :

That the Committee on Constitutional Amendments of the elected Representatives of the Nation be forthwith directed to draw up a report concerning the constitutional changes, if any, necessitated by the present Law, and

BE IT FINALLY RESOLVED :

That the actual enforcement of this Law, should that contingency ever arise, be entrusted to a special body of five-thousand male voters, all avowed believers in peace, to be organized immediately by the three principal peace societies of the country under the supervision of the Secretary of State for Peace, whose appointment and department are provided for in an annex.

ANNEX :

The cabinet position of Secretary of State for Peace, and a Department or Ministry of Peace, are hereby created. The Secretary of State for Peace takes rank in the cabinet immediately after the Prime Minister, whose office, however, may be exercised by said Secretary of State for Peace. Simultaneously the positions of Secretary of State for War, and Secretary of State for the Navy, are merged into one, to be known as Secretary of State for Defence, an officer that henceforth takes the lowest rank in the cabinet.

POSTSCRIPT :

In editorially discussing the above Project, the paramount issue appears to be, whether its enactment into Law abolishes war or no. If it does, the Electorate can force it through! Applied for example to Austria and Serbia in July, 1914, *it would have prevented the War of Nations.*

FRITS HOLM, D.Litt., LL.D., D.C.L.
A.D. 1928, in May.

BOOK REVIEWS

BAD GIRL

BAD GIRL. *By Viña Delmar. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company.* 1928. $2.00

Reading an exceptional book, far from filling one with any intense glow of intellectual satisfaction, sometimes conveys quite an opposite emotion amounting to disquiet. "Why does this move me so?" I assure you, can be a far more troubling sensation, in literature as in life, than: "How much I like this!" First there is the peculiar sense of self-torment induced in the unfit by the rare perusal of a masterpiece. Some small demon materializes from its pages, perches above one just beyond the lamplight and whispers intermittently: "You couldn't express that; you couldn't even feel it, imbecile!" Then there are other books, far less perfect no doubt, which seem to disengage a long, fine net to drag up all sorts of shivering doubts and curiosities which will never be assuaged this side of the tomb. Why do men, for example, usually write better than women? Why do some women write better than almost any man? Of what use is the novel anyway, and above all what is its art which we are always hearing mentioned? Why write at all? Or read, for that matter? Such profound and practical night-thoughts usually assail one at the moment of going to sleep. Fortunately they seldom last long.

I am approaching a book called *Bad Girl* by a tortuous, not to say half-witted, route. For there is always that problem of the woman novelist to polish off first. Just glance over the list. Jane Austen, Emily Brontë, Madame Colette, Willa Cather possibly; is there anyone else one can think of in English or in French? Charlotte is not on it, not in comparison with her sister, not so far as we are concerned. George Eliot was the statistician, the Privy Clerk of the emotions, or at any rate of some of them. She was the first woman in modern letters to apply technique to her drab narrations, all the long follies of "analysis", character-drawing, the situation, and the rest of the bag of tricks, and most of the ladies have been bitten with something like her method ever since. Mrs. Wharton, for example, is as technical as a well-folded umbrella. Miss Sinclair is opulent

and sentimental, a sort of Georgian Madame Sand. She goes in for violence and fine writing. And notice please that the great weakness of all these sisters lies in their portrayals of the opposite sex, particularly of young men — a weakness so obvious that it has led Mr. Chesterton to say that no woman can properly portray a man, adding idiotically, "perhaps no man can properly portray a young woman." Neither proposition is true. There is Hareton in *Wuthering Heights*, Cheri in the novel of the same name, Claud in *One of Ours* and, above all, Eddie Collins in Mrs. Delmar's story of Dyckman Street. If the last is not a masterly portrayal of a young man, sharpened by genius and warmed by a peculiar sort of clean-cut emotion, then I undertake never to write another word about men or about women or about anything.

Then there is the "art of the novel" racket. Admittedly "the art of the novel" is a phrase which falls from the tip of the pen as casually as a drop of ink, and though I have been reading novels all my life, I still have very little notion as to what it means. Like the proverbial servant-girl, I only know what I like. Defoe began "the art of the novel", did he not, with his study of an itinerant lady of uncertain morality? One liked and still likes that sort of thing when it is well done; they have even invented a polysyllabic adjective for it, the "picaresque", and for some reason it is now denominated "modern", though it dates from the seventeenth century. But one would be puzzled to say why one likes it, or why it should seem superior to a novel of another type. The escape from life? Hardly, for at once a whole legion of victorious realists confronts us whose appeal is precisely that they reproduce life as we know it, and even as we intensely dislike it. The armies of romanticism and realism ignorantly clash in our confused appreciations. Like Mr. Twemlow in Dickens, we are never quite sure of the identity of our latest "best friend." Nor is the situation mended when the captains of the subconscious surge upon us, bearing banners on which are inscribed the words "Above Realism." And very nice, too. We understand that the *art* of the novel, if that means anything, has advanced since our day.

Meanwhile, in our incoherent fashion, we submit this brief definition: "A novel is pleasing to us in so far as it communicates that thrill of absolute recognition, that longing for identity, which is akin to love."

Mrs. Delmar's novel is about New York. There are several ways in which one can treat that city in a novel, depending upon the temper

or attitude of the writer. You can treat it like Mr. Dos Passos in *Manhattan Transfer,* like a neurotic and irritated deity.

I can see him in his ire,
In a super-Freudian dream,
Throw the hills into the fire,
And the Man into the steam.

Or you can treat it like Mr. Reisenberg, with gusto and a boyish sense of the picturesque, like a romantic engineer. Or you can treat it like Mr. Bodenheim, in the spirit of a Greenwich Village poet, with that nuance of volubility and na ı induced by drinking Macdougal Street wine on an empty stomach. In a word, you can treat New York as you treat life itself; so far as the novelist is concerned one is about as big as the other. Note that the three writers mentioned are external and objective in their attitude toward the new Nineveh; there is no sense in them of being really in it and of it, none of that feeling for quarter and local boundary which Mr. Chesterton has called the romanticism of great towns. Mr. Reisenberg is a seaman. Mr. Bodenheim is a Villager. Mr. Dos Passos is a New Playwrite. Mrs. Delmar — but let her speak for herself . . . "I saw America first in New York. My parents were in the show business. I was educated in the public schools. I was not a success as an actress, but I was a notable success as an usher. I have been a typist in two or three offices . . . I have a son."

She would seem to be equipped to express for us an essential Manhattan Island, an entity as mysterious to most of us, skulking darkly on some of its fringes, as the dwelling of the Grand Lama. New York City of masts of skyscrapers, of spires, of grand hotels, of speakeasies, of beautiful churches, of ugly ones, of Greek cafeterias, of orange juice, of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Daily News, of Wall Street and the Holy Ghost. And of all the strains of powerful poetry which can be disengaged from that skyline perhaps the most poignant can be found in the lives of those boys and girls, growing up hastily like everything else again, in the shadow of its towers, those adolescents like Dot and Eddie in the novel who live in small flats, who go to work, who pass us on the street, in the lift, in the Subway. What are they thinking about under the ready-made suits clinging to the young muscles of their backs, under the pretty frocks? What do they do . . . ?

They live. They know how to. Their existence is simplified down to the last bare realisms of experience and conduct, lacking which no one can be truly happy and which alone in my opinion constitutes the best sort of material for a gallant book. They are not subjects for satire. It is the people who write about them in any other manner than that of Mrs. Delmar, — the Bodenheims, the Sinclair Lewises, — who are subjects for satire. Go to one of those literary chapels composed of the people who possess everything of which the Dots and Eddies of our time are unconscious — wealth, culture, taste, and all the rest of it. What is the net impression derived? A terrible boredom, hateful to God and man, is the impression derived: because these people, taken in the large, are without vitality, without zest, without gratitude to God, without love for man, without use in the world. And when all is said perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of the intellegenzia is its ignorance of fundamental experience, of life itself. We prefer, even if we cannot share them, the fierce and simple pleasures of Inwood and the Bronx. We find Dot more alluring than Hedda Gabler. We find Eddie a more compelling creation than Stephen Dedalus or the million neurotics who write novels and who fill them . . .

Mauvais garçon, mauvais garçon, ô bel amour! The beauty of Mrs. Delmar's characters is that they are alive, and their vitality circulates even in us in a fashion. They enjoy eating. They enjoy school. They enjoy the music of guitars on the Hudson spattered with a million lights. They enjoy love (the characters of Mr. Huxley and those of Mr. Dos Passos, notoriously, do not!) They enjoy having babies, once the heroic agony of the startled and uninstructed girl and boy is over. They enjoy the *Daily News*. They could enjoy anything. They live.

It is then as a sort of Franciscan hymn that I appear to have read *Bad Girl*. Doubtless there are many other things that might be said for it, among them, the amazing dialogue, the characterization, the pervasive instinct for the real. I care less about these things; they are, after all, tricks of the trade. Probably there will be reviewers who will read it as a tract against contra-conception. *David Copperfield*, you recall, was regarded by many as pendant to the Reform Bill, Pantagruel as a subtle defense of Calvin's Institutes, and the Gospel as a telling piece of divine log-rolling.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

DRAMATICK POESIE

OF DRAMATICK POESIE. *By John Dryden, Preceded by a Dialogue on Poetic Drama, by T. S. Eliot. London. Frederick Etchells and Hugh Macdonald. The Haslewood Books.* 1928. £1, 11*s.* 6*d.*

A literary classic remains fresh only when the problems it discusses or the emotions it portrays are either of sufficient permanency or sufficient depth to wear through many generations. Dryden's *Essay of Dramatick Poesie* is, in this sense, today but half alive. The subjects that concerned him are of no immediate concern to us: we are not interested, except historically, in the superiority of rhyme to blank verse, or in the preëminence of Ben Johnson to Racine.

This is not to say, of course, that Dryden's essay is to be read without pleasure. On the contrary, it is a delightful piece of work; one would read it, were the subject matter even more remote than it is, for the sake of its admirable prose; a prose as calm and wise as any we have in English. If it lacks passion and suggestiveness, it has a contained reasonableness, a dignified harmony, that no other style can equal; so that we are almost persuaded, as we read, that the subjects it conveys really possess some contemporary and vital interest.

But Mr. Eliot's introductory dialogue soon removes any such delusion. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the topics discussed by his seven alphabetically named characters and those which occupy the attention of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius, and Neander. As Mr. Eliot says in the preface, "Dryden and his friends could discuss a 'dramatic poetry' which actually existed, which was still being written; and their aim was therefore to construct its critical laws. We, on the other hand, are always discussing something which does not exist but which we should like to have brought into existence; so we are not occupied with critical laws; and so we range over a wide field of speculation, asking many questions and answering none."

What Mr. Eliot's characters are chiefly looking for is a form of contemporary drama upon which poetry may be grafted. They consider in turn the Mass, the ballet, the music-hall, and what they call "the popular drama of the *faubourgs*." And in each they discover

some one of the characteristics upon which a poetic drama has, in the past, been built. In the Mass there is the element of ritual, in the ballet there is a rigorous, specialized training, in the music-hall there is an appeal to the people, and in the suburban drama there is a conventional morality. The trouble is, of course, as Mr. Eliot's characters imply (though they don't actually state it — Mr. Eliot is becoming increasingly wary of "statement") that none of these four forms has all the necessary elements in combination. The Mass is not amusement, the ballet has no voice, and the suburban drama is the end, not the beginning, of a dramatic development. Of them all, the music-hall seems to contain the greatest possibilities. Indeed Mr. Eliot, in his earlier essay on "The Possibility of a Poetic Drama" (in *The Sacred Wood*) ended by suggesting that the music-hall is the one form of modern entertainment which could be subjected "to the process which would leave it a form of art." He even tried something of the sort himself; a play, two portions of which were printed in *The Criterion* for 1926-27. They were extremely interesting, but the attempt as a whole was unsatisfactory, as far as one could judge, because it depended too much on a theory and did not absorb enough of the music-hall quality upon which it was supposed to rely. Mr. E. E. Cummings' *him*, though it is in prose, is more successful.

And that brings us to the heart of the problem. Is a specifically *poetic* drama necessary after all? Mr. Eliot say that he answers no questions, but he does answer this particular question in the affirmative. "We should expect," one of his characters says, "a dramatic poet like Shakespeare to write his finest poetry in his most dramatic scenes. And this is just what we do find; what makes it most dramatic is what makes it most poetic . . . the same plays are the most poetic and the most dramatic, and this is not by a concurrence of two activities, but by the full expansion of one and the same activity. I agree that the dramatist who is not a poet is so much the less a dramatist." It is a conclusion with which one cannot help agreeing, for the drama is an intensification of life, and poetry is the most intense expression of the emotions which pervade that intensification: when we have one without the other we have a half-realised art.

But this only makes the contemporary problem more acute than ever, and it makes us look back at Dryden with a kind of nostalgic

longing. Even if the drama was not, in his time, at its height, it at least appeared to be flourishing; it had not yet been divorced from literature. None of the questions that bother us, bothered him; he did not have to rack his environment or his brain to find a traditional foundation for his plays. It was there; all he needed to do was to discuss technique. But what use is there for us to discuss technique, when we have nothing to employ it on? One comes away from reading Mr. Eliot's essay with a sense of futility. He does not even repeat his former assertion about the music-hall; the only practical suggestion he offers, and he does that very half-heartedly, is that a small group of enthusiasts should get together in a rented stable and experiment there for their own satisfaction. But this is soon dismissed because there is no one in the party who is an enthusiast, and the only agreement they reach at the end is that they should join in a glass of port to the memory of John Dryden.

There is not, one imagines, any less evasive conclusion to be reached. A poetic drama would seem to be, for us, out of the question; we have had it already, three hundred years ago, and in all probability we shall not have it again; we are too far away from ritual. Indeed, it seems somewhat pedantic to be looking for it: one of the curious results obtained by reading Mr. Eliot and Dryden together is that the former seems more academic than the latter. We know too much, as Mr. Eliot says, we are too historically minded; and yet Mr. Eliot himself, when looking for a poetic drama, would seem to banish such knowledge and such a state of mind, rather than make them the condition of our further development. This is a fallacy which our historical mindedness itself should enable us to recognize; it is dangerous not to do so. For if we accept such a fallacy, any poetic drama we build on it is certain to have a hothouse quality. It will suffer the fate of Stephen Phillips, and that is something Mr. Eliot would presumably wish to avoid.

One must be extremely grateful, however, for Mr. Eliot's essay. Though it is in places carelessly written, it is an excellent summary of the contemporary situation, and it is full of illuminating remarks on the side. What is even more to Mr. Eliot's credit, it suffers not at all by its juxtaposition to Dryden.

THEODORE SPENCER

PSYCHOLOGIST OF SEX

"Havelock Ellis," *by Houston Peterson, Houghton Mifflin Company*, 1928. $4.00

Men are great for what they are, not for what they have done; but the true color of their deeds can be seen only in the true color of their character. Disregarding Strachey's injunction that a biographer should preserve his own freedom of spirit and not be complimentary, Mr. Peterson has written an old-fashioned biography for the most part of literary achievements drawn from the published and unpublished records of his hero. The documentation is so eager that at least one half of the book was written years ago by Ellis himself; the admiration so complete that the biographer has taken Ellis' word for almost everything; the interpretation so lucid as to be, except in a few places, transparent.

The early chapters disclose a shy, sensitive boy whose literary sentimentalities exceed everything but his encyclopaedic curiosity; a studious young recluse carried to Australia for his health's sake and left there among the kangaroos and settlers to teach school, write a novel, and ruminate on God; a young man of nineteen whose animal desires crystallised into the philanthropic notion of explaining the mysteries of sex to this so troubled world; a physician and surgeon for the sake of his ideal; a student of literature, a poet of sorts, a demi-metaphysician, whose philosophy has genuinely comforted many people, a man of science, the most authoritative of whose works has been *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*.

There is one question that every biography of Havelock Ellis must answer. In *The Dance of Life*, his best known book, Ellis conceived of life as an art like the dance a rhythmic ordered relation of the whole man to nature. How far does this biography show him to have lived as an artist? It must be evident immediately that Mr. Peterson's scope excludes most of the million non-mental occurrences that have filled Ellis' life. A few paragraphs, without further mention of his sexual life dispose of Mrs. Ellis and the conditions of their marriage. It is only natural, nevertheless, to wonder how the greatest living authority on sex conducts himself in the realms where he is most at home. Necessarily "the whole man" cannot be

described when his ideas are held more important than his personality, yet at some time in his life, Havelock Ellis must have loved, or hated, or been ridiculous. We do not see him so. The trivial anecdote which seemed to Plutarch more expressive of a man than his most glorious exploits, is almost entirely missing. His practical morals, his private life, his own solution of his own emotional situations give way to an authoritative classification of his ideas, which attain a magistracy so serene as to mark him no Faustian of a Faustian Age. Occasionally, with the aid of several fine photographs and a scattered reference or so, the man appears in his homely, human eccentricities: a taste for hock or going naked among friends. After a glass of absinthe which sent Arthur Symons reeling home to write a jewelled sonnet, Ellis decided not to try it any more, as he had always disliked the flavor of anise. "People," he writes in Vol. II, of his Impressions and Comments, "may be divided into two classes: the people who like to drink the dregs of their cup, and the people whose instinctive preference it is to leave the dregs. This is a distinction which cuts deep into the moral life. The people of the first class are usually counted the more interesting and necessarily they are able to extract more out of life, more pain and possibly more pleasure, though one may question the quality of the extract. Personally I am more in sympathy with those who belong to the other class. I have no wish to be in at the death of anything and though it is true that I have followed the Blatant Beast to his captivity, I would prefer to leave a beautiful book unfinished. . . . Even when the restaurant band was playing just now a piece I like I came out by choice before the end and find my pleasure heightened."

Ordinary eagerness after human personality, as Ellis implies, finds those of the first class who in other times were said to "burn with a hard gem-like flame" more appealing or more modern than those like Ellis, who have lived close to Nature in both her freedom and her restraint. By contrast with such an unbalanced figure as Heine, whom Ellis admires but treats in *The New Spirit* with small sympathy, it is clear how strangely unmodern Ellis is. At nineteen his life work was chosen, his habits of thought established, his attitude toward the universe so crystallised that never since has it essentially changed. Heine, throughout his whole life, because, perhaps, he was torn by the fiercest doubts and changed with the weather, "speaks

with a voice that seems to arise from the depth of our hearts." Both reacted against society; Ellis, typically, because he felt that "social influence is so strong, there is far more need to react against it than reinforce it," Heine because in the ache of his proud soul he couldn't help himself. Unwaveringly, Ellis, affirmed that "all the art of life lies in a fine mingling of letting out and holding in." Poor Harry was luxurious with Nature and died a sufferer from the ignorance and misery which Havelock Ellis has devoted his life to alleviating.

Ellis' influence, however, has been a peculiarly modern one, bearing with it the fluidity of morals, the justice of an act being dependant on no strict Hebraic law but on the aesthetic sense of what is beautiful for the occasion; yet his life, as gleaned from Mr. Peterson's biography has failed in a profound way to accord wholly with the manner he set for it as an art. There has been too much vigor and detachment, apparently, and not enough of the radiant carnality or the erotic vitality associated with his name. "To live in the conscious primary pursuit of a useful end. . . . outside living itself is to live badly" has been his insistent cry and yet he has walked out on life in order to enjoy it more and made not living but contemplation his primary useful end. Though he has thus chosen to leave the cup undrained and follow the austerity of Nature, his life has been marked by power more than by the weakness which incites sympathy, by freedom more than by bondage, by art more than mere activity in the manner of his living. These achievements exalt him to one of the most inaccessible men of our time.

ALLAN R. ROSENBERG

SHORTER NOTICES

AMERICAN CRITICISM. *By Norman Foerster. Boston. Houghton-Mifflin Co.* 1928. $3.50.

American literature, having scarcely any history, is admirably suited to that criticism which is philosophy; and Foerster, in rejecting the historical treatment and choosing the philosophic, spares us a volume of useless prolegomena. He treats Poe in a manner which is pleasing more to lettered persons than to quack doctors and the mongers of gossip, but which, even so, is not the most rewarding. For, seeing Poe from afar, he has not been able to place his feet in Poe's footprints along the dialectic paths of Beauty, and then to look more closely. It is just in such unable sympathy that the act, in contrast to the thought, of Humanist critics is generally less rewarding than the act of Romantic critics, whose thought falls short of the Humanist but whose acts are the more humane. Poe, as he demands, likewise rewards our sympathy. Search his Tales and Poems for the bearing of his criticism, and one will find in that which seemed lifeless and so strangely fair, much which is lively and familiar; — one finds the moral image.

With Emerson also, one must search for passion. What in Emerson seems cold to the ignorant, seems to Foerster, — cold. It must be that he has not sought. One can, therefore, make a better use of Mumford's *Golden Day*. To Lowell, the full requisite of love is given. Others have said he was our first Humanist, but have not told how. Read Foerster, then read Lowell; you will know what you are reading, what the man was talking about, whither his wit and learning tend. For Foerster has given the scheme which, he says, Lowell was too lazy to give. This chapter is the kernel of the book. With the most considerate injustice, Whitman is brought by the exigencies of divine machinery among the triad of our critics. As, during the prelude to the Taming of the Shrew, ducal honor is dandled before the clown, so here great importance is claimed for Whitman's store of thought and whisked away from him; and he is declared unworthy of the claim as often and as deftly as is necessary to put us in mood for the play.

The play is called a survey of the twentieth century. It is

nothing of the sort. After a catalogue of the shortcomings of all critics who are not Humanists, we finish with a fine description of the acts which would be those of a perfect Humanist critic.

But Foerster never moves his philosophy about among our latter-day critics, all of whom share common virtues and shortcomings. They all take themselves too seriously (which is a shortcoming). They all either stand on their heads or else see rain fall upwards. They are at the antipodes to art. In thinking of criticism, they think of more than two things at once. For they not only confuse written criticism with criticism, the mental faculty; they identify criticism with culture and culture with literature.

Returning to the flyleaf of the book, where Lowell, our first Humanist, is quoted: "Before we can have an American criticism." This, which is meant to sound like the first hammer blow which falls when a great work is undertaken, is in fact the signal for a walk-out. It delays all the work of them who heed it. It is, like the traditional *non expedit*, entirely specious. The relation in time is falsely stated. The distinction, also, is false. This word *Before* which is so forceful, — why is it not *As* or *While* or *Although?* or even *After we have?* Is it not just as likely that "Creation" should call "Criticism" into being? Do not, as a matter of fact, the two activities concur in time, as in the mind? This brings us back to Poe. It might have brought Foerster to Eliot; or to Burke and Cowley, whose articles in the *Dial* have long since lent to the Humanist programme its needed, moving element.

The center of Babbitt's fort is static, — a cluster of refutations. It has drawn to itself Foerster's mind among others, but this is all of its power. It has not a moving center to displace uncentered thought. *American Humanists* does address itself to the mind rather than to the senses; but it can only be said that it would like to address itself to the will rather than to the wish. *Our Humanists* make ideal descriptions of literature and describe how literature is ideal in so far as it conforms to these descriptions, and this they do very well. But it is, at best, only museology, — an activity after the act.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT

JOHN BROWN'S BODY. *By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York. Doubleday Doran Co.* 1928. $2.50.

Many a Guggenheim Fellowship has been put to a less commendable use. Thanks to his, Mr. Benét has been able to write a national poem, an epyllion running to 375 pages dealing with the shattered years of the American Civil War. That a young poet by no means free from the necessity of making a living should dare to pit himself against Homer, Vergil, Chaucer, Milton, and Thomas Hardy, is little short of remarkable; and that he has succeeded as well as he has is from every angle admirable.

John Brown's Body is a mixture of poetry and prose: poetry in all conceivable metres, from a loose rambling blank verse to a galloping jingle somewhat less dignified than the usual limerick; prose cadenced and starkly pedestrian. The technical sources are as varied as the rhythms: Mr. Benét owes most, perhaps, to Hardy; but there are obvious traces of Whitman, Masters, Whittier, and strangely enough, T. S. Eliot. The result is confusing, often chaotic. At first thought it seems as though the uneasy incoherence of much of the narrative indicated a lack of craftsmanship on the part of the author; to some extent, perhaps this is true. The poem is obviously too long and one wishes that Mr. Benét could have cut it in half and taken two or three years for revision; but this was clearly impracticable for economic reasons. Nevertheless, as one reads farther into the poem, it becomes more and more evident that much of its confused dissonance is deliberate, that it is intended to reflect the spirit of the times described, and that it succeeds to a considerable extent. Whether or not the desired effect could have been better attained by means of a less daring impressionism is open to doubt. Sudden shifts in tempo are dangerous, after all, unless the artist is sufficiently master of his material to infuse the whole with a rhythm transcending the parts.

Even so, it is a very good poem indeed. The author is in love with his subject, and knows his field thoroughly. It is no mean feat to rehearse a narrative as complicated as this and at the same time to keep the reader's genuine interest. No one can complain that this is a dull book, and there is in it much that is both stimulating and highly suggestive. The descriptions of the first battle of Bull Run and of Gettysburg are not unworthy of comparison with parts of

the *Æneid,* and, indeed, Mr. Benét is doubtless not unaware of a debt to Vergil. The Prelude, dealing with the captain and mate of a slaving-ship, is little short of magnificent. The occasional references to the New England countryside ring true, as true as anything in Frost. And the conclusion of the poem is exceedingly dignified. All in all, the total impression is one of splendid effort attended by gratifying success. If it is not, as some over-enthusiastic critic has told us, the greatest poem of the generation, it is unquestionably a fine achievement, worthy of honest praise and a long popularity.

DUDLEY FITTS

MUSIC A SCIENCE AND AN ART. *By John Redfield. New York. Alfred A. Knopf.* 1928. $5.00.

Musicians and audiences have been in an appalling state of ignorance concerning the scientific side of music, which still remains strangely undeveloped in comparison with other arts, and particularly considering its extraordinary importance. Moreover, a large proportion of us are not well fitted to understand and appreciate what music we already have. It seems strange that in such an age as the present, when the chemical analysis of pigments in painting, for instance, has been conducted so thoroughly, that musical physics should be so little understood. There is danger, however, that an increased scientific knowledge and more complicated literature of music, unless properly taught, may serve only to put more barriers between audience and music, making it popularly even more unintelligible. This book is an attempt to give a broad survey of music from both scientific and artistic viewpoints. Although the chapters dealing with science are more important and adequate than those dealing with musical æsthetics, this method of treatment seems justified by its tendency toward a broader and more balanced view of the subject.

In his discussion of harmony and melody, probably adequate for such a volume as this, the author offers his own theory of harmony, that is, an explanation of consonant chords, dissonant chords and their resolution, chord progressions and modulations. Beyond this point, he arrives at a definition of music as "a utilization of melody,

harmony, rhythm, form, tempo, dynamics, tone-color and nuance in such manner that the result produced is recognized as beautiful."

Mr. Redfield admits inability to define musical beauty except in terms of "beauty" and evolves his idea of its nature into the definition, "Musical beauty is that emotional relationship between music and hearer which gives rise to the judgment, 'It is beautiful.' "

The last section deals in detail with possible improvements of future music. The chapter on harmonic possibilities is excellent, particularly the parts dealing with resultant tones and the proposition and tuning-rules of a new scale, resembling the Ptolemaic scale, with the advantages of the natural scale and free modulation, liberating music from its bondage to even-tempered instruments of only twelve notes to an octave. The next chapter is almost the only further mention of rhythm, suggesting a mechanical beater to discover all sorts of rhythms and cross-rhythms. There are many suggestions for improving instruments and developing new instruments. One takes exception, however, to the suggestion of giving the piano a device to prolong or swell tone, in the belief that a great deal of the charm of piano-music lies in its evanescence. The unevenness of the piano-scale is to be regretted, more on concert grands where the upper register tends to be greatly overbalanced by the extremely long strings of the bass. Of course there is a chapter on improving the auditorium. The argument for better voice-training is certainly justified by the want of accurate knowledge of the physical basis of singing.

The chapters on reforming the orchestra and on chamber music possibilities are full of suggestions for better balance and introduction of certain new instruments. One wonders why a chapter on the symphony band is included and why the chorus is omitted. The book ends with a plea for endowment of laboratory study of music, doubtless an activity most deserving of financial assistance.

A bibliography would be extremely useful, but perhaps not quite appropriate for a book designed to have such a varied public. However, for such a book, especially, it contains an unusual amount of important information and sound good sense.

RALPH KIRKPATRICK

GONGORISM AND THE GOLDEN AGE, *By Elisha K. Kane. Chapel Hill. University of North Carolina Press*, 1928. $3.50.

This is a study of "exuberance and unrestraint in the arts" of the Golden Age: not the *saturnia regna* of the Augustans, but of the Spain of Vittoria, El Greco, Velásquez, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderón, and Berruguete. The author concerns himself not so much with a critical evaluation of the art of this too little understood period, as with a search for traces of a malady known as *gongorism*. Gongorism, the disease, takes its name from the cordovan poet Don Luis de Góngora y Argote, hopefully celebrated as *Swan of Córdoba*, and even more hopefully as *príncipe de los poetas líricos de España*, some of whose verses are tainted with the flamboyant ornamentation characteristic of the writing which we condemn as *euphuistic*. By transference of epithet Mr. Kane manages to consider technical extravagance not only in literature, but in music, in architecture, in sculpture, and in painting. This he does with indifferent success.

With indifferent success, because he is seriously hampered by two things: professorial archness and a complete lack of understanding. The former leads him to benight sober judgment for the twinkle of frequently questionable wit; to indulge an elephantine sarcasm at inappropriate moments; to assume, like a bad schoolmaster, that he must revive his class' waning attention by an occasional innocent obscenity; and to disfigure his pages with pen-and-ink decorations in sufficiently bad taste. This is unfortunate, and alone enough to spoil a better book; it is not, however, so important as his unwillingness, or inability, to understand anything that does not adapt itself to his own conception of what is "good art." It goes without saying that gongorism, the abuse of the grotesque and the fantastic, is deplorable; but it is not true, as Mr. Kane apparently believes, that the use of the grotesque and the fantastic is always gongoristic. In his zeal to detect the disease he too often confounds the sincerely imaginative with the sterilely affected. He is upset, for instance, by the poet Mena's remark that so fair was his lady that God himself could not make another like her. The same lyrist's comparison of tears to *silver spun out from the eyes* seems to him an "unconsciously comic effect." Skelton is "obscene gibberish." Crashawe is "lachrymose and treacly."

Nor in the field of painting does Mr. Kane fare better. It is true that El Greco offers some justification for a misinterpretation. The peculiarly complicated character of his work may at first hand seem "unrestrained," or "grotesquely ugly." El Greco is meat and drink to the superficial appetite of Mr. Kane. He laments as "savouring too strongly of the days of table-turning and spirit-rapping" the thesis that the painter's elongation had byzantine origins. Greco was a Cretan, a Greek, and he not only knew the mosaics of Candia and Venice, but it is more than probable that he gained his first painter's training by manufacturing byzantine ikons and working later in the manner of the *Scuola Bizantina Migliorata.* Mr. Kane's misinterpretation of the whole nature of the art of Greco is a far more serious, because more superficially credible, libel than theirs who consider the painter mad or astigmatic. Greco was by no means the impassioned mystic only; nor was he an analogue of Góngora. He was a lover of Euclid, and his compositions are more often than not rigidly geometric. His manner comes from the proto-barocco of Tintoretto, and only by fact of residence can he ever be considered a Spanish painter at all.

Here is certainly a devastating lack of something, call it sympathy, knowledge, or what you will. Nor is the reader's confidence in the critic's validity strengthened by the numerous howlers scattered through his work. Thus on the fourth page one learns that J. A. Prufrock is an imagist poet who uses the simile "he laughed like an irresponsible fœtus"; and this is a mild example. But *nox ruit, Ænea;* yet I must recommend to the consideration of any mediævalist the translation of *Aue* in the verse of one Berceo:

Tornó en Aue Eua la madre de Abel.

Mr. Kane says that this means

Eve, the mother of Abel, turned into a bird,

and observes that it is a *curious line.**

Physically the volume is unattractive. It is, I am afraid, a fair example of gongoristic bookmaking. The "baroques and volutes"

* The mystical conceit that the name *Eua* reversed produces *Aue,* the initial word of the Angelic Salutation, and that in consequence Our Lady Mary may be said to have reversed, or expiated the sin of Eve, is a common mediæval fancy, dating from at least a millennium before Berceo. Cf. for example the familiar hymn *Aue Maris Stella.*

furnished by the author's sketches are not pleasant; the plates are indifferently reproduced; and in general there is little to justify the author's expressed desire "to secure, without scandal of popularizing, at least a wider audience than the professionally erudite" for this expanded Ph.D. thesis.

DUDLEY FITTS

CORIOLANUS. *A New Variorum Edition. By William Shakespeare. Philadelphia.* 1928. *J. B. Lippincott Co.* $6.00.

Though the Furness Shakespeare is still called on the title page "a New Variorum Edition," it has already enjoyed a long and honorable history; is, indeed, something of an institution with laws and traditions of its own. *Romeo and Juliet,* published in 1871, was the first play; *Coriolanus* is the nineteenth. The elder Furness died in 1912, keeping up his work on the Variorum *Cymbeline* almost to the end of his life. His son has been wholly responsible for three plays, *Richard III, Julius Caesar,* and *King John,* before the present *Coriolanus.*

In the Variorum edition, the First Folio text is now reprinted, a procedure arrived at after experiment with a composite text in the first four plays; the readings of subsequent editions are given with approximate completeness, and there is a very generous selection from the sum of what has been written of the play. *Coriolanus,* so treated, is a matter of some seven hundred and fifty large pages.

Most of Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus is reprinted at the end of the volume. Shakespeare's general obligation to it has been recognized since the time of Gerard Langbaine — the spiritual progenitor of all source-hunters in English literature —, and in course of time the various items of the account have been checked and footed up by very conscientious auditors. Yet no one, so far as I am aware, has seriously tried to look at Plutarch's story as Shakespeare must once have looked at it, as dramatic material, and has then determined what difficulties it must have presented, and how the dramatist met them. Rather, his repetitions and variations have been viewed as isolated facts, each to be explained, if it is explained at all, without reference to the others,

or the exigencies of the play as a whole. Yet this effort of the imagination is worth making — sources are apt to remain only potentially valuable without it —, and in the case of *Coriolanus* it does simplify a very interesting set of relations, and leads, I think, to a clearer understanding of the play. The real difficulty of the story lay in its two crises. How could a man whose honor was founded on his services to his country, who blamed the people for inconstancy and shrank from the word "traitor" as from a blow, have come to forsake that country and league with its enemies to destroy it? And again, when the full revenge he had sought was within his grasp, how could he have come to refuse it, and betray the new friends on whose trust his own fortunes now wholly depended?

How Shakespeare attempted to motivate these two episodes can only be sketched here. A great deal has been written, sagely or otherwise, about the dramatist's political sympathies, his supposed contempt for the common people. But the deliberate vilification of the plebeians and their leaders in the present instance is sufficiently explained, once its dramatic purpose is perceived. Thus, MacCallum noted that it was Shakespeare who caused Coriolanus to be "whooped" out of the city; there was no hint of this in Plutarch. Mr. Furness seems, by the way, to have overlooked the point, but it is a significant one. A producer should not hesitate, I believe, to introduce off stage, between IV, 1 and IV, 2, the exultant racket of the mob. But Shakespeare was not content to put all the blame on the people. He found a tragic weakness in the pride, the touchiness if you will, of his hero, and he developed it in episode after episode: in the scene at Antium for instance, or strikingly in that where Coriolanus, while he solicits the votes of the citizens, refuses to show his wounds, as was the custom, and indulges in those disdainful ambiguities which prepared the way for his fall. And there it is directly connected with the other motive, for in Plutarch the individual citizens had not promised him their "voices," as Shakespeare has them do, thereby enhancing our sense of their perfidy. As for the second problem, that of the refusal of Coriolanus to exact vengeance, he again found a clew in Plutarch, this time in the influence of Volumnia. Shakespeare has his citizens refer to it in the opening scene of the tragedy, makes Volumnia herself dwell on it in her first speech, recurs to it over and over again in the later

scenes, never allows it to be forgotten. If anything could prepare an audience for what was to come, it is the scene just before the banishment (Shakespeare's new scene) in which the mother persuades her son to humble himself, to go once more to the people. And remember that in Plutarch the supplicating embassy of the women was Valeria's idea, not Volumnia's. Shakespeare the playwright knew better.

ARTHUR COLBY SPRAGUE

ENGLISH PROSE STYLE. *By Herbert Read. London. G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.* 1928. 9*s*.

It is a relief, a resumption of intelligence, to turn to the clear, unified exposition — the almost text-book atmosphere — of Mr. Read's *English Prose Style*. It is a text-book; but the categories are critically as well as conveniently set up. It differs thus from most text-books on the subject in that the critical faculty, the whole force of the author's intellect, is applied as thoroughly as if it were a text-book on law or a treatise on dynamics. Mr. Read's ideal is perhaps found in these remarks on Swift (p. 116): "But Swift did more than preserve the English idiom; he purified it. It came to him, chiefly in the form of the English Bible, as an instinctive mode of expression — direct because it was simple and unconscious, powerful because it was *felt*. Swift accepted it for these simple virtues, but he made it the instrument of his mighty intelligence; and Swift's greatness consists in this fact, more than anything else, that however widely his vision might extend, however deep his insight, his mode of expression remained simple, and single, and clearly comprehensible." After speaking of the "predominating passion" (in Coleridge's sense) which inspired Newman, Mr. Read closes his book with this paragraph: "Henry James provides a still more illuminating example. He developed a very complex and a very personal style, a style which has encountered a good deal of shallow depreciation. But once his mind was made up, the aim of Henry James was essentially the same as Newman's — to explain clearly and exactly his meaning, and not to bother about writing for writing's sake. Now the 'meaning' which Henry James was concerned to

express was generally very complicated. It was concerned with life at its finest creative point — the point where moral judgments are formed. The deeper this penetrating mind delved into the psychological complexity of human motives the more involved his world became. But it was obviously the real world, the only world worth describing once your course is set that way. Henry James went ahead, fearlessly, irretrievably, into regions where few are found who care to follow him. He was driven by a force far more powerful than 'writing for writing's sake,' by what he himself would have called a sacred rage, by what Coleridge called a predominating passion."

Whatever objections may be brought to the prose style of this last passage, the sentiments are excellent; and Mr. Read's book is precisely and systematically composed to exhibit by concrete example and in abstract notation, just those sentiments. Hence its value is in the end the attitude which it sets up in the reader's mind. The trouble with this attitude is that its scope, the material to which it can be made relevant is restricted within limits which the author has already shown, in an earlier book, he has the power and interest to pass. He has a keen eye for facts; makes apt comments on the uses of punctuation in the chapter on the sentence; sets up a satisfactory theory of prose rhythm with the paragraph as a unit; but there is no evidence in this book that he even conceives the limits he might reach, the problems he might state, or the perspective he might disclose. The book is essentially for laymen, an advanced grammar and rhetoric with an eye to the right thing.

For example, the last paragraph in the book (quoted above) ought to have come earlier; its implications should have been developed. Prose sensibility, with a predominating passion in control, is a marvellous subject for the variety and intensity of its implications. Language is most often the medium of the common intelligence, where the intelligence as well as the language is the result of collaboration; so the essential problem of style should be the measure of the amount of material gotten into a given prose, the relation of the sensibility to the passion by which it is predominated, the measure, that is, of the articulate content as opposed to the waste structure of common counters and stock conventions. Live language is always on the stretch, covers the nervous metabolism it expresses. It is more

important to set up, however vaguely, if recognizably, the nature of the feeling of given works than it is to classify with the utmost correctness what we call their technique. The two efforts will amount to one task. But too much effort on the second is intelligence wasted without the continuous presence, by implication, of the first. Mr. Read, as much as any critic writing, might have made the necessary combination; have made, perhaps, with his love for system and prejudice for scholasticism, a beautiful hierarchy of mature feeling, of passionate sensibilities in English prose.

R. P. Blackmur

PERIODICAL REVIEWS

MOVIE MAGAZINES

CLOSE UP. *Edited by Kenneth Macpherson. Vol. III, No. 1.*
PHOTOPLAY. *Edited by James R. Quirk. September,* 1928.
THEATRE MAGAZINE. *Edited by Perriton Maxwell. September,* 1928.
MOTION PICTURE. *Published by Major George K. Shuler. September,* 1928.
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. *Published by Major George K. Shuler. September,* 1928.
PICTURE PLAY. *Published by Ormond G. Smith. September,* 1928.
SCREENLAND. *Edited by Eliot Keen. September,* 1928.
SCREEN SECRETS. *Edited by Roscoe Fawcett. September,* 1928.
SCREEN BOOK. *Published by B. A. McKinnon. September,* 1928.
MOVING PICTURE STORIES. *Edited by Edith Rosemon. August* 21, 1928.
FILM FUN. *Edited by Curtis Mitchell. September,* 1928.

A year ago the first number of *Close Up* was reviewed here. It is impossible now even to list the many articles that have appeared in the succeeding twelve numbers of the magazine, ranging from short pieces by Gertrude Stein totally unconnected with the cinema, to technical discussions by Jean Prévost of more value to producers — if they will read them — than to more general readers. As an indication of the sort of matter which has been so widely provided, an analysis follows of the first number of Volume III, with which *Close Up* like THE HOUND & HORN enters on its second year.

The editorial by Mr. Macpherson sums up the accomplishments of the year and the plans for the future. It is as usual the weakest feature of the review. The next item is a brief interview with the Russian director, A. Room. While not of great interest, it is still sound and honest, as reviews with Hollywood directors are but seldom. H. D. contributes a long — an overlong — discussion of Dreyher's *Jeanne d'Arc,* to which the tricks of her style add little for those who are more interested in the art of the cinema than in the art of Imagist prose.

Mr. Wadsworth's attempt to crash Hollywood as a writer is given far too much space and is of nearly no importance at all. Even

Spider Boy, by Carl Van Vechten, is more amusing and probably more typical.

Mr. Herring's discussion, like H. D.'s *Jeanne d'Arc* too much a "poetic" impression, of *La Tragédie de la Rue*, makes us realize how limited after all is the repertory of interesting pictures which in America, even with the Art Theatres (or perhaps in part because of them), we are able to see. To know foreign directors and actors we have too frequently to wait until they are, in H. D.'s image, destroyed by the Troy of Hollywood.

Mr. Betts' rather general comment on the boredom of bad films and even of parts of good ones is excellent in quality as was his earlier discussion of the use of time in the movies.

Mr. Lenauer's rather precious objections to exteriors shot in the studio reposes on an assumption of a platonic imitation æsthetic for the cinema which is far from being established. It is none the less the sort of intelligent technical discussion which must precede the establishment of any æsthetic.

The Chevally Notes and the Blakeston vituperation of the plot machines of British scenarists are of little value; but the "interview" with a London cinema manager, Mr. Ogilvie, seems from an American standpoint to describe just the sort of manager we need: not consciously highbrow and yet ready to show the most interesting foreign films as far as the censors may permit — they do not, it appears, permit good films as diverse as *Freudlose Strasse* and *Mayerling*. The concluding comment gives a certain amount of factual information of the sort that may be gleaned from the gossip of American reviews.

Beside the simple cover, the excellent typography of Darantière, and the well chosen stills which distinguish *Close Up*, the ten reviews which represent — and, so far is Cambridge from Hollywood, probably not completely — the output of American cinematic periodicals for one month, must appear merely lurid in all the splendour of chromolithographed covers, tabloid typography, and rotogravure sections. It is a little like turning from Gropius' Bauhaus Theatre to one of the more sumptuous shrines of Publix. Yet the majority of films that we see in America are shown *chez* Publix, and these movie magazines — even *Moving Picture Stories*, if not *Film Fun* — repay occasional perusal. For the critical observer of the films, unlike

the film fan, is not likely to get mired in discussions of lip-technique, or why stars get divorced or their children go crazy.

The best of these magazines is *Photoplay*, even though it looks not unlike half a dozen others which really are indistinguishable (being frequently the standardized products of one publishing factory). Indeed the dicta of the editor, Mr. James R. Quirk (who appears to have some inspiration from Paramount), are no more ill written than those of Mr. Macpherson. When not of the Hollywood-New York relation, the questions with which Mr. Quirk deals, moreover, may be considered as more central to contemporary production than those of the editor of *Close Up*—and what he says is undoubtedly more influential in important places.

As to the articles of interest in these magazines—of which *Photoplay* has the greatest number—neither the wealth nor the triviality of the matter on the biography and opinions of stars and directors makes them, as they so easily appear, wholly without importance. Much scholarly labour, crowned in time with academic degrees, is devoted to minute research into the personal lives of writers less important in their art than Murnau or Stiller in theirs; and many of the *Belles Occitaniennes* and *Mmes X* of literary history are of less intrinsic importance (since they appear less directly in the finished work of literature) than Greta Garbo or Adolphe Menjou. The life of the historian of the movies in the future will be an amusing if not an easy one, when he wades through these accumulating masses of not altogether spurious documents. To us of the present who are interested in the films and not wholly untouched by the tabloid, these extraordinary tales are at least preferable in their artlessness and as documents of our civilization to the conscious literature which has been written about Hollywood. The way to that particular hell which would consist in reading nothing but movie magazines is also so attractively, if monotonously, lined with cuties that the more directly pornographic "Art" magazines have retired from competition.

The brief reviews of current pictures in *Photoplay* (and even in the other magazines) are more trustworthy than those in the newspapers, or such magazines as *Life*, or *Judge*, or the *New Yorker*. Any considerable familiarity with actors, directors, and producing companies; any knowledge gained from bitter experience of what

milieus the movies can handle and of what they cannot, make these about of the value of publishers' notes as a guide to pictures to be seen.

Close Up is a review which, like any other good review, should be read in large part each month. But its practical value to the American not a critic of the movies is very slight. Our own magazines, and particularly *Photoplay*, have on the one hand the temporary but necessary position of racing clipsheets or stock ticker-tape; and on the other they provide but too fully the sort of personal matter and out-and-out gossip which through the centuries many minds, occasionally even the best minds, have sought with little success with regard to Shakespeare and other mysterious figures of the past. Between H. D. and a Hollywood ghostwriter there is a very long and a very obvious distance; but it is probable that the better sort of ghostwriter has more that is essential to say about Greta Garbo — and even what is conventionally called her art — than H. D. with her *Close Up* article on the Classics and the Cinema.

From one point of view both *Close Up* and the American magazines are a waste of time; but so in that sense are also the *N. R. F.* and THE HOUND & HORN. These hot August evenings it is very easy to believe that it is better to retire to almost any refrigerated palace, regardless of the cinematic fare, than to settle to the study of *Screen Secrets*. But from a sounder point of view it must appear that the movies require a periodical literature, and on the whole perhaps these magazines provide it not incomparably with the fashion in which the Anglosaxon periodical literature of contemporary art is provided.

HENRY-RUSSELL HITCHCOCK, JR.

THE LONDON APHRODITE. *Edited by Jack Lindsay and P. R. Stephenson. No.* 1. *August*, 1928.

"We stand for a point of view which equally outrages the modernist and the reactionary. It is certain that J. C. Squire and T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis and Dean Inge, Humbert Wolfe and Robert Graves, E. E. Cummings and Alfred Noyes, Maritain and James Douglas, Roger Fry and William Orpen, would, if compelled by physical force to read our magazine, heartily (or at least irritatedly) dislike it." " . . . In pursuit of our aim we shall be thoroughly biased

and unjust at times when to fritter analyses on minute qualifications is to sacrifice the larger justice." " . . . Where space allows, lesser justices will be attempted. Otherwise, to the central significance, the relation between the subject and that life which itself cuts into life, yet balances itself upon the image of beauty. We shall draw blood, even from the bloodless." " . . . it is amusing to be alive, but . . . this is a question of blood in the arteries and you cannot get blood from a Stein: . . . the emptiest moderns make the most noise, owing to the decline of the Best: . . . modernity, like maternity, is already out of date, owing to correspondence from France and American specialties: . . . the Transcendental Unity of Apperception (Kant) has been overcome by the Transatlantic Disunity of Introspection (cant); . . . Freud means Joy and not Joyce: and . . . consequently there is No Sale for Poetry because there is no poetry for sale, the nigger being in the woodpile of (musical) Time and (middle) Western Man when he (she or it) comes to Europe with a literary aspiration: . . . the gods whelp those who whelp themselves, which means instead of Cummings, They Went, because beauty is (see page opposite *et seq.*) possible."

"Page opposite" is "The London Aphrodite, a Torso in Oils painted by Lionel Ellis." She is La Gioconda of Somerville, in need of a bath and stays. *"Et seq."* is a vivid, healthy, often well-reasoned attack on everyone; Back to Beethoven, Rubens, Jonson; a good poem by Robert Nichols; a bad story by Liam O'Flaherty; a vacuous Hill Eclogue by Jack Lindsay. The anastasis of Lyric Poetry; but Lyric Poetry, pure Lyric Poetry, is pleasantly dead to this generation.

"*The London Aphrodite* is a deliberate attempt to reaffirm Beauty, critically and constructively, in six numbers only concerned with delight not disintegration." "This periodical may even be epoch-making because it has nothing whatever to do with the *zeitgeist.*" "Therefore the editors invite contributions from the world at large outside of the lunatic asylums of the abstract and other official cliques." "Motto for intending contributors: *Nihil humani alienum a me puto.*" "Do not subscribe, please, if you are quite satisfied with prevailing standards in literary periodical journalism."

Rogo, inquam, noli clamare: ego tibi pro ansere struthocamelum reddam.

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The HOUND & HORN
A HARVARD MISCELLANY

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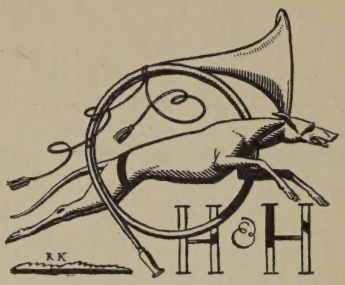

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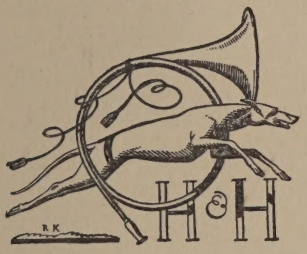
BOOK REVIEWS, SHORTER NOTICES
PERIODICAL REVIEWS, ETC.

THE HOUND & HORN: Volume II, Number 2, January-March, 1929. Published quarterly by THE HOUND & HORN, INCORPORATED, at Portland, Maine. Publication Office, 105 Middle Street, Portland, Maine; Editorial Office, 472 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.; Executive Office, 1430 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. Single copies, 50 cents; subscriptions, one year $2.00, two years $3.50; Canadian subscriptions, one year $2.25, two years $4.00; foreign subscriptions, one year $2.50, two years $4.50. Entered as second class matter December 10, 1927, at the post office at Portland, Maine, under the act of March 3, 1879.

THE
HOUND & HORN

A HARVARD MISCELLANY



Vol. II, No. 2
January-March, 1929

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The Hound & Horn is published quarterly at Portland, Maine, by The Hound & Horn, Incorporated. Publication Office, 105 Middle Street, Portland, Maine. Editorial Office, 472 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass. Executive Office, 1430 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors, Box A, Cambridge, Mass., and must be accompanied by a stamped return envelope. Payment will be made on publication.

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THE
HOUND & HORN
A HARVARD MISCELLANY
Vol. II, No. 2 January-March, 1929

COMMENT

PLANS admitted and details announced are as yet too vague to permit a thorough discussion of Harvard's House Plan. Yet several formal points should be noticed. The problems involved are twofold, the first more immediate and practical, namely, to effect a just transition from the present relatively promiscuous regime which allows young men to seek an education to one more consciously ordered and compacted which educates them. The second problem, theoretic and more important, is that of the desired nature of the graduate, of what it means to be an educated person. For until there is some general agreement as to the ideal in question, all consideration of President Lowell's plan, which is simply a suggested means for the attainment of this ideal, is necessarily irrelevant.

HARVARD'S HOUSE PLAN

Discussion of an educated man instead of education in the vague has an undemocratic ring: it smacks of superiority, snobbishness, exclusion. Since there is to be a certain discrimination, at first, in selecting the members of the charter college, and as successive colleges are each likely to develop a distinctive character, much opposition can be expected on various

democratic grounds, such as the fear of racial prejudice and of the abridgment of the individual's freedom. These and others are objections that are not to be answered simply by appeals to Harvard traditions, the success of analogous institutions in England and the increased amenity and socialization of undergraduate life. They require an elaborate doctrine on the purpose and nature of the American college and its relation to American life. For there can be no doubt that the formative pressure of the new college will produce a strongly accented personality. It is important, therefore, to decide if the graduate is to be amiably polished and bland only, or condescendingly concerned with jazz and business, or a true leader, cultured, politically minded, and responsible. These are no trivial questions, and it is inevitable that they will be examined at length. So whatever one's eventual judgment on President Lowell's plan, it is certain to perform a great service by providing a point of reference for discussion of the problems of American education.

* * *

The editors apologize for the following misprints in the fall issue of THE HOUND & HORN:

Pg. 83, l. 2. *After* criticism *insert* of criticism

Pg. 84, l. 13. *For* criticism." *read* literature, *and after* literature, *insert* we must have an American criticism."

Pg. 84, l. 26. *For* fort *read* thought

Pg. 84, l. 29. *For American Humanists read* American humanism

Pg. 84, l. 34. *For* museology *read* museumology

PIERRE THE AMBIGUOUS

DISASTER returns cyclically; in New England its orbit seems to be about eighty-plus years. The third generation of Calvinism here exploded into the Salem witch-hysteria of 1692; the young volunteers of 1775 had talked with its oldest survivors; and the last Revolutionary veterans beheld the armies of the North marching southward. Yet each cataclysm marked at the end a triumph of the human spirit. What awaits us in 1950?

These cataclysms were all preceded by states of a general, increasing mental tension, which did not always seem to bear directly on the trials ahead. The mental history of Mid-Nineteenth America, in particular, has yet to be written; and when it finally is written, it can be explained only by a team of psychologists and sociologists both wiser and braver than any we now seem to have. Although this country prides itself on a generous share of shrewdness and commonsense, it has also raised at least its full share of miracle-mongers. In our latest century of civilization, ancient necromancy was revived and vulgarized at Hydesville, whence it spread over the world; P. B. Randolph, a mulatto, imported Rosicrucianism, which he vended with dream-books and sure-cures for the worst diseases; Madame Blavatsky unveiled the oriental mysteries of the mages and mahatmas; Joe Smith recovered an invisible Bible of gold, and led multitudes into the wilderness. . . . There were indeed so many manifestations of the miraculous that we remember only the most successful. Miller added a piquant page to American history by terrifying the whole

countryside into apocalyptics; but who now recalls the prophet Matthias? The Americans, starved emotionally, intellectually, and imaginatively in the continent they had just conquered but not cultivated, were escaping in all directions from the drudgery of their farm-lots and counting-houses. They could not withstand the temptation of pioneering the Absurd. The more solemnly impossible a thing was, the more desperately they believed it.

Of course, the educated classes knew better, but the educated classes were also suffering in their own way. An abnormal shyness recurred so often that we may be sure it was a symptom of the century. Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson were all marked by it; it also accounted for the hermit who used to be found at every summer resort. There is not a single locality — in New England, at least — but has its legend of the solitary man who fled from his peers to the kindlier society of the notoriously rude New England weather. Private life in a small town was impossible otherwise.

Herman Melville was also of those stigmataed by shyness. At ease among sailors and cannibals, once home he hid himself at Arrowhead; and the cumulative literary triumph from *Typee* to *Moby-Dick* was not enough to carry him over the failure of *Pierre. Pierre; or, the Ambiguities* cut in two and killed Melville's career at the precise moment of its greatest success.

Seven great books in the seven years from 1846 to 1852; then seven indifferent or bad books in the thirty-eight years of dearth from 1853 to 1891. Of the latter group, only one, the refurbished biography of Israel Potter,[1] was reprinted in Mel-

[1] Melville rewrote Potter's autobiography entirely, though often very closely.

ville's lifetime; four others were verse (we cannot say "poetry," except for a few odd lines), of which one was paid for and two privately printed. The contrast is impressive.

But the trouble did not really lie with *Pierre*, the last book of the seven fruitful years; the trouble lay in the innocence of the public. Melville was known as an easy-going, romantic autobiographer who spun delightful yarns of forecastles and South-Sea Edens. He had brilliantly expounded the anatomy of the whale; he could indicate an anecdote of savage nudity with such finesse that the drawing-rooms hardly knew they were shocked. *Mardi*, that brilliant notebook of a thinker, was the only book not (obviously) based on Melville's life, and that appeared almost Rabelaisian with its prodigious feastings and drinkings and smokings! Nothing had prepared the public for *Pierre:* they had not heard the cry of an Ishmael in their midst.

Then it came, sudden as Greylock's thunderheads. In the blackness no critic could see, and the lightning from the clouds blinded, it struck so perilously near home. There is no terror like the terror of the dark. This clean-hearted, genial, courageous Melville had suddenly produced a book so vitriolic in purpose, so mystical in style, and so intense in melodrama, that the critics, gathering their desperate wits before the unknown enemy, adopted as one man the "stern but just" attitude: they damned it.

Whether they broke Melville's spirit, or whether he was already written out, we need not decide. Perhaps both situations obtained in part; certainly other and hidden circum-

He added John Paul Jones and the naval battles without apology; he is also responsible for the Strachey-like portraits of Franklin and others.

stances were at work. The book did not sell. Then came the fire of December 10, 1853, which destroyed half of the edition. Melville lost interest in literature and would not even talk of his books: the curious visitor was entertained with Schopenhauer and not Fayaway. And though *Pierre* was reprinted in 1855, it is still the rarest of Melville's important volumes.

Reading it today, one can easily see that the trouble lay with the times, not with Melville. The nineteenth century literally did not know enough even to guess what the book was about. Its general scheme was deliberately directed against the Victorian cosmos; its particular subject was one which psychologists today are beginning to define. Emotionally, Melville had reached that point where he saw only too bitterly the pettiness of man; intellectually he had analyzed with amazing clarity a "complex" which he dared not even name!

Consequently, *Pierre* is a book which, in its ultimate purpose, is as devastating to Christian complacency as anything Anatole France ever wrote; a book which, for psychological insight, may without absurdity be spoken of in the same breath as *Hamlet;* and (baffling the public yet further) a book written in a style which points back to Sir Thomas Browne and forward to Henry James, though finding a contemporary source in the Rev. Sylvester Judd.[2]

The plot concerns a young man with all the normal advantages of blood, brains, taste, position, and wealth, who com-

[2] Sylvester Judd, D.D. (1813-1853), fled from the orthodoxy of Yale to the heresy of Harvard, and eventually became the Unitarian minister of Augusta, Me. *Margaret* (1845), trumpeted by Lowell in his *Fable for Critics,* is an uneven book but extraordinary in style, form, and substance. Secondhand booksellers know it for a gold-mine, but the world at large has seldom heard of it.

pletely ruins himself and all those most intimately concerned with him, by the courageous exercise of his virtues and ideals. So far, Melville's thesis is Paul's: that Christ is not the God of This World; that His wisdom is not of this world; that Christian ideals are incompatible with ordinary life. History has proved the impracticability of rendering good for evil; "heavenly righteousness is not only impossible, but would be entirely out of place, and positively wrong in a world like this;" and man "must by no means make a complete unconditional sacrifice of himself in behalf of any other being, or any cause, or any conceit." Melville might have said this successfully had he managed a smile in his style — indeed, he tried to give it a whimsical twist; but the whimsy is unconvincing — his heart was too sick.

The surface struggle in *Pierre* is that of a soul against a world and its conventions. Pierre Glendinning, of the proudest American blood, only son, heir to a vast estate, and an incipient poet, betrothed to the ideal girl, suddenly discovers an illegitimate half-sister, an orphan in the depths of poverty. He must do something for her. But should his dead father's reputation be blasted? Should his living mother's pride be broken? On the other hand, should the girl be deprived of the social dignities due her? No: Pierre decides to sacrifice himself instead. By pretending that Isabel, his half-sister, is his wife, he can give her the approximate position which he feels should be hers. He forgets that Lucy, his betrothed, is included in his self-sacrifice; and this forgetting is the first obvious symptom of the inner plot.

The self-sacrifice is fatal. Pierre's compromise with truth spares no one. His mother turns him from the house, and

leaves the estate to Cousin Glen, the Laertes of the novel; Pierre starves in the city over his writings; his novel is stopped in the press as pure blasphemy; Lucy, a more determined Ophelia, follows the couple to the city; Cousin Glen, now her suitor, attempts to win her, and failing, insults Pierre in public; Pierre shoots him; and the three — Pierre, Isabel, and Lucy—die together in prison, one of shock and two of poison.

This bit of mad romanticism constitutes the visible plot; had that been all (as the early critics thought), the book could easily be forgotten. But that was not all: the real plot is invisible. The cause of all this intense behavior is a sexual complication involving living and dead, the real facts of which are unknown to all four agonists. This hidden motive is incest, and Melville's treatment of it is such that *Pierre* takes its place in literary history as the first novel based on morbid sex.

Incest, of course, was nothing new in literature, but never before had there been any attempt whatsoever to analyse it. The Elizabethans had accepted it as a legitimate dramatic complication. One may recall Shakspere's *Pericles*, Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King* (also a scene from their *Captain*), Middleton's *Women Beware Women*, Massinger's *Unnatural Combat* and *Bondsman*, Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, and Arthur Wilson's *Switzer*, besides doubtful cases such as Lyly's *Galathea* and Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy*. The tone was always dramatic, whether tragic, comic, or romantic — but never psychological; and the best solution was to discover that the lovers were not really related at all. The Restoration dramatists had no qualms on any subject: they used incest frequently[3] for the sake of the thrill.

[3] For lists of titles, see Allardyce Nicoll: *Restoration Drama* (Cambridge,

In the novels of the eighteenth century, incest was still treated as naturally repulsive to human instinct, though no one seems to have asked why. The Age of Reason could not get below the surface. Moll Flanders, discovering that she had married a half-brother, breaks up the marriage, though her silence would have left their happiness undisturbed — and heavens knows, Moll had no prudery about her, or such lack of experience as to forfeit happiness for a mere scruple! Tom Jones is equally horrified to discover that he has lain with his mother; but fortunately (as in so many of the plays) she turns out not to have been his mother at all. Fielding included this episode simply as a final jolt to shake Tom free of his wild oats forever.

Then Walpole — as usual, the awkward pioneer — introduced the romantic attitude with his drama, the *Mysterious Mother,* based on a local tale (which later he found in the *Heptameron,* 30th day); it had also been dramatized previously as *The Fatal Discovery, or Love in Ruins* (anon., 1698) and as *Innocence Distressed, or the Royal Penitents,* by Robert Gould (1737). Marguerite of Navarre recorded the tale originally because of the ingenuity of the epitaph; Horace Walpole saw a chance for a neo-classical drama with unusually heavy atmosphere.

Then came the Radicals. Chateaubriand and Byron aroused the public by the personal idiosyncracies so freely expressed in their writings. Shelley, of course, had contributed his fling against public taste with his *Laon and Cythna* and his *Cenci.* But all this preoccupation never got at the heart of the sub-

England, 1923), p. 24, and Walpole's *Castle of Otranto,* ed. Montague Summers (London, 1924), pp. xlvii-lvi.

ject. The problem seemed too simple: prejudice was mere prejudice, nothing more; incest should be as natural as ordinary marriage. Thus the Radicals passed over the whole mystery: incest had sunk to the ordinary symbol of an act blindly and unreasonably condemned by Church and State.[4]

That, of course, was the attitude of the "Satanic School"; in New England there was already that slight difference which eventually accounted for Melville's penetration. The first novel written by an American and published in America was Mrs. Norton's *Power of Sympathy; or, the Triumph of Nature; Founded in Truth* (Boston, 1789). What with a form from Richardson, a sensibility from Sterne, quotations from Milton, and a finale from *Werther*, one might expect little original in the book; yet it was so far "founded in truth" that it caused a scandal, whereby the interested parties (whose names are known) almost succeeded in destroying the entire edition. So rare is the first edition that the editor of the 1894 reprint could find but one copy only. The opening situation is not unlike that of *Pierre:* a fashionable young man falls in love at sight with a fine young woman who has, however, no social standing. Just before their marriage, they learn that she is his illegitimate half-sister. She soon goes mad and dies, whereupon he shoots himself. The authoress recognizes something unusual about their attachment, and insists that their love sprang from their unsuspected blood-relationship; here and here only is the originality of her novel.

[4] Meanwhile Monk Lewis, with his usual lack of taste, added incest to the horrors of his *Monk;* Scott, on the other hand, used incest for comic relief in *Redgauntlet.* The hero, Darsie Latimer, falls into a violent adoration of an unknown charmer, but conveniently falls out again, just before learning that she is his sister. *Manfred* might never have been written!

Hawthorne, in the *Marble Faun*, chose incest for the secret sin. But he missed his chance; his own inherent decency prevented his examining his subject too closely. Miriam and her mysterious follower are merely Astarte and Manfred again. But Hawthorne made no plea either for personal or social justification; he never analysed it in any way; it was merely SIN — made specific only because incest was literary, unreal, and mystifying; and even so, it was only hinted at by references to the Palazzo Cenci, that "spot of ill-omen for young maidens," and to Guido's portrait of the unfortunate Beatrice. Hawthorne, in short, used incest for theological dramatics only.[5]

Melville, however, was interested in the thing for its own puzzle; and that one shift of emphasis makes all the difference. His book is no longer drama but psychology; the gap between him and his contemporary, Hawthorne, is the gap that separates Calvin and Freud. Melville had learned that the problems of the soul are not to be analysed horizontally in the Conscious, but vertically in the Subconscious. He had learned that dreams are worth fishing for. Thus, guessing at the subtle roots and far-entangled consequences of incest, he made it the secret motivation of the whole moral knot of *Pierre*. "Some nameless struggles of the soul," he wrote, "can not be painted, and some woes will not be told. Let the ambiguous procession of events reveal their own ambiguousness."

[5] Two other cases, out of the vast limbo of American literature, may be mentioned. George Lippard's *succès de scandale*, that stew of Hugo, Sue, and Poe, called *The Quaker City; or, The Monks of Monk Hall* (Philadelphia, 1845), depicts in Book III Parson Pyne attempting the virtue of a daughter, who turns out to be no daughter; and the highly respectable Mrs. S. Anna Lewis, in her neo-Byronic *Child of the Sea* (New York, 1848), describes a love-affair that proves non-incestuous before the close of the poem.

Pierre Glendinning is the victim of a profound psychosis of which today we are learning a little under the misnomer, "Oedipus complex." He is an only child, very carefully brought up by his widowed mother, who is so young that they call each other brother and sister. Neither likes the idea of the other's marrying, but Pierre has selected the pretty Lucy Tartan whose docility reconciles Mrs. Glendinning. It is significant that in the book Pierre's first kiss is implanted, not on Lucy's cheek (though he had met her before breakfast), but on his mother's bosom. There is a mysterious face which he cannot identify, that floats persistently between his inward eyes and the image of Lucy. Then comes the meeting with Isabel, the half-sister, when her sudden face pierces his heart; and the mental struggle begins. Lucy fades mysteriously, immediately: when he forces himself to think of her, it seems a struggle between the choice of her and God. The pretended marriage appeals too strongly to be resisted. The mother-sister becomes the sister-wife (as Melville carefully notes). Then there is the portrait of the dead father: Pierre had loved it, but now, seeing something of the sister-wife in its expression, he attempts to destroy all that it means by burning it in a paroxysm of hatred. He interprets this as a struggle between Free Will and Fixed Fate.[6] Finally, when he tells Isabel of the pretended marriage and his consequent expulsion from his mother's house, something of the horrible meaning of his action sweeps over him (p. 262). Three other times (pp. 369, 371, 373) this knowledge breaks through; moreover, the

[6] The portrait was perhaps half-suggested by the not dissimilar portrait, which plays a not dissimilar role, and comes to a not dissimilar end, in the *House of Seven Gables,* which had appeared the year before (1851).

penultimate Book ends with the dream of a Titan, broken loose from the mother Earth, and warring, handless, against the mountain; and the incestuous significance of this dream is frankly discussed. Isabel, too, is not wholly innocent in thought, and when Lucy comes to the city, Isabel's jealousy leads at one time to a half-hearted attempt at suicide. We may even account for some of Cousin Glen's abrupt hatred on hearing of Pierre's marriage, as a reaction from the pronounced fervency of their boyish affections. Of course Glen had always been interested in Lucy; still, Lucy seems more a last straw than the real reason.

Thus the mental knot involving dead and living becomes too complex; Melville solves it on the physical plane with poison. So Shakspere also cuts the spiritual gordian of *Hamlet* by cup and sword in the disastrous last act.

We have said that Shakspere's play and Melville's novel might be considered together; and in truth the similarities are such that the differences are worth comment. Pierre, unlike Hamlet, acts at once; whereby Melville proves that action is no less fatal than delay. Melville's Gertrude is too much attached to her son to remarry; Melville's Ophelia has more self-determination than Shakspere's; and Melville's Laertes is further implicated by a former affection for the American Hamlet. The Ghost reappears as the portrait. But Shakspere had nothing to correspond with Isabel; indeed, he needed none, for his emphasis lay on the dramatic double-battle against king and self, rather than on a psychosis. Yet who shall say that Hamlet was not also a "mother's boy," equally without the taint of effeminacy?

And Melville's moral?

There are two schemes of salvation: the Pagan and the Christian. The first is summarized by the famous inscription over the gateway to the temple at Delos: "Know Thyself"; the Golden Rule summarizes the other. Whether knowingly or not, Melville so contrived his book that it might prove both of them impossible. Real Christianity belongs in heaven and not on earth. Its substitute, the Church (represented by the Reverend Doctor Falsgrave), can bring consolation neither to those who seem guilty nor to those who do not; and the inward Voice of God to the individual is equally futile, for it is Silence. Nor is the Greek solution any better: Melville has demonstrated the impossibility of knowing oneself. The essential impulses of men, "though contained in themselves, are kept a secret from themselves"; and "the uttermost Virtue, after all, proves but a betraying pander to the monstrousest vice."

No: this was not a book for Mid-Nineteenth America. Naturally enough, the public forgot these ambiguities, and remembered Melville chiefly as one who had written some good books for boys. But then, Swift himself hardly fared better.

S. Foster Damon

FORTY DAYS

To Charles Henry Coster

I

BE money changers: retain
"good metal; reject bad.
"Ye exchangers, in you
"God weighs his scales.
"Free from all dangers
"prove, even these words
"as ye proved silver."

We, strangers to wisdom,
to the wise stranger replied:
"You do not ask of us what we would give.
"We were exchangers long since. Now we are judges.
"Why would you have us unmask words?
"We will not, for unbelief and doubt
"never helped man to take hold on truth.
"We do not prove words — we weigh you
"in scales once given
"to learn from these if any judge preside within your soul."

— "Lay hold on me, handle me, judge me; but test the scales first.
"All scales true and false come to some crisis.
"No man can judge them till they are emptied.

"The gold is not yours; the coin is others',
"but the scales are now your own —
"so test them with more care than you test me.

"Empty both pans; hold the dial level.
"Watch the tongue tilt swift and less swift,
"tilt back, near its pause,
"pass the true mark, repass, and stand still.
"Look how the tongue has bent since it was given you.
"How, then, could the gold have shown the coin's true weight?
"Ye are the judges indeed:
"but the judged one reverses the judgment!"

And Peter answered — "You Cheat,
"who tip the scales for all who weigh;
"you do not seek truth. Neither is it truth we seek —
"we seek the One in the maze. You are the Devil.
"You are a Devil who *this* —
"You are the bodiless Daemon who *that* —
"You are a Devil who — furthermore, why do you cast no shadow?"

— "Do I cheat your eyes
"because I need no shade to show my form?
"You are wise to desire to know; but unwise in not discerning.
"Give me one of you who is true —
"he will feel my darkness,
"and need the light to see with
"no more than I need shade to be made seen."

John, who was wise among us, cried
— "What is truth? By thy words there is but little on the earth."
and he replied
— "They who dwell in the world measure truth;
"know how they measure, and you will know truth."
— "We heard how Jesus gave a wiser answer,
"who kept silent."
— "I have not come to act out wisdom among you;
"I am here that you may seek to know form
"as the blind know it
"who see neither light nor shade.
"Go on searching till ye find;
"when ye have found, ye will wonder.
"He that wonders does well;
"and in working takes his rest.

"Strugglers, your dark leapings
"wedged me between rocks,
"through a certain place towards the left hand
"through which no man could pass —
"a place among rocks,
"rocks beneath rock
"whence, now, its pent light
"I loose from the cave, reborn.

"My second birth makes you unborn to me,
"sheep heard through fog.
"Be not as dogs guarding lambs,

"but, weak as only the strong dare seem,
"be sheep in the midst of wolves."

— "What, mocking shepherd, if the lambs be killed?"

— "Ask and receive, speak, be silent, reject! Do not question.
"Lambs never fear wolves after death.
"At the tongue and teeth of a questioning mouth,
"when thought falls still-born,
"I listen with the ears of a liar.
"Lies come and go through mouths and ears that lack doors.
"But I listen for thought whether Yes or No,
"in the silence of them who keep silence.

"Judge not the act which gives the power to judge.
"Ask not for the Why, question only the How;
"but judge not Yes and No.
"I bring you these two words
"which shall taste not death;
"and though I withdraw all others,
"judge me not.
"Though I tip the scales of all who weigh,
"and take more silver at each tilt for less gold,
"judge me not.
"Fools of God, wise in loud words,
"I am not truth, I am He."

— "Say it not," we cried, "Say not 'I am I' or we kill you.
"We want to know where the Lord is."
And we all ran together, closing the circle.

FORTY DAYS

Our threats turned in our throats:
"Say not, 'I am that I am' lest we make you nought,
"and we would only ask you to lead us where we would go."
And we came on inward, and
He,
the centre,
was gone.

— "Grasp me between your fingers. Break me in twain.
"Suck the honey unprisoned from the bee's cracked belly.
"Suck the bee's honey. Fear not the sweetness —
"rather fear (it is a brave fear) something foreign to the sweet —
"some bitter sap, memorial brine
"which sours passion too much lingered on.
"Peter, remember my sting —
"it is not questioning, but Doubt."

As the sun in the zenith hangs
directly over head to all men
so — to each of us, face to face, directly,
Jesus stood,
cooling his wounded feet
in the surface clay of the pasture,
watching below the mound
the goatmen drive their herds along a road
with sudden bends, to shear them
in the cave where he was born.

II

Those days before we grew half-used
to breathing air suffused
with presences which tended on our want;
the days when we had only thought him . . .
thought him only a more imperious Rabbi,
Rabbi who had entered
to expiate the sin of Abel;
imperious Prophet who had quenched
the fire on the bloody Altar;
Prophet who dared to have entered the Holy of Holies,
seeking the Key of Knowledge hidden there
by them who go not in themselves
and open not to them who would go in —
searching for his Kingdom's Key,
the Key to his Kingdom
to which he is Doorway and Door,
and when he had found it, had given it Peter.
Hid Elohim till the Secret
gushing from Peter's mouth
made our tongues prick
and the nape of my neck
tingle as with sprinkled water.
Elohim before the Dove descended
bearing in her beak a twig
dripping from the tree of life,
fluttering above him,
dropping the sap on him,
making him christ

with the living chrism;
who while moist from the river bathing,
while his neck tingled with compelling water,
yet thirsted for despair;
and said to them who grew weak with fastings:
—"Ye listen only with the inward ear
"and grieve me seeing only with one eye.
"Ye weaken me with your weakness.
"It is for the hungry I hunger.
"I have found all men filled and drunken
"and now I find you emptied of all thirst.
"Not one of you hungers.
"Fast not; eat of every herb, but of that herb
"bitter in itself
"eat not —
"Your hands, then,
"will not reach to the middle of the world
"and your gods will never forsake you."

* * *

In the sarcastic stillness of catastrophe
shame numbed us.
We would sit, and read all day
turning with bluing, unrecording eyes,
his favorite scroll of Enoch,
thinking him sinless, *if folly be not sin.*

* * *

The news of his rising first seemed natural;
(like day-break after the gray doubt)
and much less lonely so.
We woke to live when his brother,
James the ascetic, the just,
told us, ran to us and told us;
the austere James, the just James, came running to us to say:
that the Lord no sooner had given his grave-cloth
to Malchus, the High Priest's servant

than the Lord was before James where he lodged,
asking for a table and bread —
took the bread, broke, and commanded:
— "Brother, forget to fast,
"and in forgetting, forget them who hunger.
"If you know what you are doing, you are saved;
"if you do not know,
"you are with all who go against the Law.
"But knowing or unknowing,
"take my bread and eat —
"for with me, a sleeper from among the sleepers awakens."

FORTY DAYS

III

— Forty days
and forty nights which were as days,
starlight, moonlight, lamplight, sunlight
fell on his form, compact of light,
as on dark form shade falls.
To feel him with us was enough,
enough to have a look in flashing moments
how his neck behind his ear
sloped to the beam-like shoulder of the Carpenter.
He was made visible
by no shadow, shade, nor any modelling;
only the bright body of his body's light
made dark all light I knew.

O! whirring feathers, darting Dove,
that dripping twig,
those drops of chrism, and —
the Christ!

— The fortieth day was spent.
He took a wild black iris between his toes,
plucked it, and let it fall.
(I thought even him reluctant to give up
friendships he had found sweetly
bedded in life's bitterness.)
"Going, I precede you.
— "I go!
"I come
"and coming, judge you by those things
"in which I precede you.

"I have shown you my glory.
"Nor shall I come again till two be one:
"till top be bottom; left be right;
"all that which is without, within;
"the male and female, each both male and female;
"and future and forward, past and left behind."
And speaking, grew less tangible.
"As a gluttonous bee leaves the flower
"I go,
"but cleave a seed — I am there;
"split the rock, you shall find me,
"and where the lonely ones
"gather together, there am I."

I saw him stretch his arms,
I thought him tired and yawning,
but with a shock of shame I knew
the benediction in the attitude.
(I had not seen him die.)
We saw his wounds glow red,
the body fulminate
and Him of Fire,
mounting on subservient Seraphim
whirl, twist away.

The arms had stretched as if for flight —
the five Scars glowed —
his chest lifted as for breath,
and his heels as if for dancing;
between, beneath his toes,

the red clay clung and kissed them.—
The legs hung from the hips, a bell below the torse,
swung like a bell below the hips;
he lifted his chin in song.
The smoking robe consumed in flame:
White flames, Petals of Lilies
Lilies of Flame, Dimmed by the effulgence of the Flesh.
There, a triumphal statue with no pedestal, he stood,
then mounted higher on the air.
The footprints ringed wider, like footprints on still water
ringed, broke into stars, wings, legionary eyes.
In rushing flight about him, in spheres and disks the Seraphim
Span, Whirled, Twisted, Flickered, Gleamed away.
Away, toward the opened Firmament,
through the triangular Name above it.
Above It,
away.

— We gasped and shook our heads and gazed
after what had passed before our eyes.
He.
Not a cynic, no blasphemer
no Rabbi; not a daemon
not a devil, and no Prophet.
He.
The One, the True God, going to his Father in Heaven
as to his Mother on Earth, he came, the One, the True
the Lord.
We stared not only in wonder, not with loneliness,
feeling that he was with us, permanent. . . . .

"Gluttonous bees! Come forth."
Two Strangers sudden beside us
standing in the midst of praise.
"Forth, gluttonous bees!
"Swarm!
"Come from the blossom of vision
"forth, come forth, swarm."

We turned and fled; not as we had fled
from that disturbed suburban orchard,
not so now, we were fleeing
toward the City, not away from it.
Our heads were buffeted by Clubs, by Stones,
Swords, Glaives, Knives, Saws, Spears bit our feet.
Our blood spattered our paths.

Forward, Sideward, Backward, Forward
four pitched prone
lay like fallen crucifixions
a moment, then on again.
I and the other Son of Thunder plunged down hill
with backs bowed, with eager brows
like angelic Centaurs we saw riding
Above, Behind, Below, Before, About us
whom Within us and Without us we heard shouting
— "Rome!
"to Rome,
"Rome!
"Go to Rome!
"Go tell the Roman Synagogue.
"Tell Rome!"

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT

FORTY DAYS

ARGUMENT

I

The transfigured Christ came commanding and blessing the Apostles, but knowing neither His form nor speech they judged Him as the Church was to judge many of its Saints. Under this trial the Subject of all Power and Object of all Faith appeared as arch Rebel and Sceptic. He brought down on His own head the curse of the Church, which He answered only with command and blessing and revelation.

II

The Apostle who tells of all this goes back through his memories — the great recognition of Peter; the acts of Jesus after His triumphal entry into Jerusalem; His teaching to the disciples of the Baptist by Jordan river; the dark night after His death; the gathering news of His rising again; His last teaching to the Apostles before His Ascension.

III

The Apostle proceeds to tell of the marvels which the Ascension called forth. Christ, after prophesying the manner of His departure and second coming, mounted into the sky. The Twelve, when they saw Him go, fell into the ecstasy which His glory left with them, but were called back to things as they are. Each carried his own death with him as he drove the force of his life to the center of men, that is to say, the city of God on earth.

TOLSTOY AS A NOVELIST

THE eighteenth century in Russia was a period of servile imitation of western pseudo-classic literary forms and was ill-suited for the nation since it had not passed through the classic stage of the renascence on which the false western classicism was based. During the reigns of Catherine the Great and Alexander the First the literary coteries affected the romantic and sentimental moods, but with no greater success, because the idealization of the man of nature presupposes a decayed civilization, whereas the culture of Russia was one of retardation and not of decadence.

The less sophisticated moods of the native mind led the authors of the thirties to take refuge in the tenets of the natural school, as worked out by its founder, Byelinski. They taught that the appeal should be to truth, independent from all adornment, and that the humble and the neglected, the "heroes of suffering," should come in for their share of attention, because such was the demand of religion. What the literature thus lost in style it gained in intensity, and this was more in keeping with the native primitive Christianity, which had been little affected by Rome or Greece, ancient and medieval, of which pseudo-classicism and romanticism were the offsprings. The galaxy of writers that arose within the natural school, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoy, and many others, proves that Byelinski was not mistaken in his forecast. However, a comparative study of intellectual revivals shows that in the creation and evolution of the natural school, although it seems more especially to be adapted to the genius of

the Russian people, we have only a belated phenomenon of a process which had its beginning in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, cast upon the canvas of that richer literary experience of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which found its culmination in the development of the novel.

The rebirth of learning had in Italy led people away from the scholasticism of the Middle Ages to a closer contact with pagan ideals, whereas in the north the study of Greek caused a series of religious revisions, which brought about a breach with the Catholic Church, but in the direction of a more intimate application of the Bible teachings to life. The classical conceptions of nature and natural law, which had dominated the Middle Ages through their use by the Church Fathers, at once received a new interpretation. They were supposed to refer to the conditions preceding Adam's fall, but natural law was understood to be based both on reason and on divine dispensation, so that it was transferred also to the time following the fall, hence the curse of labor for man and of agony of childbirth for woman was included in the state of nature, and this was to be striven for by the devotees of the reformation.

A good example of this tendency is seen in the *Zodiac of Life*, by Palingenius of Ferrara, who not only thundered against the prevailing corruption, but also gave elaborate praise to agriculture and the return to nature. A little later, the German Heresbach published an interesting work on husbandry and in the introduction emphasized the need of returning to nature. The two books were enormously popular among Protestants, and of the first not less than seventy-four editions and more than twenty translations appeared in little more than a hundred years. Both were translated by the Puritan

poet, Barnabe Googe, into English, and, no doubt, have had their share in enticing the Puritans across the ocean.

This ferment of the return to nature had its greatest development in France in the second half of the eighteenth century. Rousseau unified and codified what Thomas More, Bacon, and Harrington had long before done for England, but the most influental men to turn the minds away from the prevailing mercantilism to that of the exclusive reign of agriculture were those of the physiocratic school, whose founder, Quesnay, had derived his physiocracy, that is, rule of nature, from Hobbes. In Hobbes the religious substratum of his natural order is expressed in his equation of the laws of nature with those of reason and of God: "The laws, as they are called the laws of nature, for that they are the dictates of natural reason, and moral laws, because they concern men's manners and conversation one towards another; so are they also divine laws in respect to the author thereof." This identification is obscured in Rousseau, but is clearly expressed in the elder Mirabeau, Le Mercier de la Rivière, and the other physiocrats.

Already in Catherine the Great's time, this later aspect of the return to nature penetrated Russia. Her ambassadors to France, Golitsyn and Simolin, allied themselves with the physiocrats, and even tried to introduce certain reforms in Russia on the basis of the new teaching. Similarly, Radishchev's *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow* betrays at least an acquaintance with the works of Marmontel and Le Mercier, who had come to Russia to aid the Empress in her reforms. Radishchev's work was a source of inspiration to that small body of republicans who inaugurated the Decembrist Revolt in 1825. As Tolstoy began his period of the

great novels with a study of this very revolt, although only a few notes of it have survived, he could not help being influenced by Radishchev and the physiocrats.

Tolstoy's early years fell into the period of the fading of romanticism into the sterner views of the natural school. The heroic savage and the innocent child still held the stage, but soon the return of the corrupt man of society to nature was to form the all-embracing theme of the novelist. Tolstoy was merely paying his due to the spirit of the time when he entered literature with his *Childhood*, then proceeded to *Boyhood*, and added *Youth*, at last to combine them into one epopee of budding life. Young men from the class of society to which he belongs may strive after moral perfection, but they only lose themselves in vain endeavors to be *comme-il-faut*. The real men exist only among the common people. Such is the servant Natalya Savishna, who works at her shroud in preparation for death, and the saintly fool Grisha, whose unreasoning faith represents the essence of religion. Soon after, doubt assails him as to the superiority of the peasant, and he fails to see on what common ground peasant and aristocrat may meet. This we find elaborated in *A Morning of a Landed Proprietor*. What makes Tolstoy's earlier works, up to his *Confession*, especially attractive is this sensitive hesitation in positive solutions that keeps him from fanatic one-sidedness. Herein he follows Byelinski's dictum that a novel is only to be a page from life and, like life itself, is to posit and develop problems, not to settle them. We find this best worked out in *Lucerne*, where he allows himself to be carried away to a vicious attack upon civilization and English over-refinement, at last to temper his onslaught by the considera-

tion that no man is capable of giving definite solutions, that his interests should only be in the processes of life, not in its aims.

His visit to Lucerne was part of his European journey, which he had undertaken in order to prepare himself for the duty of a mediator and reformer among his peasants of Yasnaya Polyana. He, the aristocrat, was now to retire to the country and start the return to nature in his own person. The peasants having previously disappointed him, he was going to try his experiment on the innocent children, who had not yet been spoiled by education, culture, progress and civilization, which now were all equally condemned. Education was to be free and natural, as life itself should be. Hence the problem presents itself, *Are the Children to Learn to Write from Us, or Are We to Learn from the Children?* This pedagogical essay is important because it reveals the master's method of literary work, not his pedagogical acuteness. None of the peasant children he taught ever rose from hopeless mediocrity, but the creative qualities which Tolstoy thought he observed in them are those which he himself possessed and practised. The childlike simplicity of his style, the directness of approach, and yet the dwelling on secondary and accidental incidents, in order best to depict his characters, which, from the basic assumption that the untutored man is superior, must have existed in the child, are merely reflexes of his own mind. When he claims to have felt shame and awe at the creation of authorship in his pupils, he simply had in mind the awe which the reader must experience during the perusal of his stories.

His own tormenting desire to return to nature finds its

most finished expression in *The Cossacks*. Here the romantic bias that nature is exotic and removed from home surroundings still obsesses him. For the west real nature was to be found in Italy or the Pacific, for the Russians it was the Caucasus. Thither Olenin, the counterpart of himself, hastens as to an earthly paradise, away from the corruption of upper class society. Here we have again a touch of western sixteenth-century society. The middle class is negligible. There is only the struggle of "idle gentlemen" and "levelers." If now and then an upper class man sets out to renew the primitive bond with nature, his whole training incapacitates him for the undertaking, and the abyss between him and the lower classes is insurmountable. How well Machiavelli understood this Titanic struggle when he said that there could be no peaceful state until the "idle gentlemen" were all destroyed! That utterance explains the imperative progress of Bolshevism in Russia. Tolstoy was fully aware that the conflict was inevitable, hence his several predictions of the catastrophe, but in his novels he must remain impassive, and the incident of Olenin is torn from the book of life, and we know nothing of what the end may have been. Nor do the pithy sayings of the pagan Eroshka, the bold exploits of Lukashka, the thoughtless abandon of Maryanka, all of them children of nature, give us any solutions. Never have the mountains towered so imperiously, never in Christian times has nature been so full of the presence of Pan, as in *The Cossacks*, but man's presence in nature is only an incident, of scarcely greater significance than that of the midges in the forest. The kaleidoscopic changes of life in immutable nature are duly recorded, but it is nature that counts, not transitory life.

The pettiness of individual existence torments him more and more. He needs the larger aspects of history in action, where the individual disappears, and he finds this respite from the annoyances of actuality in the study of the past. Thus arises *War*, that is, a review of the great upheaval under Napoleon, the thicknecked bourgeois, who is only a pawn in nature's forward motion, and *Peace*, the background for the meaningless searching of selfconscious, awkward Pierre, who is Tolstoy himself. The two combine into *War and Peace*, and we get one of history's greatest novels, stupendous, ponderous, cataclysmic, as is nature herself. He proceeds to the present, and the conflict of the passions in Anna and the fruitless questionings of Levin, so much like the aimless warrings and the hopeless endeavors in *War and Peace*, give us the same conflicts of good and evil, without the intrusion of the author's private opinion. One in vain asks himself who is guilty, but the ominous foreboding of the righteous voice in the storm is already present in the motto of *Anna Karenin*, "I shall repay, says the Lord."

Soon after he takes up the Greek Bible and reads it in the original, and we get a result analogous to the one when the English humanists took up the study of Greek. They interpreted the Bible more sternly than did the Catholic Church itself. Tolstoy bursts into a *Confession*, and henceforth condemns all civilization, and turns Puritan. Reason and divine sanction are now one and the same thing to him, and Christianity, as given in the Bible, is binding, not because the Bible is revealed, but because it agrees with reason. The gospels are harmonized by him in order to establish that nexus, and his literary activity is devoted to the creation of religious tracts

for the lowly, whom alone he considers worthy of salvation.

Everything receives a new interpretation. Art has no meaning outside of its relation to religion. It must serve the greater brotherhood of man, it must prepare the kingdom of God upon earth. Thus arises *What Is Art?* And he applies with absolute impartiality the art test to Shakespeare and to his own novels and finds them both wanting. Only Dickens and a few others come through unscathed in the ordeal. All the sciences, all the institutions of man crumble in the new dispensation. And he sobs *What Shall We Do Then,* and ultimately arrives at the conclusion which Luther, Calvin, and other Protestants had stressed before, namely that men must work in the sweat of their brows and women must bear children. Had he lived in the bloody days of religious conflict he would have earnestly discussed and justified regicide. There was still one region he had not invaded, the one where the state came in contact with crime. Mindful of Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment,* he penned in his *Resurrection* an incisive attack upon the law courts and criminology, which a distinguished jurist characterized as an epitome of a proof that *Crime Is Punishment.* What is the way out of it? The resurrection of the soul. Once more he is under the spell of his early novels where no positive solutions are given. Nekhlyudov, who is responsible for Katya's fall, in the last chapter is attracted to the Sermon on the Mount. Will his resurrection follow? Perhaps.

Again the Fata Morgana of salvation recedes to the offing.

LEO WIENER

EFFIGY

I

I SAW a boy, once, put a thinking hand
across eternity (the pasture bars)
slowly, and touch, almost, the horse's nose;
and the horse baulk, then nuzzle patiently.
So I would enter a friend's house. So I,
each in its time, would enter love, would die.

II

The man looked up as the sun went down and I said
Brother
behold the passing of our context, the wind
shrinks from the felicity of night, the small
white flowers between the pebbles are less white;
the odour of pennyroyal, where your fingers
frittered and bruised the fresh leaves, is less
pungent. Behold we are absent from our love, we are
lost to the common undertaking of our lives; there are
unleashed within us the small animals of silence
and these keep watch between us. — Neither my brother
nor I nor the brown air which protected us
could ever give heed one to the other.

III

I looked at him who had that day been with me
digging for death, and so was set apart
so long his eyes took on that tarnished look
that all eyes too much looked in wear, and thought:
that tarnish must be what he sees in me;
else we are mirrors . . . Afterwards I said,
This is a silence we have dug here, not
a death. Silence is the more interminable.

IV

Three years ago that man whom I
Imagined imperturbable,
The dream of courtesy,
Blew up most suddenly
That he with a great splurge of blood might die
And find one sleep insensible.

The man grew cruel in his mind
And sacked the fastness of his soul,
That out of violence
Death's hushing excellence
Might fall and leave him cold and disciplined
Beyond debate, above control.

Three years in death. Now I have learned
What mockery our love appeared
When all our thoughtless care
Took an imagined share
In that untroubled mask of life he spurned
And sometimes in his wisdom feared.

Should I make him an effigy
I'd choose a windy hillside place
And see his figure stand,
Giant upon the land,
A man most anxious for eternity
Lifting an awkward, naked face.

R. P. Blackmur

Charcoal Sketch — Vincent Van Gogh
(from the collection of Professor Paul J. Sachs)

PAST REASON HATED

I DON'T suppose that even now you dispense Chesterfieldian wisdom to your son. You didn't in Boston in 1907: anyhow, Amory never received any. His father, who in 1863 had been called from Harvard to the Union army, had always told him to act like an honourable gentleman: excellent advice, except at those complicated — and frequent — times when the way of the honourable gentleman lies not plain before him. His mother, a fool, who compensated for her husband's mediocre business success by emphasis upon the social position of an old Boston family (cotton-bleaching; Waltham; the 1820's), schooled him in the minutiæ of the intricate Boston code, observance of which distinguishes those who are from those who aren't. This, whatever may have been its worth socially (provided you kept up to date or consistently fifteen years behind date, perhaps), was scarcely the best or the most effective guide to conduct for a postadolescent boy.

The girl is somewhat more difficult to place. By day, because of her apparent ability, she was accepted without question by the mixed throng of Conservatory and dancing school students. At night she went home to a small tenement flat over a baker's shop. Two trips around the Big Time circuit had made her wise, especially as this experience had capped a childhood in the old South End after its invasion by none too élite whorehouses. Amory, in his desire to simplify the problem of the honourable gentleman, once pointed to the red windowshades of one of these institutions and asked her if

she were a good girl. She replied without hesitancy or resentment that she was, which left Amory's problem still complex.

Amory, then a freshman at Cambridge, met her at a rehearsal of a settlement-house show, where she was coaching the dancers and where he was helping out those less fortunate than himself. He responded at once to her smile, and walked with her toward her home; but not all the way, for she left him at the corner of her dingy street. Then followed long March evenings spent endlessly walking through the Fens: walking, for it was still too cold to sit. On the second of these walks Amory achieved an inaccurate kiss. She smiled a bit and then taught him, expertly. Although she clung to him, Amory avoided her body; and with the curious passivity of even the most sensual of women in the presence of the reluctant male, she did not press him beyond the kisses.

The world must have loved them, for aside from one or two irritable old men who wanted to know Where in Hell, no one interfered with them or seemed even interested. The girl took charge of their wanderings through countless lighted streets, through dark and unevenly paved alleys, and over the muddied gravel pathways of the Fens. And although it was she alone who directed their going, yet it was she alone who gave herself wholly to the lovemaking. Amory was docile enough, even self-consciously excited as he stumbled on with his arm around her, dazed and bewildered in this sort of personal universe filled vaguely with the shapes of people they passed, real only within reach of their arms and lips and tongues; yet again and again the discomfort of their walking brought him back into his other world where he had been a Harvard freshman not entangled disreputably (and somehow

with an obscure sort of pride) with a girl from the South End.

He never thought of taking her anywhere to eat — you didn't dance then, remember: the Castles came five years later. The men of the Waltham bleaching families didn't entertain a girl much, anyway. They called on her, or, if she could not be called on, they shamefacedly walked with her where they were not likely to be seen. Once or twice Amory did take her to Dedham in the trolley and paddled the family canoe down the Charles; but only a little way, for they soon drew up to the bank and sat there side by side and face to face. He kissed and handled her, yet all the time he was experimenting; there was no depth of feeling behind his tentative adventuring. Indeed, after the — for her, at least — most violent and moon-mad of these evenings, she cried despairingly,

— *But you don't love me!*

He mumbled a reassurance.

— *But you don't really, you don't really!*

Not long after this one of the directors of the settlement-house asked Amory to lunch and spoke in general terms of entanglements, of unfairness in playing with the girls: the regular advice. Amory had come to the meeting uncomprehending, said very little during it, and departed without helping the older man relieve the awkwardness of the interview. But he was impressed and worried; the honourable gentleman was stirring in his conscience, and the social danger-signals of the training he had received from his mother were set against his course.

All this time the show was taking form, with Amory still

going through the motions of help; and the girl, characteristically conscientious as the generality of her sex, was doing her coaching efficiently, and practising her own dance. On the night of the show itself he hung around, paying her extra-gallant male attentions. Made radiant by excitement, she took advantage of the unusual vividness of her make-up, the sleekness of her slim legs, the flare of her ballet-skirt, and the becomingness of her piquant little silk and lace hat. As soon as her dance was over she removed the rouge and left the theatre with him, rather with a mutual understanding than with any definite plan. And as they went out the stage door she thrust the little silk hat into the pocket of his coat.

For a long time they walked through the streets. The noise of the city, muffled as they left the thoroughfare: its lights, haze-dimmed: the smell of premature summer hanging in the soft air: all were accessory to their preoccupation. They came to the Fens without any of the banter on her part with which their evenings usually began. They said little; did not even kiss as often or as long as of custom. There was a lassitude between them which turned to tenseness when after a long time, how long he never knew, he took her home. This time she brought him into the black vestibule of her tenement.

Now Amory first let himself go, and she responded. Once they were interrupted by a woman's coming in, and this time it was she who pushed him away. Even more after this he pressed ahead. Through the flimsiness of her costume the curve of her back felt strangely new and thrilling to his hands. The soft firmness of her body answered him, at first reluctant, then wholly yielding. Abruptly with the frustrating crisis Amory came to his senses, as he called it. For a while she

clung to him pitifully, repeating again and again her complaint that he didn't love her.

She was right: he didn't love her, he hadn't loved her ever. She had half-initiated him only, and now he was sick and through, and had that feeling of moral rebirth and uplift that comes so conveniently at such times. He broke away, he didn't know how, and woke up in Cambridge the next morning with a complete catharsis of relief. Now he would be worthy of his mother and sisters; his family *mores* were secure.

He picked up his coat and pulled out the little lace hat. Enjoyed no sooner than so despised: he wondered if he were being the honourable gentleman of his father's injunction. Savage extreme rude cruel; savage, extreme, rude (cruel: behind him now at last, a very dream) — A letter from her, beginning in a dignified way but trailing off into hurt incoherence, and then a return to dignity and the kind of resignation that asks for surcease of resignation by means of attention: which made things worse. He took his troubles to a friend, who of course took him in hand, told him he must drop the girl, pay no attention to the letter, and forget the whole business. "You're damned lucky a bad one didn't get hold of you, Amory."

The advice was taken and Amory's cold eyes were well on the way to lose their unwonted troubled look; had indeed quite lost it, when less than a week later came a second letter from her.

My dear Amory:

I understand you mean to break off. I am sorry I have been such a fool. I understand why you are not going on with me.

At least I wish you would send me back the little cap which goes with my costume. You can't want it except as a trophy, and it means a lot to me.

This gave Amory another bad day. To do him justice, he did not think of the hat as a trophy; was, indeed, too sick of the whole business to be proud of a conquest. He never returned it: to do so would mean trouble, and he was through. For a while it lay on the bottom shelf of his bookcase. Eventually it disappeared in the wastebasket.

The girl married well enough several years later, after a successful professional career. She lives, I believe, in Brookline.

COURTENAY HEMENWAY

A POSTSCRIPT TO POLITIKON

UNDERSTANDING, in politics, is of things past: a futile necromancy; the rest is faulty instinct and the prophecy of prejudice. Either way the honest eye can see little as certain, and much only as ominous. If we understand the tone of the people as of November sixth as this or that, it is very like speculation about life in heaven or hell—a sense of the heart's ideal or the heart's hate. And if we take our speculation for fact, as the heart demands, there is little chance that the event will support it.

These reflections apply to victory almost better than to defeat. No man on earth ought to be more cynical of human motive and popular will than Herbert Hoover: he won the farm states and broke the solid south; took strength from the myth of prosperity and wrecked an institution by the force of religious animosity. Now that the thirst for office is quenched and the sick interim till March fourth keeps his active hands from the experiment of power, Mr. Hoover might rest, not on the laurels but on the thorns of the last two months' campaign.

There was William Allen White canting and recanting, mostly the former — the same jovial editor who not many months before had mentioned a fat capon when the nomination was still open to reason. Mr. White had a reputation for honesty and conviction, was commonly held to be the spotless, if unmanicured, right hand of Republican liberalism.

Mr. White began naturally a procession whose next member was the Reverend John Roach Straton, who interpreted and avenged the will of God on earth. Dr. Straton was the herald of the Hoover angels and the prophet of the Hooverized women. Bishop Cannon came next to mind. This angular iron soul had been evidently an excellent magnet in the back counties of the Carolinas, Kentucky, Florida, Virginia, and Tennessee. Except in South Carolina the magnetism had been overwhelming. Nothing, nothing whatsoever, had been able to keep Mabel Walker Willebrandt below stairs; she had had to come out in the open, speak where the enemy could hear, and get her speeches printed in the newspapers. It was to be said in this lady's favour that she was engaged in perfecting a noble experiment.

But what, it might be wondered, could be said of the hot stuff Senator Moses sent south from the bulrushes of New Hampshire? Had he been fooling his public all these years? Had he been himself an unhappy warrior, and at hearts-blood with Mrs. Willebrandt or Senator Glass?

Senator Heflin, the Ku Klux Klan, the Fellowship Forum, the Anti-Saloon League, the Protestant Book House had all either received or spent money, or both. The Anti-Saloon League had even threatened the public life of any man who publicly threatened the side of God; they had labeled Senator Norris' political candour a blasphemy. The Protestant Book House had gone further still; had asserted that they intended to distribute ten million copies of a pamphlet containing the following sentences: "She (the Roman Catholic Church) teaches that Protestants are heretics and may be killed without sin. At least more than fifty million souls faith-

ful to Jesus and the Bible have been slain by Roman Catholics down the centuries." Some of the methods used: "Poured boiling lead in ears and throat; tore out women's breasts with an iron hand machine; stuffed and blown up by powder." If Smith was elected, these would follow: "High-handed drunkenness, lawlessness, robbery, murder, rapine. . . . . Bull fights Sunday — gambling dens of vice and iniquity — blacks and whites all together as in New York's underworld — Hell loose." The spectacle was entertaining, and its prophecy, judged by the results outside Massachusetts, useful in terms of votes. Had the contrary been true, Republicans would have been vociferously on the side of the angels.

Mr. Hoover, facing the record of this part of the campaign and observing the geographical distribution of his majority in the backward rural districts and small towns in the East and South, might feel certain that the perfect silence he had preserved proved, on his part, a miraculous political sagacity. If all you wanted was office, a political campaign was hardly necessary; you had, in 1928, only to find a wet Catholic for an opponent. What were evidently the natural instincts of the American people would do half the job.

For the rest there remained the everlasting gospel of Charles Evans Hughes, who rose, by his custom, rather late in the campaign, to say a few, dignified, final words. Much as he had done for sixteen years past, he renewed the Republican patent on prosperity, and found, as he had found Taft, himself, Harding, and Coolidge, the only possible promoter of that patent to be Herbert Hoover. Issues did not count; if only the Republican ticket were elected, and prosperity guaranteed, the issues would settle themselves; or bet-

ter still, issues might wait for that impossible emergency, a democratic administration. The Republican spellbinders who preceded and followed Mr. Hughes, including Mr. Hoover, did their best to emulate him. So the hustings were littered with manna and nineteen million votes rolled up.

What a far cry it must seem to Mr. Hoover to remember his own phrase of last August: We shall use words to make clear our meaning, not to hide it. And in that phrase, and the failure to keep its intention firm, lies the success of the Republican party and the collapse of the political character of the American people *as a whole.*

The proof of this statement is in the nature of Governor Smith's defeat. Smith behaved from beginning to end as a politician should. Even when he attacked the maligners of his religion, the tone of his remarks was political. Even his mistakes, his misinterpretations, were political. And to his politics he added only his own personality; where Mr. Hoover, having no politics and in the public sense no personality, transformed himself into a myth of expert good will. Water-power occurred to Governor Smith as a political problem: the disposition of natural resources and the responsible control of wealth. Mr. Hoover, avoiding definite statement, may be regarded as having seen the problem as one in engineering: how to develop the most power out of the resources; and could never see that his view did not tinge the political complexion of the question at all. Similarly with farm-relief, Governor Smith engaged himself to a political principle, while Mr. Hoover appeared to suggest that the matter required only a business conference. It was perhaps this lack of political feeling that made Mr. Hoover again and again fail

at candour in comparison to the Governor; he had no innate principles to sound, could only depend on party-hooey and a confused readiness for action. With prohibition the contrast is even more illuminating. It was part of the constitution and a noble experiment for him; hence it ought not to be considered as anything but sacred. To Governor Smith's more political sense the nobility of an experiment is no warrant of its relevance, and its essential constitutionality would depend on its viability and its general fitness to the general American principle.

The American people, by the election, denied in effect the American principle. They resorted, not by Mr. Hoover's will, to bigotry, snobbism, race-hatred, and a general confusion of mind. Mr. Hoover's victory can not be assigned to party principles for two reasons: the breach in the South and the increase of several millions more or less over the last popular vote. What, from this refuge, was lost sight of was the instinct for political action as opposed to business action. From this point of view one of the most curious things about the election is the largely urban character of Governor Smith's fifteen odd million votes as compared to Mr. Hoover's rural plurality. It is a fact that would seem both to accent and diminish the intelligence of the Democratic vote. The articulate (independent) supporters of Governor Smith were able to maintain a constant intelligence, while this was not the case with Mr. Hoover's.

Such speculations cannot be verified. But what seems incontestable is that the conscious part of Mr. Hoover's vote (what brought him victory) was directed largely against Smith, not for Hoover. It was essentially a non-political vote; it found

its origin in the myth of prosperity and the abominations of prejudice. In short, it may be contended that Mr. Hoover does not politically represent the nation; he represents its occasional emotions. The tone of American politics is at odds, for a term, with its soul.

The result is a possible disruption and realignment of the two major parties. It also appears to have deprived American public life of its finest exponent. And that is the saddest thing.

— So it is a little mournful for us — the cold corpse of the election. We have hustled the dead thing underground without ceremony and with the utmost dismay. What died, died so young we had never the time to feel love for it — only a passionate hope. Now if we cry *Vive le Roi!* as good men should, the long, dead ringing in our mind's ear is not the echo of salutation, but the tone of the American people at the polls.

R. P. Blackmur

Café C. F. Stimson, Jr.

Cabaret C. F. Stimson, Jr.

THE MASTERS OF PARIS

THEY dwell on the housetops. You will never see them on the streets. They come with the light of day and are gone before the moon lifts above the shoulder of Montmartre. Like many of the Greek Gods, and especially Atlas, Prometheus, and Hephaestus, they are slow of movement and pass interminable hours rooted in a single spot. They ask nothing but the favor of the skies and the leave of the sun. They stand, as it were, above work; and all the rummage of the day turns quietly in their tolerant eyes. They need no spectacle for their amusement, no audience for their parade. The common happenings of the hour suffice; and if these be lacking, there is still philosophy enough in their heads to open the valves of the mind, and vision to founder in the sparkle of the hundred domes of Paris.

You will not find them alone, but in twos and trios, like the group of the Laocoön or the statue of Paulet Virginie and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. They are durable as bronze and established as the orbit of Saturn. Eternity trembles on their lips and the end of earthly things is in their gaze. In their hearts are locked the secrets of the city. They know the dust which stifled the rose and the glory of the stones of Venice. They see and understand. They hear and recollect. They move, and foundations tremble.

They are not invisible. The common man may see them. Unlike the gods of Olympus, they do not set the veil of unreason between them and mortality, and there are no eyes from which they would deign to flee. Their manner is not so

proud nor yet so worldly that one cannot look them face to face. The beggar and the king would find them quick with compassion for one and curiosity for the other. Not an expression is without meaning, not a gesture without consequence, not an attitude without intent.

Their life is the great idyll. Since the beginnings of history none has compared with theirs. Ra, the Egyptian sun-god, might envy such stature, Montezuma such citadels, and Morpheus the warrant of such repose. Milk and honey should be their diet, sandals their shoes, and the grove of Iphigenia should open for them to pass, that all their days be filled with the sound of bees, of water on stone, the lowing of distant cattle.

It is true that for a time they are bound to earth with the fatal and assiduous ties of labor. That is because they were transformed and figured into the clay of which we are one. This is only their disguise, as Electra and her sisters resolved into the Pleiades, or Echo became a sound. It is not likely that they will tarry here forever. One should see them now in the dayspring of their power before they shake out the wings from under their overalls and vanish like Eurydice. A window in a garret is enough. They stand between two chimneys. A leak in a roof has brought them. They have come to mend what the rain has ruined or impaired.

They are the common laborers of the roofs. For three weeks a group of them have mourned over a small crevice in the house across the way. Tears were of no avail. It was too deep for tears, too troubling for the heart. They felt it as we would feel if one should cicatrice the moon. The healing was an art. It was poetry. All perfection was summoned to their aid. The little scaffold thrown up on the ends of a

gable was in their eyes symmetric and cathedral. The bag of cement, wound by a windlass to the height of seven stories, came as a pure gum of the tropics, and the trowels for their perfect hands were set in ivory and smithied all of gold. No tools but cut with diamond or tempered as Damascus lay in the velvet cover with a draw-string. The blow-torch was a lamp of richest oil, and the solder flowed like quicksilver.

It was as though Dante were to be trepanned. For cloudless days, and hours of gray vigil and preparation, the roof was human and steadying for the shock. One of the gods lay on his stomach, lifting only his beautiful head, like the struggle of a gargoyle to penetrate the skies. The others sat long in company, feigning they were not more than of the favored, and did the queer things of mortal life such as smoking and yawning and peering into adjoining windows for a glimpse of domestic occurrence.

This is a curious thing about the masters of Paris, and of all their varied predilections the most earthly. In the days of makeready and tedious waiting, with forenoons of hope and patient composure before a hand was raised, there was always that pair of eyes shifting and infallible for the sign of contiguous French life. Indeed, there was an equal and unbiased curiosity about foreigners, and I never seemed to rise in the morning and go through my casual ablutions and the putting on of a clean shirt without becoming instantly the cynosure of an optic battery five rods away. It was no use to pull the curtains or hide behind the closet. I saw them still, boring with terrible intensity into the last button I was doing or undid. The proverb of the glass house is likely of the left bank origin. The Parisian who lives in the top story knows

that his world is not opaque; and if he is no god himself, he stands in peril of those that are.

Yet I would not be misunderstood. There is nothing sordid in the thought. These sober eyes which impale in their cold revolving our foolish escape of privacy see only with a calm disinterest. They remain, in this respect, as simple as the stars, and like a sleepless Eremite they never wink. It would be wrong to think of them otherwise. It would be as much to question the first wonder of children or to halt the impartial prying of a bird. So much is to be done, and the roofs of Paris, like Villon, are so old. How great a task is this which the gods have set themselves to do! If they move no faster than the growth of plants it is because their labor is as long as the resurrection of seeds. If time runs through their fingers, it is because it has for them no meaning. In Paris there is no time.

I take them as a part of their strata of the city, where of it all is lodgment for the soul. Let us look at it now. The western sky is a Corot, of the softest blues and grays. The chimney pots, perhaps because there is a little garden on one of the roofs, seem all to be latent with vines and flowers; and the tin pipes, with their thin caps and vents and rudders, are like the handles of a thousand coffee-mills. Who could not idle at the sight? I see one of them now in profile. He has just spoken and renounced, it is likely, the mortifying claim of work. He is leaning on his elbows and looking in abstraction toward the falling of the night. So the gods leaned on their parapets and whispered of the doom of men. Yet while he lives I shall believe in the divinity of all things.

DAVID MCCORD

NOTES ON MOVIES

EISENSTEIN'S NEW WORK

EISENSTEIN came to the attention of the outside world as a director of the first rank with his production of *Potemkin;* and his promised films, *October* and *The General Policy*,[1] have been awaited with great interest. The former was released in March in Russia and subsequently shown in Berlin under the title, taken from John Reed's book, of *Ten Days that Shook the World.* Whether the promise of *Potemkin* has been fulfilled in the *October* is difficult to say, for there seems to have been much unfavorable criticism of it in Russia and in Germany. But Eisenstein's own faith in his method, highly personal, it seems, judging from the *October,* remains unshaken, and, since much of the criticism of the picture strikes directly at the technique of the film's construction, it offers a point of departure for a discussion of the Eisenstein manner.

The tendency to depart from personal narrative as an end in itself has been most marked in Russian cinema work since the Revolution. Vertov develops the "chronicle idea" something in the manner with which Rottman constructed his *Berlin,* but opposed to a plot or story of any kind. Vertov's work is a pastiche of news reels, and their juggling and reassimilation result for this director in such films as *The Sixth Part of the World* or *The Eleventh* (Year). Departing from such a strict factual use of the film material another Russian director, Esther Shub, develops the chronicle through the use of film library files, but with more attention to the story element. Thus in her *Fall of the Dynasty of Romanov, The Great Way* and *The Life of Lenin* there is a dramatic sequence resembling a plot, which is not found in Vertov's work. Pudovkin, whose *Mother* (a dramatization of Gorky's novel) must stand with Eisenstein's *Potemkin* as one of the great films of our time, and a *régisseur* whose influence is felt in the German cinema school, employs the more customary method of dramatizing the selected material at hand. But Eisenstein refuses to

[1] The first of these films has been released in English under the title *Ten Days that Shook the World.* Although the second has not yet appeared, it has come to be known as *The General Line.* Mr. Abbott, writing in Russia, has translated the German titles literally. — Editors.

be other than both author and director. He becomes, therefore, one of the most personal of directors of the present day.

In the ruthless cutting of the taken footage Eisenstein shows a courage of omission which few *régisseurs* possess and this fact throws considerable light upon the preponderance of the criticism in Germany of his recent film *October*. *October* is very far removed from *The Last Laugh*. We have in the cinema two schools of plot development. The more usual and theatrical (in the sense of its development out of the theatre) is that of the continuation of a definite action through a definite period of time, portrayed with varying degrees of completeness. *The Last Laugh* represented in the complete portrayal of its simple theme almost the ultimate in this manner. The other method, which has been influenced by the news reels and which in Russia has led to such work as Vertov's and Shub's, depends less on continuity than upon a series of incidences in which the detail binding one incident to another is frequently omitted, so that one rarely sees exactly in advance as he had anticipated. A continuity may or may not be markedly present — it disappears entirely in the surrealist films, which might be said to represent an endpoint in this general idea. Eisenstein has recognized as few directors have the flexibility and speed of the camera and, what is most important as a basis of his work as I see it, he also recognizes almost for the first time that a logical continuity is not always a psychological continuity and that the latter is certainly more important from a dramatic aspect.

The point can be cleared by a description of two sequences occurring in *October*. In examining these two sequences we find that they are each of two scenes. In the first sequence the first scene shows the harassed and pseudo-Napoleonic Karensky after a long seance with maps and pin-pointed battle fronts, at a table, deep in thought toying with a glass decanter before him. Slowly he caps it with its stopper. In a flash, with that startling rapidity of which the camera is capable, the scene changes and one sees depicted at a leering angle the sharp outline of a factory whistle in full blast. It is thereby, one might say, visually blown into one's ears that revolt is on.

A second sequence to the point. Again two scenes. Once more Karensky ponders at his charts the nearly hopeless situation of his armies. The scene passes. We see the pantry of the palace and what greets the eye is row upon row, drawn up in the mock formality of

army ranks, of plate after plate, cup after cup, goblet after goblet. Now such technique is built from the flexibility of the camera medium in regard to the time element. One totally different scene in this manner develops in its quick juxtaposition with the former a double exposure in the mental image. Thus instead of a double exposed film we get the more subtle double exposed mental picture.

The static quality is entirely lacking in Eisenstein's work. His compositions are never in equilibrium. A movement begun is rarely allowed to terminate completely. There frequently exists a "lag" between what one comprehends and what one sees. This very thing psychologically keeps the moving picture moving.

From the standpoint of composition both *October* and *The General Policy* have superb moments. Perhaps the finest occurs in the flash of Karensky at the telephone.[2] To those who know Eisenstein's work the open piano is as indicative of this director as the tears in the eyes of a Griffeth heroine. The staccato quality of the light on the wires, the motif of the phone cord and its echo in the moulding of the piano, the instability of the dictator's pose, all inject a nervous tension into a scene in which there is little action. This contributing balance between action and setting is carefully worked out by Eisenstein. The soldiers are addressed from the portico of the Hermitage in a pictorially wonderful scene. Here the lack of action is compensated for by the many contrasts in the extraordinary setting.[3] This *régisseur* thus makes effective use of a method entirely opposed to the usual conception of complimentaries where a slow tempo is played in a static surrounding. The White citizen harangues the crowd in the devastating glare of artificial light in a setting of simplicity and clarity and the sharpness of his words finds its sting visibly in the opposed bayonets.

The General Policy is not yet released. It is an attempt by the government to educate the peasants in new methods of agriculture. Yet with such a prosaic theme the stamp of Eisenstein is everywhere on the film. The fine composition of the harvesters going to the fields, their scythes in japanesque pattern against the sky[4] (Note here again how even in a slowly modulated scene this element furnishes a compensating dynamic nervous quality to the movement), the extraordi-

[2] See reproduction. [3] *ibid.* [4] *ibid.*

nary spiral twist of the carts crossing the gully, all bear the personal mark of a *régisseur* who uses in this work peasants for his actors and thus is able to develop an unusually fine character portraiture in his close-ups.

It is interesting that one who formerly worked with Meyerhold and whose library shows him to be a thorough student of the theatre should see so clearly the native possibilities of the cinema and should be able to begin to show us how detached from the theatre the true art of the camera will become. Therein lies reason for the hope that Eisenstein may develop a true cinema technique. And in *October* and *The General Policy*, which I was privileged to see in Moscow before their release, I think that, whatever may be the criticism of the literary quality of the work, the great possibilities of his method show a steadily increasing, advancing realization.

JERE ABBOTT

Moscow
April, 1928

P. S.

Saw yesterday *Ten Days that Shook the World* at the new movie house on 57th street that Kahn is backing. The film as shown is a further (to get by the censors) cut version of the already cut German print. It is thus two times removed from Sergie and suffers very much. In fact the best is often left out. But even so, as it stands, the appalling number of wonderful shots must remain to cause other directors to blink. Of course it has "no story" as some one remarked behind me but another on my left turned to his friend saying "my god, what a strenuous picture."

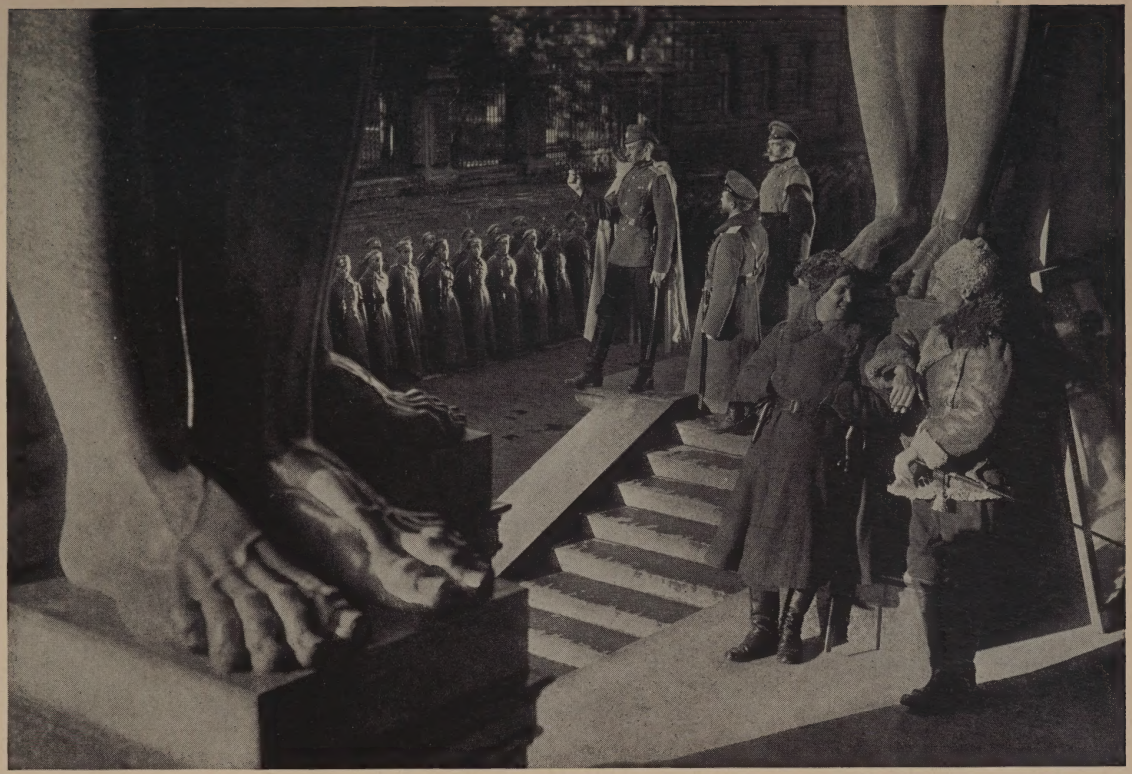
The views of Leningrad will be thought faked, the architecture in the picture looks too imperial. It gave me a touch of sadness to see the city again.

But the whole film further convinces me that this man knows the film and its possibilities of flexibility and composition better than any one else.

J. A.

New York
November 5, 1928

From *Ten Days that Shook the World* Directed by Eisenstein



From *Ten Days that Shook the World* Directed by Eisenstein

From *The General Line* Directed by Eisenstein

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LINCOLN LEGEND

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. 1809-1858. *By Albert J. Beveridge. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1928. 2 *Volumes.* $12.50.

One of the first and certainly the most lasting contribution of the Roman Senate to fiction was the divinity of Julius Caesar. Once solemnly proclaimed, once successfully palmed off on the empire, this quality of godship was passed round in such fashion as scarcely to allay the growing skepticism of the Roman masses. Loss of the old personal religion was perhaps made up for by a new and specious worship of the state: at any rate, dead emperors were gods, and live ones began to act as if they were. From Octavius to Justinian, through Diocletian and Constantine, the mummery grows by degrees into an elaborate ritual of autocracy and self-deception till even a Harding was holy.

Some years back it began to look as if certain Americans were preparing a pantheon all of their own. If no parallel is perfect, circumstances at least were similar, and ends might have been; motives, of course, must be left to the high priests of psycho-analysis. But however it was, from the days of Nicolay and Hay onward, book after book, voice after voice was added to the praise of Lincoln until now not only does Washington seem out of fashion but Lincoln himself is in imminent danger of a literary landslide. Books by men who knew him well before he became famous are brushed aside as "lacking in vision and perspective"; salty comments of neighbors are buried in footnotes; the wicked asides of Herndon and Weik are forgotten and go out of print. In matters of dispute repetition replaces proof, as for instance, in the forged quotations on the Catholic Church and prohibition; as late as the present century versions of the bastardy of Lincoln's mother were submitted to the blue pencil of his aged son.

If expediency began this good work as early as the election of 1860 by suppressing naughty poems, readers will note with a blink that the good work goes on. The alchemy of adoration turned friend-

ship into frenzy: the memory of men who dared to differ with him has been murdered in cold print: Chase, for instance, to whom he gave great office as late as 1864, is written down a schemer and a sneak; Lee, it would seem, has been allowed just enough lustre to decorate the triumph. The climax came with scholarly apologies for the "limitations" of Charles Francis Adams. The scene was set for the deification.

There were two good reasons for this hocus pocus, and like most good reasons, neither was immediately apparent. The first, indeed, was almost subtle: good men, going back over the hideous history of the Civil War and all its hateful consequences, found themselves caught between the devil and the deep sea. Sincerity must sneer or despair, and the desire of honest hearts for compensation demanded a hero, some fine figure of immense hope. Barring, of course, many nameless thousands in their graves, these earnest souls might have fastened on either Grant or Lincoln before 1869; after 1877 Lincoln alone was available. There was the advantage, too, of his martyrdom, and from one point of view he was lucky in the moment of his death. Just as soon as the hindsight of historians had softened hard facts of the war into the fiction of right vs. wrong, the temple of the Union was ready for its idol. So much for writers of books, but of Mr. Rhodes later.

The second good reason was practical, for politicians must escape from what Mr. Charley Hughes would call the "exigencies" of the present, as best and as often as they can. This they do by looking forward and talking backward, that is, promising to repeat the greatness of the past. But one needs a name to ring the changes on, and Lincoln's was immense almost to magnificence. Campaigners and biographers alike began to ape the dress, the manners, and the gestures of the man, while the more significant flattery of learning his language and building after his character, went by default. To cite only two instances of monkey-shines in high places, Roosevelt, at the time of our own little Panama scandal, and Wilson, at the dedication of the marble-covered cabin in Kentucky, both used language that is laughable in its egotistic implication. The first of these men had just connived at sharp practice; the second was on the edge of a colossal blunder, yet each could "forget" himself in the likeness of Lincoln. With these men in mind it would be tedious to point out a whole

school of small fry in the pond of politics. Suffice it to say that ever since 1900 the American electorate has been excessively lucky in its supply of Lincolns.

Against this mountain of make-believe the honest, even-tempered narrative of Mr. Rhodes seemed to make no headway. In view of present-day opinion it might be well to keep four of his points in mind: at neither of his elections did Mr. Lincoln receive more than a minority of the whole vote, but as elections go in the United States this ought not to tell against him, necessarily. His meddling with the military was, to say the very least, unfortunate. His government was despotism: if his generals filled graves, he filled prisons. Lastly he did not save the Union whole, and with his death the hope was ruined, for he himself would have been the last to believe that military conquest was more than the merest beginning of the reunion of the nation. The work was never finished, and only some foolish belief that all things turn out for the best, could ever make one think it was. Nor can the wreckage of Reconstruction and the curse of a sectional South be condoned in the successful outcome of the war. Perhaps no war at all would have been better still, but the past gives us no choice in these matters.

In view of the real excellence of Lincoln's character, it was high time some one pitched into this pile of hagiography. Senator Beveridge deserved congratulation for his courage in even attempting the task, and he made a good job of the half he lived to finish. Any one who knows his *John Marshall* will not be surprised with the completeness of what he had accomplished: every scrap of evidence of every kind is subjected to direct examination. In over a thousand pages of two large volumes there are no fireworks, no impressionism, no romancing, but a clear story straight to the point. An ample index, a convenient bibliography and a generous supply of good illustrations excellently reproduced, make this biography a delight to work with. Reading it is like seeing once more the strong lights and shadows, the distinct outlines of Saint Mark after leaving the verbal jungles of Saint John.

These two volumes are a political history of the times, from the point of view of the border, not Boston. It has even been objected that there is too much politics in them — that the Lincoln of 1858 is still nothing more than the frontier statesman of a section devoted

to Douglas. Just what else he was, is supposed to be taken for granted, but Senator Beveridge knew his politics well, both bitter and sweet: his first great disappointment gave us *Marshall* and his second, *Lincoln*. If he has made the latter too much of the politician, he has fallen into the common error of biographers, one of whom, according to Swift, would have fancied Caesar wearing pudding sleeves!

A secondary value of these books is best instanced by the case of two commonly accepted stories, each of some importance. Lord Charnwood, writing as late as 1916, tells how Mrs. Lincoln dissuaded her easy-going husband from accepting the governorship of Oregon Territory and thus saved him for his future and her own ambition. But the facts are simply these: after the Whig victory of 1848 Lincoln hoped to get the governorship; in 1849 he was actually offered the secretaryship, which he promptly declined. And again, when urged not to corner Douglas at Freeport, at least in such a way as might cost himself the senatorship, Lincoln is often said to have replied: "I am after bigger game. The battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." Mr. Beveridge could find no evidence for what he daringly calls this "superhuman foresight." Lincoln was despondent after his defeat; indeed all his life, according to one person, he "fairly dripped melancholy."

Scrupulous attention to detail, careful restoration of setting, and hugeness of background do much toward restoring the reader's sense of proportion, aid him to realize that as late as 1860 Douglas and Seward were without question the most distinguished statesmen in the North. Taken for all in all, by 1858 Lincoln was one of the shrewdest, most direct, and persistent men in politics, but until 1860 luck was steadily against him. Thereafter his success invites comparisons more significant — at the risk of being odious, it is only fair to insist that even after 1865 Washington still excelled him in achievement and Jefferson in genius. And no amount of grandeur can ever atone for the Civil War.

But Mr. Beveridge has done Abraham Lincoln a last great service: in the eyes of all who care to see, he has saved him for ever from the idol-makers. Conversely, this plain tale will stand us in good stead when the revenge of some future reaction tries to devastate the character and real merit of the actual man.

STEWART MITCHELL

AM NOT PRINCE HAMLET NOR WAS MEANT TO BE

THE HAMLET OF A. MACLEISH. *Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1928. $1.50.

This poem attempts to dramatize the adventures of an individual spirit in the terms of certain rituals of the past — past poetry and past religion. These rituals are imported, used or let drop, at will, and without intrinsic faith in them as true rehearsals or relevant symbols. They are used as "poetry" and are therefore the more easily susceptible to the criteria of poetry which might best judge this example. Mr. MacLeish of course loses by his bargain with the gods: it is impossible to accept, without question, his system of reference as it *is* possible to accept that of Dante; and he has imposed on himself the necessity (in order to persuade us at all) of making every image and every symbol, every movement and extension of feeling, a certitude to our senses. Nothing could be more difficult and nothing more worth doing.

Thus everything begins in Mr. MacLeish's favour; and if little ends there it is not through lack of effort or genuine talent. It is rather that too much effort, too much appetite for sensation which he has not the tools to measure and order, in the end stultifies his special talent and makes his work seem, what it was never meant to, an essential fraud.

"Criticism," says Santayana, "surprises the soul in the arms of convention"; and the more dangerous conventions are not those of the drawing-room, but of the heart's feelings; and the hardest thing in the poem which is a self-dramatization, as this one, is to escape attitudes cold with convention to every one but the poet. It is especially true with Mr. MacLeish because he has attempted to do for himself what Eliot did in his *Waste Land,* without Eliot's conceptual power. Eliot dramatized a figure which he had conceived; Mr. MacLeish dramatizes himself. Eliot escaped a personality by setting it in a ritual; Mr. MacLeish attempts to force any number of rituals on his personality. It is like the difference between fate which is character and fate which is melodrama; between conventions which control

emotion and those which merely deceive it; between a mind equivalent to its experience and one only aware of it.

It is always through something else (through a convention) that Mr. MacLeish sees; often only the medium is made apparent and valuable. Pages 7, 8, and 9, for example, would seem indebted for so intimate a quality as their rhythm to Ezra Pound's translation of the Eleventh Book of the Odyssey, and a little further on there is a suggestion of the same poet's *Seafarer*. Mr. Eliot's lines "And still she cried, and still the world pursues, 'jug jug' to dirty ears," becomes ". . . shout for hearing in the world's thick dirty ear!" The admirable passage at the bottom of page 4 has a close relation to many verses of Wallace Stevens. The whole ninth section employs the feeling of Conrad Aiken's *Festus* and *Tetelestai*. The period in the last section observes the habits of the later Yeats, his *Nineteen-Nineteen* for example. The earth ceremonies in part 9 are very closely derived from St. Jean Perse. The catalogue could be continued by any one with a good ear for rhythm.

After much the same fashion proceeds the very body of the poem. Precisely as Mr. MacLeish has failed to make his technical borrowings his own, when their source would not have mattered, so he has failed sufficiently to digest his riflings of anthropology, religion, and what may once have been philosophy. We find what seem to be two symbolic senses of the word *Water* within a few lines of each other without the identification which the poet might have made between them. The word is used disparately to represent the material world in Blake's pejorative sense and to signify the fertilization, almost the salvation, of the spirit in the sense found in the Grail legends. The sin is of omission — and is not heinous; but it is indicative. — The whole treatment of the Initiation by Death and the finding of the Grail, or, in this poem, Initiation by Sex, is only a story in which the poet is lost. The great beauty of the verse has almost no reason for being: it holds nothing of the rare beauty of direct feeling. Mr. MacLeish has borrowed his feelings as well as his modes of feeling: with the result that the long accumulation of feeling ends not in a consummation, but a falling away, a life-lapse almost sickening.

The point is, that the poem need not have failed: it shows too much "promise" to admit the idea. And the indubitable keenness with which Mr. MacLeish shares the experience and attitudes of his contempora-

ries shows certainly the possibility of a more direct apprehension. Mr. MacLeish has only to make himself intelligible in his own terms. He has everything else. And if only he can become sufficiently aware of his defect, there is no doubt that the strength of his desire will remedy it.

But to sum up. The more it is re-read the more certain is it that, with all the good will in the world, the appreciation of this poem will depend on the reader's familiarity with certain contemporary poetry and certain aspects of the Grail legends rather than on intimacy with the poem itself: so little of it seems really to have originated in Mr. MacLeish himself. Whether such a fact forms a damaging indictment remains to be considered. The least damaging suggestion is that the proof of the poem will be in the reading. When the contemporary example is muffled in time, is less formidably present, Mr. MacLeish's *Hamlet* may be found digestible. But at present reading the composition is imitative in accent and taste, awkward in arrangement and movement, hollow and ineffectual at heart. There is a presumption in the very title of the poem nowhere warranted by the work itself: the presumption of mastery — not of the technique of verse — but of life. It achieves nothing so much as its own confusion.

To expound so harsh a judgment on so great a talent is to say, simply, that as a poet Mr. MacLeish has no life of his own. He is compelled, in order to make poetry, to borrow the rhythms and materials as well as the modes of other poets. He does not add much and seldom transforms. The insight, the beauty, the wonder, of many of his lines can not be taken at face value. His personality (this is a very "personal" poem) never guarantees his insights, never connects his feelings with the earth of experience. He understands how to project himself into the experience of others but he can not bind these experiences together into a poem of his own. The projection is curious in that the new experience does not become his, remains disparate, and loses all *objective* significance. That is, it has the virtue of experience at a second remove; and has merely the significance of his experience of "experience." His poem is personal in the worst sense; it is essentially a ritual for himself alone.

R. P. Blackmur

THE TREASON OF AN INTELLECTUAL

THE TREASON OF THE INTELLECTUALS. (*La Trahison des Clercs*).* *By Julien Benda. Translated by Richard Aldington. New York. William Morrow & Company.* 1928. $2.50.

What one first remarks in this packed book, almost an encyclopedia of distinctions, is the author's fluency with ideas. Excepting Irving Babbitt and a few scattered humanists, no American critic seems capable of translating learning into ideas, while Benda, with many other contemporary Frenchmen, men like Fernandez and Maritain, combines ease of speech with a remarkable awareness of difficulty, a grasp of issues and principles pervasive of the most disparate facts. The discrepancy between the French critic and the American is not a matter of ability and scholarship. It is a matter of intellectual atmosphere, elastic and dense with the French, heavy with manifold ideas held in constant and familiar solution, accessible to all; while ours, as our politics, is amorphous, lacking all powers of retention, so that each fresh thought is refracted and dissipated. *The Treason of the Intellectuals* thus starts with the inestimable advantage of inheriting a select range of problems sifted by intelligent discussion into importance, and of treating them against a background of dialectic and history; so that apart from the merits of specific points it rewards study by directing attention to the right questions.

These, now as always, are of man's condition, its antecedents and the means for rationally alleviating or bettering it. Our expansive endeavor to satisfy interest and to acquire material advantages, expressed perfectly in our political passions, instigates a highly documented philosophical analysis and constitutes the majority of the book. Like any moralist Benda's ultimate concern is not so much with what we are as with what we are not; but unlike a true moralist, such as Santayana, who instances human manners to illustrate an ideal, he

* The reader is referred to *La Fin de l'Eternel* which appeared in the August, September and October numbers of *La Nouvelle Revue Française.* In this article Benda introduces no new material, but replies to the critics of *La Trahison des Clercs* and clears sundry points of ambiguity.

confines himself, like a bad preacher, too extensively with the ways of evil and tells us singularly little of the path of righteousness. If there is a treason of the intellectuals, it must be estimated and defined in terms of their betrayed ideal. Yet Benda, because of his attempted isolation as an ominiscient spectator, impartially objective, like a ventriloquist, voices himself only indirectly in the standards he necessarily invokes to maintain his thesis. The description of the true "Clerk" is therefore fragmentary, partial, and dogmatic.

The true "Clerk" is the man who in some manner proclaims "My kingdom is not of this world." Whether he be artist, metaphysician, or scientist, so long as he pursues no practical end and finds happiness in the fruition of his chosen activity he is a "Clerk." Since his treasure is not stored in material and sharable goods, things of time and mortality, he follows the religion of disinterestedness and forms a society of which the sole cult is that of justice and truth. Thus purged of the possessive and egoistic passions of class, race and nation, he may enter the market place, as Socrates and Jesus did, to champion abstract justice. He is immediately hated by the laic whose privileges he disturbs. He is crucified. But he is respected and his words haunt the memories of men. Thanks to him, humanity for two thousand years, while devoted to evil, has honored the good.

But towards the close of the nineteenth century the "Clerk" became laicised; like the Platonic soul, he obscurely fell from his hierarchic post more than he consciously abandoned it. Practical and in the world, he recognizes only real existence, the possession of destructible goods and the individual's assertion of himself while disparaging the spiritual goods posited beyond the real. After the repudiation of eternal values, of the life of the spirit, and of a superior order of a more celestial justice to which people must submit, there remain only temporal goods, the life of material aggrandizement and the heterogeneity of local conventions and private moralities. Knowledge is inferior to action and intellectual activity is of worth in proportion to its practicality. Reason can no longer dictate the standards of proper conduct; what standards there are are supplied by the rights of custom and of history. He exalts in his personal life courage, the honor of pride and hardness, while he despises pity, charity, and the more kindly virtues. The possession of concrete goods and of worldly power is the summit of his values. Success is his religion.

The expansive realistic passions of pride and interest espoused by the "Clerk" find their most complete expression and sanctification in modern nationalism, the desire of peoples to feel themselves in their past and to affirm their cultures against other forms of civilization. These passions are today extended to ideas and system. Consequently, they have a universality, organization, and consciousness unwitnessed in the past. The logical conclusion is warfare between nations or among classes, although another end, their reconciliation, is conceivable. The realistic passion would then triumph in sobriety, the pride of individual and nation would be transferred to the species, and the enemy of man would be known as God. "And history will smile to think that Socrates and Jesus have died for this race." So with fine indignation Benda concludes his book.

Yet in spite of its powerful emotional unity *The Treason of the Intellectuals* does not hold together. Benda never attempts to demonstrate the truth or falsity of his brief classic "Clerk," but contents himself with bare description and illustration. The modern "Clerk," for example, has altered God's nature, infinite since the Stoics, to one finite, distinct, and endowed with personality; who is in the right and why, Benda fails to state. From such a point of view there is no treason but a change, and we have no indictment but a careful, unjudged description. As a result, in spite of his obvious emotional preferences and his contempt for the ideals of the present, Benda is forced to reflect that in ranging itself today under their regime, humanity, perhaps, finds its true law and adopts at last the true table of values which it calls its essence.

So rather sadly, precluded by his intellectual impartiality from the advocacy of either an established and dogmatic regime or of some more supple experimental doctrine, Benda, having *felt* and not *conceived* his ideal, resigns himself to the waste land of the present. The moralist, as he profoundly observes, is an utopist whose proper function is precisely to create an object in its affirmation; and this is just what Benda has failed to do. The object that he should have created is the definition of man, his possible ontology which would permit of a detailed description of the good life, whereas he has only surprised some of its unbased attributes. The personal basis of ethics Benda ignores. Man, the perfectible animal of manifold desires, finding expression and satisfaction in the family, social intercourse, and the

nation, as well as in science, the arts and religion, is suppressed and we start with a highly sublimated, rarified and passionless creature already abstracted from the great variety of human actions and equipped simply with an omnivorously curious intellect fit to range the void for abstract justice and truth. A moralist perplexed more by world tendencies than the conduct of an individual life, Benda sighs of the humanities, humanism, and civilization, the cult of the spirit and the sentiment of the universal, without suspecting that these ideals are only meaningful as some possible ends in which confused, transitive, plastic human nature attains completion.

Thus, although the concepts of laic and "Clerk" are both abstractions, they are not opposed on the same level. The concept of the laic is that of one form of life inclusive of man's manifold potentialities, while the concept of the "Clerk" is not one of a life at all. It is rather the emasculated residual activity of man when most of his nature is ignored and excluded. Such a person may prattle of justice and truth, his vague unrest may transfer to them an illusory emotional content, but what can they signify? They can not designate the world of the laic, for there the morality of Caesar should prevail. There in the conquest of things, decrees Benda, justice and charity should be expelled and for the laic to envisage these essential qualities of civilization is to betray his function. There, too, in the market place, Benda neglects to conclude, abstract justice and truth are unjust and false and Socrates and Jesus were rightfully punished.

What a bleached impotent humanism this is! Benda quotes Plato for the sentiments of his true "Clerk"; Plato, whose wise man returned to the cave and who dreamt of the philosopher king. Benda summons Aristotle to his cause; Aristotle, who listed among the requisites of a happy life, excellence of family, reasonable wealth, and virtuous children. Benda appeals to Jesus for corroboration, but where is the gladness, the inner joy, the radiant faith? It is time for the humanist to abandon his quixotic crusades against heresy, to cease decapitating the Hydra heads of romanticism, an eternal task, and to tell us more of his beliefs. Otherwise one might well be a humanist in theory and yet face no practical alternative except to choose amongst the pariah doctrines of romanticism.

BERNARD BANDLER II

CARAVANSARY

THE SECOND AMERICAN CARAVAN. *Edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Paul Rosenfeld and Lewis Mumford. New York. The Macaulay Company.* 1928. $5.00.

The Second American Caravan appears with the same announced intention as the first: to discover new values in American literature. It is difficult to find anything unless one has some idea what one is looking for, and so we expect some statement of what, for the purposes of *The American Caravan* constitutes a literary value. But the principle of selection is not revealed by the compilers. They wished to act rather as very hospitable editors than as critics. In view of the present state of American literature they may be right; what better can you do than publish every effort which seems even honest? And yet, the size and diversity of the book make it impossible to criticize: the critic can neither treat the book as a whole nor each of the sixty contributions separately. *The Second American Caravan* is an approximation to a cross section of literary activity in this country, and who is prepared to classify that? Moreover, the *tendenz* magazines, and the cliques which the editors disdain, may have their uses. How else is a self-conscious intellectual life organized? In short, it may be argued that publishing a collection which is both so large and so diverse tends to prevent the groupings and the criticisms of those groupings by which a young author might hope to become self-conscious.

Of the sixty authors represented in *The Second American Caravan,* only ten appear in print here for the first time. The rest, according to the *Notes on Contributors,* have all had works published in nationally known magazines.

One-third of the authors also appeared in *The First Caravan.*

One-third of the authors were born after nineteen hundred. There is therefore quite a representative gathering of the generation that is growing up after the War.

One-third of the authors are women. Has this fact any significance, in view of the proportion of women to men among standard authors?

There is a group of writers of fiction who appear to have been influenced by Mr. Hemingway's style, which was in turn derived, partly by reaction, from Mr. Sherwood Anderson's. This group includes Mr. Nathan Asch, Mr. Callaghan, Mr. Leonard, Miss Herbst, and Mr. Herrmann. The general characteristics of the style which they employ in different ways are well seen in the following sentence from Mr. Herrmann's *Engagement:* "When George Harvey came to call upon Ruth Mason she was all smiles and looked very lovely." The author tries to erase himself from the scene and give the facts without comment. Sometimes he falls into baby-talk in imitation of his characters. Sometimes he takes care to put every sentence in the same tone or mood, whatever it may be about. Sometimes the business-like statements only emphasize the author's quiet sobbing. If the intention is to avoid the subjective, it rarely succeeds. But in Mr. Herrmann's novel there is no sob. Mr. Herrmann has projected what he had to say, and *Engagement* is a sustained, sound and complete piece of psychological analysis. But what are we to say of the esthetic emotion of which the characters and their story are the objective symbol and embodiment? It is so slight that it is incapable of animating the mass of material. Mr. Herrmann's feat moves us to admiration but gives us no catharsis. He has courageously carried the implications of this style to their logical conclusion. In so doing he does not produce a work of art, but he gives us an insight which enables us to understand other similar attempts. Thus in Miss Herbst's *Summer Boarders* there is a sob beneath the ruthless statements of fact; indeed this sob does duty as the catharsis. Mr. Hemingway gives his readers a good cry by means of his trout-fishing expeditions. In these writers the impersonal or objective style is only the rhetorical trick of under-emphasis in the service of sentimentality. Sometimes this cheating, this lack of strictness, produces a living if sentimental result. *In the City* and *Summer Boarders* are more moving than *Engagement,* although the latter has a much more serious intention.

The Second American Caravan includes two efforts to treat *the* American theme in a large way. One of these is *The River,* a section of Mr. Hart Crane's forthcoming long poem. It has the qualities of sustained rhythm and musical beauty of language which were shown in some of the poems in *White Buildings.* I think one can-

not read it without feeling an inspiration in some sense genuine. But the esthetic state which the poet wishes to communicate, and the sound and rhythm which this state suggests, are not enough to make a poem: a poem must be *about* something. Mr. Crane's poem is about the River, and the River is part of the large scheme of the whole poem, but one does not feel that this scheme came from the same furnace where the sound and the rhythm were forged. It was not so much that the subject inspired Mr. Crane as that he looked around for something to apply his mood to. He has the heat without the body, and is thus on the opposite horn of the dilemma from Mr. Herrmann, who writes about something, but without artistic conviction.

Mr. Waldo Frank's play, *New Year's Eve*, appears to be a dramatization of the Apocalypse which has been coming out serially in *The New Republic*. It is full of ideas, but has no live characters, no rhythm of its own — the test of a spontaneous work of art — and no strictly esthetic intention. It has neither heat nor body. It is very loud, but the sound is hollow:

> THE THREE WOMEN — O my sisters and my brothers.
> 1ST MAN — Life is this dread wound.
> THE THREE MEN — O my brothers and my sisters.
> 1ST WOMAN — Life is a bleeding —
> 2ND WOMAN — and a bleeding.
> 3RD WOMAN — And only life will heal it.
> BOY — LIFE IS HOLY.

There are several contributors, among them Mr. Mumford, Miss Gregg, and Miss Latimer, who take the self as their subject. I do not know whether they write about their own selves; I mean that instead of writing about Life, like Mr. Frank, or specimens, like Mr. Herrmann, they write about the fate of an individual soul. Mr. Mumford challenges comparison with Villon by calling his *The Little Testament of Bernard Martin, Aet.* 30. There is, however, no trace of that agonized need for confession which moved Villon to reveal his soul as completely as he could, and as though that were the last act of which his soul was capable. Bernard Martin's soul is still largely unexplored, and Mr. Mumford takes a kindly, almost

a fatherly interest in its further adventures. The reader shares this interest, but his emotions are no further involved than Mr. Mumford's were in writing about Bernard. Miss Gregg's *The Unknown Face* is another very light confession; the atmosphere is inquisitive and gossipy; her woman of forty says "That beauty meant something terrific to me I remember well," and the reader suddenly sees the chafing dishes, the kimonos, and the Welsh rarebits of the midnight boarding-school heart-to-hearter. But while Mr. Mumford carefully refrains from taking Bernard too seriously, and so keeps his integrity intact, Miss Gregg is pompous: she is more solemn than her revelations warrant. Miss Latimer comes much nearer than the other two to having something to say in this genre. She knows more about the possibilities of the soul she describes, and what she says has a deeper and more authentic ring. But even Miss Gregg and Mr. Mumford speak with more conviction than is usual in *The Caravan*. These authors seem to warm up not to their technique, nor their abstract intention, nor their theory, but to their subjects, and to put all their resources into expressing *that*.

There are two good critical essays, by Mr. Paul Strand on Lachaise and by Mr. C. Hartley Grattan on Emerson. There are many interesting things which I have not even mentioned; but Mr. Frost's poem should not be missed. On the whole *The Second Caravan* is of higher quality than the first. It is indispensable to all who would know, for better or for worse, what American literature is doing at the moment.

FRANCIS FERGUSSON

ALMOST MUSIC

ANNA LIVIA PLURABELLE. *By James Joyce. With a Preface by Padraic Colum. New York. Crosby Gaige.* 1928. *Limited, signed edition.* $15.00.

It is impossible to do adequate justice to such a book as this within the limits of a brief review — it raises almost every possible kind of problem in the philosophy and psychology of aesthetics: one may therefore be forgiven a preliminary reference to a fuller treatment of the salient problems in such books on the philosophy of speech as Dauzat's *La Philosophie du Langage*, or Jespersen's *Philosophy of Grammar*, or, if a more succinct application of the general principles of language to Joyce himself be desired, the reviewer may be pardoned for referring the reader to his article on the *Limitations of Speech* in the *Criterion* (London) for September, 1928.

The major problem raised by the book is that of its intelligibility. Now common-sense — it must first be said — is a dangerous thing to apply to art, but it is possibly even more dangerous to dispense with it, and the same might be said of imagination: it is by a judicious balance of the two that we may be said to "understand" art, and as well the language of any art. As for the language of literature — words, that is to say — they do not always mean what they seem to mean — how can they? A word is a fragment of history that we have agreed to accept as a symbol for a limited number of its own experiences and ours, and it is on these experiences and our knowledge of them that the writer works; and as a result words become in his hands most pliable, roguish and suggestive things. Almost any word will illustrate — take *gentleman;* Herbert Hoover, the typical American *gentleman;* Al Smith can be quite the *gentleman;* Lord Asquith was an English *gentleman;* Margot Asquith once said that every lady should be a *gentleman;* Adolphe Menjou does the *gentleman;* the *gentlemen* of the jury, and so on. This word happens to be what Aristotle called an homonymous word and it is in fact hopeless to give such a word a philosophical definition — yet we "understand" it in practice. With less precision we "understand" the words of poetry — Keat's *darkling I listen*, or *earth's human shores*, or *the barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day*. With even less precision still we "under-

stand" the language of Beethoven. Then why, Mr. Joyce says, can you not understand my technique:

> She was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then, sauntering, by silvamoonlake and he was a heavy trudging lurching lieabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for whose sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktree, (peats be with them!) used to rustle that time down by the dykes of killing Kildare, for forstfellfoss with a plash across her.

Now it is evident that if this is intended to be language, Joyce, in the hope of escaping from the trammels of our imperfect speech to the greater freedom of a language that is at once virginal and ancient, has here gambled on an intellectual theory and invented a medium where the controls are supposed to be more rigid, and, it follows, the power of the artist all the greater. But is it so?

The extract given is one of the easiest in the little book. *Silva-moonlake*: silva may suggest a wood, sylvan, silver and little else; moon is moon; lake is lake; and the result is a concentrated picture. There are undoubted merits in such a technique. Observe, however, that we are here close to the old style where there is no doubt as to the experiences the artist calls upon. Consider, however, "the dykes of killing Kildare, for *forstfellfoss* with a plash across her"? One may guess *first fell*, and think of *frost:* but *foss* suggests nothing to me. Now Joyce either wants me to think of something — in which case his system has here collapsed: or he wants me to think of nothing — in which case this is *not* language as we understand it. If it is anything on earth it is *almost* music; and that brings us to the crux of the problem.

The fact is that the more elusive his phrases the more we find that our responses are liable to be a mere medley of sensuous images. Perhaps that is Joyce's wish? If it is, he has succeeded in what he set out to do; but if it is he can but blame himself if we inevitably ask ourselves whether, if this be literature, literature is worth while? So we raise again the ghost of the classic problem once posed by Pascal: Quelle vanité que la peinture qui attire l'admiration par la rassemblance des choses dont on n'admire pas les originaux! and I cannot see that Joyce helps those who reply that art is frequently superior to

reality. The sensuous responses to his technique are sometimes very delicate and pleasing, sometimes obscene, sometimes merely dull — well, so is reality — but, most frequently, (because this is language and language has a biologically inexorable thirst for association) they are empty of content, and that reality never is. At that point, which is almost any point in this book — with a few delightful exceptions — Joyce's technique ceases, to my thinking, to serve any useful purpose; for — and again I express a mere personal opinion — that the mind should be in chaos is not at any time desirable.

Joyce's medium strikes at an inevitable characteristic of language — universal intelligibility, and though the sympathetic may burk at the word universal, or at the word intelligible, they must acknowledge that there is very little difference between issuing a tiny booklet of some nine thousand words in a limited edition at a prohibitive price and not issuing it at all. Yet no genuine student of literature can dare be unfamiliar with *Anna Livia*. It is one of the most interesting and pathetic literary adventures I know, pathetic chiefly because of its partial success, for even the most sympathetic and imaginative will have smiled wanly several times as they read, and laughed in despair long before they end. It will undoubtedly have its influence on literature and it deserves to; but it is not sane enough to be literature itself,— it has taken a good idea to the extremity of foolishness. If Joyce had only written the entire book as he did the final paragraph, what a marvellous book it would be! If he had only accepted this inexorable as he has with unparalleled courage accepted so many others! But he is here very much of his race, has his forbears in old Irish legend — he is of the clan of Brendan who sailed for Ui Bhreasail, Bran who sailed for the Land of Heart's Desire, Ossian searching for the Land of the Ever Young, the Hag of Beare who had lived seven times over and still longed that her youthful flesh might return to her once again; and of many others — dreamers of the unattainable all. If there ever was an adventure which was a revolt against the despotism of fact this little book is one. As such, if not as literature, it is priceless.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

CIVILIZATION—IN BLOOMSBURY

CIVILIZATION. *By Clive Bell. New York. Harcourt, Brace & Company.* 1928. $2.50.

According to this annoying little book, there have been three periods of high civilization in the history of western Europe, namely: Periclean Athens, Italy of the Renaissance, and France during the Age of Salons. The author does not deny that other extra-European cultures may have risen just as high; but being less omnivorous than Spengler he declines to consider them, alleging that we know nothing as to their true nature. But with these three epochs as his paradigms Mr. Bell is modestly satisfied. They are quite enough to enable him to deduce the essential qualities that make civilization.

To be "highly civilized" (the phrase occurs as often as eight times on a single page), a man must have two distinguishing traits; he must possess a "sense of values" and he must be guided by "reason enthroned." If we press the meaning of these fashionable attributes we get a resultant, a personality which is not unlike that of the famous *honnête homme*. The first of his virtues makes of him a sort of well-mannered and judicious aesthete; more and subtler emotions seem to be what he wants. He proceeds from one "good state of mind" to another. The second virtue breeds a sophisticated tolerance. Not even of stupidity will he be intolerant. Above all, civilized man is unshockable. He must never, never be a prude.

But both these qualities are absent in barbarous or uncivilized, i.e., natural man. Hence, civilization is essentially artificial. It is unnatural, and the first step toward it may be regarded indifferently as either decadence or progress.

Besides this ingenious analysis (and really that is about all he says in the first 200 pages, except for a boyish appreciative summary of Plato's *Symposium*) Mr. Bell proceeds to construct his personal Utopia. It is just the sort of thing one loves to elaborate in those midnight, slightly intoxicated, endlessly civilized conversations, such as seem to have been the general basis of this book. Mr. Bell's fault is perhaps not to have learned that conversation, no matter how brilliant, looks like the morning-after when distilled into writing.

In this Utopian state we would have a sharp division of functions. The largest class of the population should do nothing but produce, like the artisans of Plato's Republic; another class should be trained exclusively to rule, the guardians. And a small invaluable nucleus, chosen at birth, should be specially dedicated throughout a life of leisure to the sole occupation of becoming civilized. Mr. Bell suggests they be chosen by lot rather than by heredity. They must be given material sufficiency, but not too much, and must be absolutely debarred from the life of action. This choice group of epiphytes — parasites would be an unfair word — would have as its sole task merely to live, shedding useless yet necessary sweetness like orchids through the jungle. That is Mr. Bell's program.

Now several things go to make this book a bad one. In the first place, as history it is certainly half-baked. One would not quarrel with Mr. Bell's authorities, few as they are. Nor would one attach great importance to his specific statements — because he makes hardly any. But his whole view of history is amazingly superficial. Take one process by which he arrives at his three type cultures. The Italian of the Renaissance for instance rides most uneasily with such a pair as Louis XV and Pericles. He was really lacking in all the qualities that Mr. Bell predicates for civilization, except that of frequent and violent aesthetic emotions. He had no sense of values; still less did he enthrone reason. He belongs rather with the Elizabethan Englishman, expanding, crude, exuberant, creative. In fact, Mr. Bell's whole analysis breaks down through his failure to discriminate between the creative and the civilized man. He admits they are not identical; he does not recognize that they are exact opposites; or rather that civilization emerges from profound social travail and creation — flourishes a moment, and either becomes sterile or leads to revolution. The true picture of the Grand Siècle begins in the creative outburst, the economic progress, the social upheaval of Henri II and Henri III; it ends with the French Revolution. Mr. Bell says nothing about these.

Again take the shallow grounds on which he eliminates certain civilizations from his select list. Rome is rejected because it lacked taste and was second-hand. Mr. Bell's historical incompetence is shown by the way he dismisses Roman Law — surely a civil monument — as being largely Greek. Again, the glorious 13th century — with such

intelligent figures as Frederick II, Aquinas, Jean de Meung — is left out for a more obvious reason: Mr. Bell does not understand it at all. The Middle Ages were out of fashion when he studied history. In short, his history is that which was read by undergraduates nearly a generation ago, here recollected for strictly propagandist purposes.

All the larger issues of his subject he has shirked. Admitting that a flair for the arts may be of value in explaining civilization, it is hard to see how one can competently dispose of the task without a real and profound knowledge of psychology, sociology, and above all history and economics. In short the real defect of this book is its unjustified pretention. For what Mr. Bell has strived to define is not the great generic fact of civilization — a fact far too broad to be grasped in this facile way. What he has been elucidating is civility. It is sophistication, a culture, a grace of life and not an essence, an epiphenomenon.

For at bottom Mr. Bell is justifying his own existence on a cosmic scale. No one would deny the value of a number of intelligent and leisured and sensitive gentlemen and ladies. No one would deny that even their flirtations may have a beneficial influence on all classes of society. But Mr. Bell's gratuitous if tolerant contempt for every one else, his obtuseness to the multilateral nature of human beings and human society, above all his long-winded tirades against the better known phases of English philistinism, his ceaseless bourgeois-baiting, — all these are rather tiresome.

Mr. Bell's talents are those of a sciolist and a popularizer, working under the cloak of intelligence and rebellion. It is in this guise that he has done good service to the cause of modern art. He is a man of action masquerading as an *homme d'esprit*. His instinct is to persuade with the verbal bludgeon rather than with dialectic. Under the varnish of wit, and the rather thin veneer of intellect, lies that good, solid, very oaken English grain which his surface shrieks against. The points of resemblance between Mr. Bell and Mr. Mencken are too obvious to bear insistence.

DANA B. DURAND

NECROMANCY

ORLANDO. A BIOGRAPHY. *By Virginia Woolf. New York. Harcourt, Brace & Company.* 1928. $3.00.

When *The Voyage Out* was published just after the War, few can have been aware that it marked the appearance of a writer of major importance, at least as an innovator. On rereading that book after Mrs. Woolf's originality of style and boldness in technical experiment had been displayed in *Jacob's Room* and *Mrs. Dalloway*, it is startling to discover that the very ends for which her later individual technique was designed were already extraordinarily well served by a method of writing that was conventional and on the whole that of her immediate predecessors. The significance of Mrs. Woolf's writing would appear to lie therefore not in her style but fundamentally in her approach to her subjects. Her difference from the English novelists of the beginning of the century is not alone that she finds different and more effective ways of saying things but that she has different things to say. This is not necessarily to accept wholly the explanation of herself offered in *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown.* Although that is over simple and hardly complete it is clear that the term "character" as used by Mrs. Woolf had a special and particular meaning quite as much subjective as objective, and that her "truth," like any truth, however scientific, must be understood in terms of the recording instrument, which is of course her own mind, or more explicitly her psychology of approach to her subjects. Her novels from *The Voyage Out* through *To the Lighthouse* are a coherent series of recordings of "truth" about "character."

Orlando presents itself in some degree as a dilemma. It does not stand clearly in the sequence of novels which leads so intelligibly from *Jacob's Room* to *Mrs. Dalloway*, from *Mrs. Dalloway* to *To the Lighthouse.* It is no further advance on a road toward a definite sort of reintegration, nor has it any clear prototypes — such as are provided for the experimental novel — in the sketches of *Monday or Tuesday.* It is not then from the earlier fiction that *Orlando* stems, but from the fragments of literary history, the essays of reconstitution of the past, the reviews of biography (as notably that amazing one of an archbishop of York) gathered together in *The Common*

Reader. As in the case of much of T. S. Eliot's poetry, it is in the light of Virginia Woolf's critical studies of the past that *Orlando* is in its subject matter more clearly intelligible, which is not of course to say that *Orlando,* or even many of the best of the essays of *The Common Reader,* are to be judged as "history" and not as "literature." None the less the reviewer is here faced with the question which must frequently face the interpreter of Mr. Eliot: should he pit his poor erudition against the erudition which Mrs. Woolf has amassed with the aid of the most brilliant group of assistants in England to whom she makes acknowledgment in her introduction? Certainly not. It is as useless attempting to place the references, even to murmur Knole, (taking a hint from the dedication) as in discussing the style to place there the influence of Rabelais or here that of Sterne. But it is not useless to remark on the extraordinary completeness of the documentation or on its perfect assimilation. There is a subordination of detail, a blending of the real and the fantastic in the historical sections — the major portion of the book — which gives the whole a flavour of actuality, such as an author naturally has of his own time, as not even "Salammbô" had before.

But it would be absurd to delay further the discussion of the style, especially as Mrs. Woolf has been accepted, to some extent unjustly, as primarily a stylist, at least since the appearance of *Jacob's Room.* Indeed there is today no more sensitive (and one uses the familiar term exactly and advisedly) writer of English prose. Even those who have eventually given over nearly all else in the pursuit of sound and rhythm, James Joyce and Gertrude Stein, have hardly achieved the miraculous effects which seem almost accidental with Mrs. Woolf. Previous to *Orlando* her virtuosity was most brilliantly illustrated by the central section of *To the Lighthouse,* in which she appeared to give free rein to musical improvisation for its own sake. Yet in retrospect the long passage proved to have served with mathematical exactness a purpose extraneous to style, a purpose which in *Orlando* she ironically suggests might as well be served by the repetition of the months in the calendar or by the phrase "Time Passes" followed by the dates, as in a movie sub-title. But *Orlando* is from beginning to end a triumph in the attainment of effects of surface texture only to be compared with the greatest works of the belles-lettres of the past. Those two qualities of seventeenth-century writ-

ing, wit and grandiloquence, balance one another continuously and with such perfection that as with the most subtle music but a small fraction of the virtue of the whole can be grasped on a first reading. The glory of many long passages only bursts forth when they are read aloud. Saved by the wit which was the chief charm of her critical writing, Virginia Woolf can indulge in all forms of illegitimate grandiloquence as freely as in those of the best tradition, in those general to contemporary literature and in those special to herself. Nor are the sound qualities of the most various prose styles alone pastiched; verse as well is looted of its treasures until even concealed rhyme is drawn upon to underline the mimicry of false feeling.

Enough has been said to indicate that the book is preëminent in its eclectic brilliance of style. It may fairly be asked if the positive quality of the style does not interfere with the novelist's central preoccupation with character creation. Certainly it does thus interfere quite completely from a realistic point of view. But the book is not by the implication of its subtitle a novel, but a biography, if a very fantastic one. It is a prime illustration of Mrs. Woolf's wit that the whole book is a conceit, that is it recounts the early life of a girl thirty-six last October who was a boy of sixteen in 1586. In other words it is not a serious book: let who will beware. But our standards of seriousness are already well shaken. In the hierarchy of literary values, it has clearly not always been those books which were most serious which have best endured — nor even those in which style was most rigidly the servant of a wholly commonsensible preoccupation.

Beside the conventional novelist of *The Voyage Out*, beside the technical experimenter in psychological disintegration of the short stories, *Jacob's Room* and *Mrs. Dalloway*, beside the completely formed Georgian novelist of *To the Lighthouse*, beside the critic of *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown* and *The Common Reader*, the biographer of *Orlando* stands a writer of equal significance and importance. Few others can have such breadth, few others can seem to their contemporaries so surely possessed of genius.

HENRY-RUSSELL HITCHCOCK, JR.

SHORTER NOTICES

FOUNDERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. *By Edward Kennard Rand. Cambridge. Harvard University Press.* 1928. $4.00.

This book is modest in everything but its title. It promises a new effort to grapple with the titanic mystery which will always shroud the names of Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine, Benedict and Gregory. But that Professor Rand is not so presumptuous he is quick to warn us: "my main concern is literature, with a bit of philosophy." A more precise, if clumsier, title would have been "The Attitude of the Latin Fathers towards Pagan Literature," and I feel that the book itself would have been the better for such an avowal.

There is almost nothing of history or of psychology. Of theology and philosophy there is more, but these topics are nervously handled. An early chapter is headed "St. Jerome the Humanist," and a humanist is in part defined as "one who has a love of things human, one whose regard is centred on the world about him and the best that man has done." The idea that this accurately describes Jerome is piquant, to say the least, but the pleading, though special, shows spirit.

Another chapter is headed "Boethius the Scholastic," but this time we are not given a definition of the word. To many of us it suggests the effort to rear a superstructure of philosophy on the hull of Christian revelation — "credo ut intelligam" — whereas Professor Rand tries to show that the *Consolation* is an effort to build a rational superstructure which will float of itself.

Finally Professor Rand entitles a chapter "St. Ambrose the Mystic," chiefly on the ground that Ambrose indulged, as he most certainly did, in symbolic interpretation of Scripture. But this weakness for hidden significances is shared by many a Mystic Shriner; it has nothing to do with *mystic theology*, which has now long since been understood as it first was by Pseudo-Dionysius, as dealing with the experimental perception of the presence of God in the soul (see Cuthbert Butler, *Western Mysticism*, pp. 3, 17, 337, etc.). That there is this second kind of mysticism — so very conspicuous, by the way, in Plotinus and Augustine — Professor Rand recognizes, and he says that it is to be found in the hymns and *Hexameron* of Ambrose. Here a few citations would have been appreciated. Doubtless Ambrose re-

spected the mystic and the mystic experience, but to describe him as "the Mystic" is like describing Pascal as "the Man about Town."

For the most part, however, Professor Rand is diffident in speaking of Christianity. He would like to speak — kindly and unsympathetically — of it; his mouth opens, but modesty overcomes him. These fifth century Christians were not gentle — as is Professor Rand. Such rabid giants must be either loved or hated; by eschewing their white heat he eschews the very title of his book.

But this is all rather a criticism of titles than of contents; for as a book on literature it has much to commend it. To be sure literature is a vague term, and Professor Rand is to some extent a victim of this inherent vagueness: he speaks little of style, and he tries to keep the matter at arm's length. The residue is inevitably an urbane and learned, if elusive, cultural discourse, which nibbles rather than bites.

Yet in spite of the handicap of misleading titles and a subject-matter of doubtful entity, the book is worth while because of the contact it offers with the learning and judgment of a fine scholar. The discourse is pleasant, varied, and illuminating; it refreshes our recollection of the most dramatic age of our history; it reminds us specifically of the struggle of the Fathers to disentangle themselves from the meshes of their pagan past; it contains the enunciation — though not the adequate exposition — of a new theory about the mind of Boethius. But the book is somehow not cogent: when Professor Rand is not too bold he is too timid, evading the very problems he invites.

EDWARD M. PICKMAN

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKSHOP. *By W. J. Lawrence. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1928. $3.00.

Mr. Lawrence's profound scholarship and researches into the technique and resources of the Elizabethan stage have made him the greatest authority on the Pre-Restoration theatre. The results of many years of exhaustive and highly intelligent study, based on solid common sense, keen inductive reasoning, Irish mother-wit, and remarkable power of smashing the pretty but superficial gods of Romantic sciolists and notemakers, have left him the admiration and

the despair of his colleagues. The first fruits of Mr. Lawrence's studies were collected papers originally contributed to the learned journals and published fifteen years ago in the two series entitled *The Elizabethan Playhouse,* volumes of specialized learning, in which he proved a pioneer in determining the physical conditions and the vital conventions of the Elizabethan stage. Several years ago, when Mr. Lawrence was lecturing at Harvard, his students were amazed because no reading was recommended and no reports or examinations required. When asked what one should read, he replied with characteristic independence that there were no books: he had read them all, and none contained material even faintly approaching his lectures, which have since been collected in *Pre-Restoration Stage Studies* and *The Physical Structure of the Elizabethan Public Playhouse.* Much of the content of the former volume is technical, but no better comprehension of his unique method can be had than by studying his essays on *Hamlet* as Shakespeare staged it, on Elizabethan stage realism, properties, and early dramaturgy.

At the present time we can expect little new documentary evidence on the Elizabethan stage. Scholars like Fleay (unreliable though he was), Halliwell-Phillips, the late Sir Sidney Lee, Sir E. K. Chambers, Prof. J. Tucker Murray, the many editors of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and the host of modern specialists on minor dramatists and technical aspects of the Elizabethan stage have exhumed the golden ore of facts on the period to be derived from diaries, letters, account books, maps and prints, and public records of all kinds. Having mastered the corpus of exoteric material, Mr. Lawrence has made a life study of the only other source of information, the enormous body of Elizabethan drama itself, which he has read, analyzed, and catalogued with such minuteness, that there is apparently no end to the problems he can settle and the ghosts of misapprehension he can lay by reference to his *collectanea.* Until recently his essays have been inaccessible to a large audience from the ephemeral nature of their publication in the periodicals of England, Ireland, and the Continent. Further, the erudition of the earlier volumes would have discouraged any but the special student. At last, however, he has republished ten essays on significant problems in Shakespeare's plays, relegated the notes to an appendix, and, with the exception of occasional awkwardness, presented his new light in allu-

sive, witty style, as well conceived for the pleasant instruction of the intelligent amateur as that charming lecture on Shakespeare by Prof. Kittredge.

The theme of the volume is that "in reading Shakespeare, you cannot fully enjoy his acquaintance until you have imbibed a sound knowledge of his environment." Impressionism is not enough. One must admit the un-Aristotelian character of Elizabethan drama, at the same time recognizing that it obeyed "as many cardinal principles as the Greek, and probably a greater number of minor rules." Mr. Lawrence's method, therefore, consists in establishing these rules by comparative survey of extant texts, and applying them to whatever problem he cares to discuss; — the objectivity of the ghost in *Hamlet;* the devious processes of play revision and play publication, which account for lost characters, alterations and insertions in the texts as a result of performances of public plays at private festivities; the effect on dramatic technique of the necessity for doubling, of writing certain rôles in conformity with the physical qualifications of certain members of the companies, of daylight acting, lack of scenery and programmes; in short, the effects of a dozen exigencies in the economy of the playhouse.

The essays designed particularly for the amateur are the title essay, the explanation of the witch scenes in *Macbeth,* the delightful account of Shakespeare's lost characters, the study of the ghost in *Hamlet,* and the analysis of Bottom's dream. The remaining papers, mainly contributions to the establishment of the Shakespeare chronology, contain facts for the specialist. But everywhere there is more than fact; there is the excitement of watching a truly critical mind at work on important problems of scholarship, deriving the unknown from the known by virtue of shrewdness wedded to erudition.

R. G. Noyes

The Demon of the Absolute. New Shelburne Essays. Volume I. *By Paul Elmer More. Princeton. Princeton University Press.* 1928. $2.50.

A new volume by Paul E. More is an event of considerable interest in American letters. Particularly when it marks his return from

the interpretation of the Greek tradition, and defence of dogmatic theology, regions where even his most ardent admirers failed to follow him, to the earlier themes of the Shelburne Essays. The accent is different: what was once the fresh endeavor of a troubled and sensitive mind to establish a rationale of values is now a series of stale recitations on dualism, and what was once an almost too precious urbanity of style breaks into an occasional slangy falsetto (as the characterization of *Manhattan Transfer* as "an explosion in a cesspool") but the humane temper, the high seriousness, the profound scholarship are everywhere evidenced. More acknowledges the reproofs that Mumford and Munson have pointed at his aloofness from the contemporary scene and willingly applies himself to its diffuse topography. So besides excellent essays on Trollope, Borrow, and Vaughn, a note on Poe's method and a translation from the Mahabbarata of the episode of Sâvatri, there appears a somewhat journalistic article on *Modern Currents in American Literature* and a brilliant chapter on *The Demon of the Absolute.*

This demon is rationalism, reason run amuck in its search for absolutes. In philosophy the partisans of immutable unity and of the pure flux both serve him; in politics you can see the demon at work "whenever men begin to contend for some final unchecked authority in the State, whether it be lodged in the monarch or in all the people"; in religion he has wreaked havoc "by presenting to faith the alternative between an absolute omnipotent God or no God at all, and between an infallible Church and undisciplined individualism"; and in literature he offers us either an absolute rule of taste or an absolute law of irresponsibility.

The constructive task that More undertakes is to mediate between these extremes with standards of a relative and tentative validity. A sufficiency of poetic citations permits him the persuasive conclusion that "it is a simple fact, not a theory, that in the matter of taste there is still that which is not confined by the boundaries of space or nullified by the process of time, and which makes the whole world kin. This is not to say that we can lay down any absolute law of agreement; but it does mean, emphatically, that certain standards of taste exist which approximate, more or less, to universality." These are supplied as a balance to the eccentricities of successive generations and individual critics by tradition. Not that any "intelligent man supposes

that tradition is a scale fixed once and forever in all its *nuances* of valuation, but it is a simple matter of history, nevertheless, that a long tradition of taste does exist, wavering and obscure on its outskirts, growing steadier and more immutable as we approach its center." The permanency of the Homeric tradition amply exemplifies this argument. "As we depart further and further from this core of tradition, our literary judgments become less certain and the probability of variation grows greater; but the central truth is not affected."

From tradition "not in itself a quality of excellence but merely evidence of such quality," More, generalizing upon a quotation from Coleridge, passes to his criterion. The initial admissions are of pure relativism; authority is dismissed, and our sense of truth and nature is determined solely by the pleasure we derive from a work of art. The permanency, the endurance of pleasure, under repeated readings, allows us to expand enjoyment beyond the limits of the moment into a more general criterion. But permanency of pleasure argues finally to the universality of certain aspects of human nature and the notion of its essential quality. The true artist, then, is "one who, by the subtle, insinuating power of the imagination, by just appreciation of the higher emotions as well as of the lower, by the revelation of a sad sincerity, shall I call it, in his soul, gives us always to feel that the true universal in human nature, the faculty by which man resembles man as a being different from the beast, is that part of him that is 'noble in reason' the master and not the slave of passion." But More never adequately states the nature of those "higher emotions" of "eternal values" and it is a subject well worth another chapter. Possibly essays on Montaigne, Henry James and Santayana, men unaccountably neglected by him, would go far in remedying this serious defect.

There is, moreover, in the same chapter a wealth of wisdom on education, the *Fetish of Pure Art*, Croce, Surrealism, aesthetics and the philosophy of Professor Whitehead. Paul E. More in the first volume of the new Shelburne essays has accomplished a rare thing; he enables us to reread the earlier books without regrets, and he increases our desire for the appearance of subsequent essays.

BERNARD BANDLER II

SHORTER NOTICES

THE STAMMERING CENTURY. *By Gilbert Seldes. New York. The John Day Company.* 1928. $5.00.

Mr. Seldes writes with several aims. He shows that the reform movements and cults of our day — from food faddists to builders of will power — are the heirs of radical movements of the past century; that Christian Science, for instance, draws unconsciously upon Jonathan Edwards' principle of the freedom of the will. He wishes to disprove the idea that fads are taken up only by the "booboisie." Triumphantly, he tells of the enthusiastic approval given to phrenology by the faculty of Harvard. A third aim is to mark the difference between the modern reformer and the reformer of a century ago.

But the book is, happily, not written to a thesis; if on a pleasure jaunt, one may disregard the guide-posts. Although the close interrelation of all the movements treated cannot be overemphasized, they fall into two general categories: those which are devoted to the attainment of spiritual perfection, and those which are concerned with physical and moral well-being. In the first group fall the camp meetings and the revivals of the type led by Finney, degenerate heirs of Edwards' Great Awakening which became more degenerate under Moody and Sunday. Along with the revivals came communities founded for the attainment of perfection in numerous ways, ranging from the celibate Rappites to the polygamous Perfectionists, from the idylic loafers at Fruitlands to the disciples of "Alexander J. Christ" Dowie at Zion City. The women reformers, Frances Willard, Amelia Bloomer, and, most picturesque of all, Carry A. Nation, find a place here. Incidentally, only women reformers have succeeded. The second category includes those movements which, to some extent, had their origin in the breakdown of Calvinistic theology. Among them are the hoaxes of phrenology, spirit rapping, and various medical quackeries; New Thought and Christian Science also come in this group.

The author's treatment of this material is excellent. He makes no attempt to give a psychoanalytical explanation of the actions of the fanatics or their converts. When he is forced to call upon psychology — as in describing the "jerks" at a camp meeting — he does so frankly as an amateur. Since the chief object is to give a full view of the movements, chronology is abandoned and contemporary events are barely alluded to. From the almost limitless material, a careful

selection has been made. Too well known adventures, as those of Brooks Farm and of the Mormon migration, are omitted. So also are the orthodox revivals led by the Beechers and others. Opposite the opening pages of several chapters are found tables of notes on domestic life of the times, oddities from daily life. They add greatly to one's ability to picture the age through the eyes of contemporaries.

EDWARD ANDERSON

FRENCH ART IN THE XIX CENTURY. *By Gabriel Mourey. New York. Albert and Charles Boni, Inc.* 1928. $4.00.

Albert and Charles Boni have added another volume to their series of "Great Periods in Art," choosing France in the nineteenth century, with an enthusiastic if vapid commentator, Gabriel Mourey, for the text. Painting, sculpture, architecture and the decorative arts are all included, presumably to show their interrelations, but unfortunately this is done by the photographs alone unaided by Mr. Mourey's text. Had the publishers reprinted the part of Louis Hourticq's *Art in France* entitled "Modern Art" the result would have been much more satisfactory, and the very fact that many of his opinions seem out-moded would have been a guarantee that in twenty years they will be the last word in art criticism. But Mr. Mourey, praising every style from Barbizon to Post-Impressionism, gives one the same sensation of nebulousness attendant on the campaign speech of a presidential candidate. For instance, his statement that "the only thing which prevents Dalou from being an authentic great master is the lack of a certain mysterious and indefinable quality which may be perceived in the work of men like Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, and Rodin" tells very little about either Dalou or that "mysterious and indefinable quality" he lacked, which seems to have been due simply to his inability to control his tendency toward bathos. With so short a text cryptic writing is absolutely essential, and nothing could be further from Mr. Mourey's flowery and adulatory style.

JOHN WALKER III

PERIODICAL REVIEWS

CONTEMPORANEOS. Revista Mexicana de Cultura. *Edited by B. J. Gastélum, J. T. Bodet, B. O. de Montellano, and E. G. Rojo. Numbers* 1-5. *June-October,* 1928.

It is extremely difficult to arrive at an unprejudiced, or even coherent, estimate of the worth of Mexican art and literature. This is especially true in the case of a North American, whose knowledge of Mexico, nebulously gleaned from the confused maunderings of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, the ham-and witticisms of Mr. Will Rogers, and the cinema-untruths of cow-punching Hollywood, is apt to be as luridly vague as Caesar's knowledge of the Hyrcanian Forest. So far as we are concerned, our neighbour to the South has been practically destitute of litterateurs and painters since the time of the first Spaniard. The name of Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz, perhaps, is known to a few outside the cemetery of the Ph.D.; Alfonso Reyes has a familiar sound, although most of us would more readily ascribe him to Spain than to Mexico; and Diego Rivera is known where Chirico is known. That is all; and Sor Juana has been worms for more than two hundred years.

Yet it must be admitted that the blame for all this is not wholly ours. The same uncertainty as to the reality of things seems to reign in Mexico itself. Thus, Señor Bodet begins an instructive, if cursory, article on contemporary Mexican literature (*Contemporáneos IV*) by commenting on the tragic part played by revolution and counter-revolution in this field. "La repetición de la tragedia," he says, "la sangre fresca vertida sobre la sangre árida, el estupor de las conciencias entre las pasiones, recuerda, más que el desenfreno de las Bacantes, el paso desolador de las Walkirias." And if it is difficult to create and to criticize in the midst of a perpetual Bacchic rout, it is doubly difficult to achieve the balance esssential for creation and criticism when the Valkyries are turning your rose-garden into a race-track. Señor Bodet is sure that the literature of Mexico, "como su pueblo, asciende hacia la luz, en un esfuerzo de todas las horas" — but he adds gloomily, "interrumpido también a todas horas." The same uneasiness is noticeable throughout *Contemporáneos*. Sometimes it assumes the guise of self-conscious arrogance; sometimes the author humbly denationalizes

himself and, like Mr. Ezra Pound, attempts to cloak his American origin in European cast-offs; and sometimes (rarely, but most successfully) he retires into himself, shuts out the clamorous excitement of contemporaneity, and creates abstruse simplicities for himself and the few who are able to understand. As typical of the first group we have in the first number of *Contemporáneos* a short story by Señor Rojo: *La Inocente Aventura del Trópico*, a tale of a not particularly amusing escapade of "Segundo Oficial Charlie Raeburn, de la Marina Mercante Americana y al servicio de la United Fruit Company." It is an ironic tale which, in fair-to-middling translation, would probably be accepted by the *Argosy-All-Story Weekly*. The breezy attempt falls as flat as a Sandburg ode. Of the second, or the expatriate, group we find in the July number reproductions of paintings by Agustín Lazo, who wishes he were Picasso; accompanied by surréaliste encomiums by Xavier Villaurrutia, who is sure that he is Señor Lazo's Cocteau. Although we are told here that the artist is "a painter of comestible boys, boys as ripe as ripe peaches," the evidence does not stir paidophagic longings in us. But Lazo "thinks in French, English, Spanish, and Italian. Why shouldn't he paint in Esperanto?" *Liceat*, by all means *liceat*.

It is, then, to the third group that one must turn for the work of real value. Here is sincere, original effort; here is the flavour of Mexico, deriving neither from Paris or Madrid on the one hand, nor from New York or Hollywood on the other. Here belong the splendid murals of Rivera (always excepting the early imitations of his European masters), the poems of Ortiz de Montellano and Jaime Torres Bodet, the critical and historical essays of José G. Heredia, the acid prose of Mariana Azuela. Here, indeed, is something like Señor Bodet's "*resultado muy moderno y, a la vez, muy tradicional*": "modern" in its impatient, questing *action;* "traditional" in the proud strength of its absorption in Mexican things. Only an American, conscious of his Americanism, could have painted the frescos in the Secretería de Educación, or the stark sombre water-colours of Rufino Tamayo (*Contemporáneos IV*). Here are no echoes. The same is true of Ortiz de Montellano's *Poesías de Robinsón (Contemporáneos V)*, with their subtle rhythmic dissidences, their almost explosive compression. No echoes here, either. And the list could be enlarged greatly: *Contemporáneos* is prodigal with good things.

In the five numbers that have already appeared are poems by Paul Valéry, Genaro Estrada, Ortiz de Montellano and Jaime Torres Bodet; historical essays on the religious independence of the Indians, by M. O. de Mendizábal, and on the explorations of Vásquez de Coronado, by José G. Heredia; critical essays by Señores Bodet, Gastélum, Jean Cocteau; a play, *Toque de Diana,* by J. Jiménez Rueda. As a whole, *Contemporáneos* is very much under the influence of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in particular, and the Paris Gang in general; one meets the names of Valéry, Cocteau, Apollinaire et Cie. in its pages almost as frequently as one meets the name of T. S. Eliot in *The Hound & Horn.* But this is a healthy sign in youth; and *Contemporáneos* is less than a year old.

DUDLEY FITTS

TRANSITION. An International Quarterly for Creative Experiment. *Edited by Eugene Jolas and Robert Sage. Numbers 13-14. Summer and Fall, 1928.*

What THE HOUND & HORN said a year ago of the first numbers of *transition,* then a young monthly, is still applicable on its appearance as a bulky quarterly. "*transition* is always entertaining and often instructive. It has a great deal of freshness and courage, and will undoubtedly make important contributions to the present transitional literature." Probably the most important of these contributions is James Joyce's *Work in Progress,* which appears intermittently, and of which *Anna Livia Plurabelle,* a part of the whole, is reviewed among the book reviews in the present issue of THE HOUND & HORN. Stuart Gilbert, dealing with Joyce's relation to the philosopher Vico, and Frank Budgen on Joyce and Norse poetry, are interesting and pertinent apologists for this master.

It is difficult to find any one comparable to Joyce in the width and breadth of *transition,* either in powers of sustainment, or in capacity for holding attention. The issue for Summer is called an American number. It contains a great quantity of material, none of which is particularly distinguished as far as experimental or any other interest

goes. A great deal of it is amusing, however, notably a group manifesto, *New York: 1928*, written by Malcolm Cowley, Kenneth Burke, Matthew Josephson and friends, between 10.30 A. M. and 6.45 A. M. at the Hotel Chelsea, suite 1711-1712 (Chelsea 4000). And it must have been a pretty fine party.

In the Fall number "*transition* has asked a number of Americans living in Paris . . . . . to answer the following questions.

"1. Why do you prefer to live outside America?

"2. How do you envisage the spiritual future of America in the face of a dying Europe and in the face of a Russia that is adopting the American economic vision?" etc.

The answers in part: — Gertrude Stein: "The United States is just now the oldest country in the world, there always is an oldest country and she is it. . . . America is now early Victorian, very early Victorian, she is a rich and well furnished home but not a place to work."

George Antheil: "A young composer has absolutely no future in America, because, even if he attains the very peak of eminence, he can not hope to make a livelihood," etc.

A. Lincoln Gillespie, Jr.: "because in Europe I find meaning-Scurry in their Organise-Self-Divert — hours loll here all simmer-rife-Expect-lush-stat. GET is less-necessary," etc.

Harry Crosby: "because in America the *Stars* were all suffocated inside," etc.

There is a very funny story by Elliot Paul called *The Life and Death of Isaac Mamblo*, which, though not exactly "creative or experimental," is beautifully gaged in irony and finely constructed.

In the last analysis *transition* is more interesting as the mirror of a state of mind than a repository in which to find valuable artistic endeavor. Its sociological implications overbalance its aesthetic, and the consequent style that frames the magazine comes from this fact. Unwieldy, non-selective, printing much that has little or no value, and very little that can have any claims to permanence, it is nevertheless an invaluable organ.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

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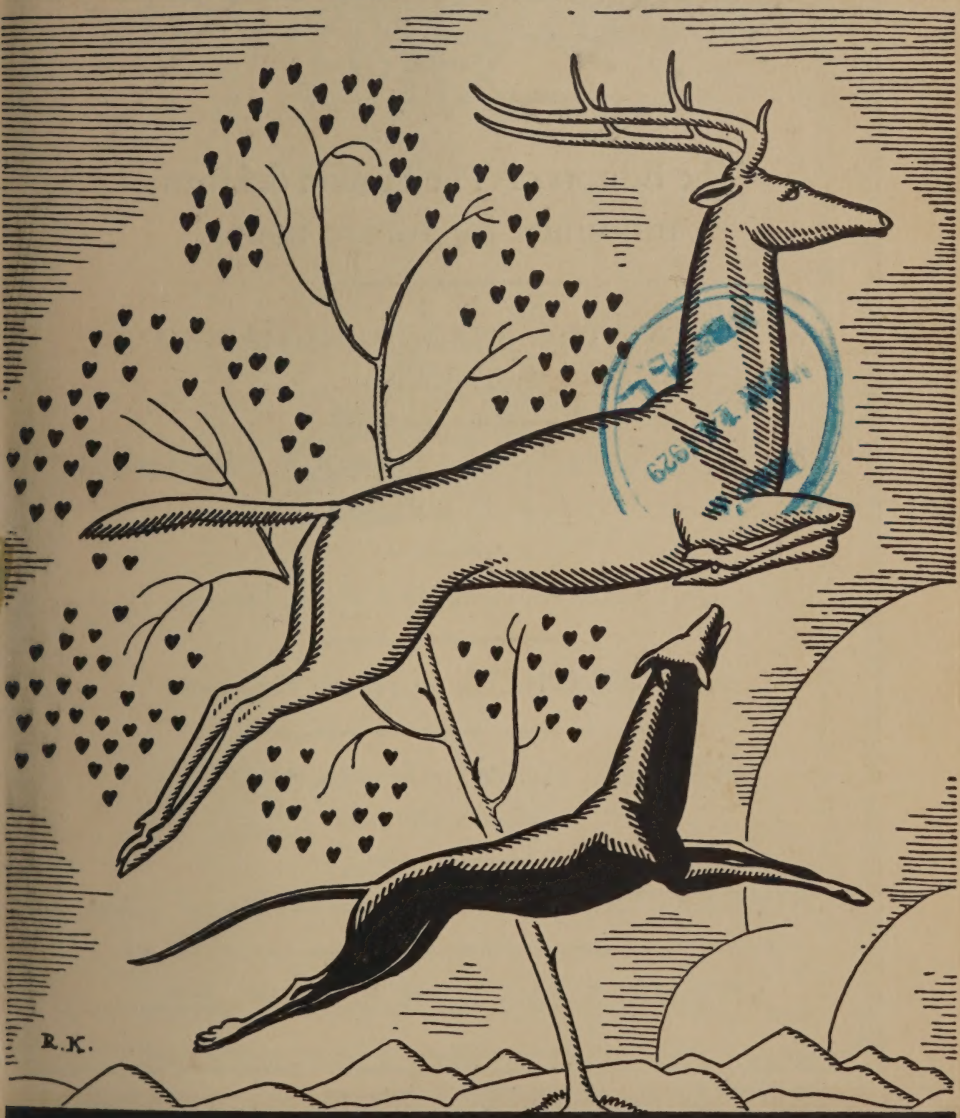
The HOUND & HORN
A HARVARD MISCELLANY



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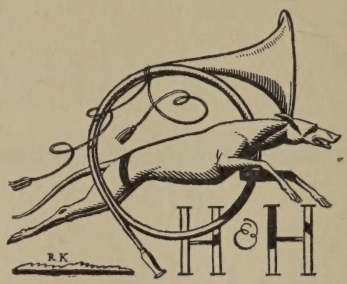

The Editors of The Hound & Horn
announce for future issues

SECOND THOUGHTS ON HUMANISM
by T. S. Eliot

NOTES ON THE LANGUAGE OF E. E. CUMMINGS
by R. P. Blackmur

ULYSSES: An Essay, *by* S. Foster Damon

EUGENE O'NEIL, *by* Francis Fergusson

SPENGLER, HENRY ADAMS, AND VICO
by Dana Durand

SOME LETTERS *between* WILLIAM *and* HENRY JAMES

STORIES, POEMS, BOOK REVIEWS, ETC.

THE HOUND & HORN: Volume II, Number 3, Spring, 1929. Published quarterly by THE HOUND & HORN, INCORPORATED: Editorial and Executive Offices at 1430 Massachusets Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.; Publication Offices at The Southworth Press, 105 Middle St., Portland, Maine. Single copies, 50 cents; subscriptions, one year $2.00, two years $3.50; Canadian subscriptions, one year $2.25, two years $4.00; foreign subscriptions, one year $2.50, two years $4.50. Entered as second class matter December 10, 1927, at the post office at Portland, Maine, under act of March 3, 1879.

THE
HOUND & HORN

A HARVARD MISCELLANY

Vol. II, No. 3
April-June, 1929

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The Hound & Horn is published quarterly at Portland, Maine, by The Hound & Horn, Incorporated. Publication Office, 105 Middle Street, Portland, Maine. Editorial and Executive Office, 1430 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors, Box A, Cambridge, Mass., and must be accompanied by a stamped return envelope. Payment will be made on publication.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

J. R. Agee is in his first year at Harvard College, where he has contributed to the Lampoon. At Philips Exeter he edited the literary Monthly.

A. Hyatt Mayor is a graduate of Princeton, has taught at Vassar, and is now living in New York City.

Francis McAllister has done newspaper work for many years and has contributed stories to many magazines.

Dudley Fitts (Harvard 1925) is an instructor at the Choate School. He has contributed to the Criterion and other magazines.

Jere Abbott is a graduate student in Fine Arts at Princeton. A book by him on El Greco will appear shortly.

Charles Sanders Pierce graduated from Harvard in 1859 and was later a lecturer in Philosophy and Logic to the College. A volume of selections from his works was published by Harcourt, Brace and Company under the title *Chance, Love, and Logic.*

Gurdon Saltonstall Howe (Harvard 1925) is having his first one-man show of sepia drawings at the Grace Horne Galleries, Boston, now, to be followed by others in New York and Detroit. The work shown was done in Europe and Africa.

Peter Teigen graduated from Harvard in 1924. He has taught at Smith, is now at Princeton teaching in the Department of Fine Arts. He has exhibited in various Galleries.

THE
HOUND & HORN
A HARVARD MISCELLANY
Vol. II, No. 3 April-June, 1929

COMMENT

MR. MORRIS GRAY of the class of 1877 has given to the Harvard College Library the sum of $30,000, the income of which is to be used for the purchase of contemporary English-Speaking poetry. A supplementary gift of $2,000 will be used to complete the gaps in the shelves of the present collection of twentieth century verse, so that the income from the main sum will not be touched. In addition to these, Mr. Gray has given $10,000, the income of which will provide for occasional talks by poets or critics of poetry to those men in the University who either through a technical interest or genuine sympathy for verse may benefit by them.

MORRIS GRAY'S GIFT

The income of such a fund should be sufficient to maintain a broadly representative collection of all the tendencies of poetry in English, not only in England and America but also in Canada and Australia. Happily there is nothing in the terms of the gift to prevent the inclusion of verse in other tongues, and it is understood that Mr. Gray hopes the income will be sufficient to keep at least a generalized representation of continental verse. The present collection in the library is so limited that a large course in Modern French literature

had to be supplemented by the personal library of the instructors.

This gift has an especial significance in connection with the bequest by Amy Lowell of her library which contained most of the poetry written by her contemporaries, but which is too precious for circulation due to its personal interest. Miss Lowell's gift came with the condition it be kept together in a single room, which will also now contain the books resultant from the Gray gift.

The generosity and imagination of this gift cannot be too highly praised, and its benefits and influence cannot be estimated until the poets of the future are in due course collected and placed.

* * *

The Editors of THE HOUND & HORN very much regret that they were unable to include in the present issue certain poems, essays, and reviews which they had arranged to publish. An utterly rigid limit of space made their publication impossible. With their apology, the Editors' gratitude is due to all those contributors whose work does not appear. Much of this material will be printed in later issues of THE HOUND & HORN.

THE HUMANISM OF W. C. BROWNELL

CRITICISM in America, when it is serious, resembles an autopsy. From the critics who make the most anxious genuflections before native genius to those more severely judicial the recurrent note is one of solicitude at failure. In spite of gifted writers and great books American literature gives a total impression of frustrated possibilities. Considered in relation to their possible achievements our authors appear impotent and unrealized. Somehow their greatest successes make us despair; they should have been even greater and more numerous.

The most recent school of critics has diagnosed the failure in terms of an uncongenial environment and an undue dependence upon a lifeless, genteel tradition. The beauty of this theory is that it works both ways. According to Van Wyck Brooks, Mark Twain failed because the artist in him was suppressed by his acceptance of the values of the "Gilded Age." According to Van Wyck Brooks, Henry James failed because the artist in him made him forsake the values of the "Gilded Age" and go elsewhere for his material. With a sociological writer like Brooks, who in his more youthful days vaguely but enthusiastically attended a renaissance, W. C. Brownell is in disfavour. The same charge against him as put by Lewis Mumford is, that he was "not prepared to face the chaos of transition." He is, therefore, dismissed as irrelevant. And Gorham B. Munson, rather breathlessly hoisting the ensign of humanism, dismisses him as a Victorian "Standpatter."

To his Victorian contemporaries, Brownell was neither ir-

relevant nor a standpatter. Russell Sturgis, writing in the *International Monthly,* considers "French Art" "one of the finest pieces of careful discrimination which the language contains . . . the most important piece of critical fine art work done in the English language by any person not a practicing artist." G. M. Harper, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly,* calls Brownell "one of those who sow the seed of discontent . . . the effect of his criticism upon his reader is to dissolve false security." And Mrs. Wharton, in a recent essay in *Scribner's,* voices the opinion of a generation brought up on Matthew Arnold, Taine, and Sainte-Beuve, when she judges him "the most discerning literary critic of our day."

Yet to a younger generation Brownell is irrelevant. The charge of irrelevancy has been made so frequently these days that it has practically lost all meaning. Anything that does not pertain to a question at hand is naturally and properly irrelevant. But Brooks and his followers meant more than that when they attacked Brownell. They discarded him because he failed to qualify as a leader. He had "left them in the lurch," and *their* problems were the only significant ones. Now it may be that Brownell has nothing significant to say on present day problems, and that these problems as discussed in literature *are* fundamental. But if his criticism is unimportant it is not for the reasons given by his critics. It is not necessary to occupy oneself with contemporary problems in order to have something of importance to say. Aristotle's "Poetics" is still relevant. T. S. Eliot's literary criticism is relevant whether he writes of the seventeenth century or the twentieth. And certain of Brownell's essays, particularly the one on Poe, and his "French Art" and "French Traits" are likely to prove of permanent worth. These alone of his nine volumes penetrate *his* subject, social criticism, with sufficient comprehension

to survive. The rest of his work is largely unimportant; much more unimportant than it should have been when we consider his talents and equipment, his clear analytical mind, his youthful catholicity of appreciation and occasional enthusiasm, his culture and concern for form. Why did not this *honnête homme* of charm, personal distinction and fine perceptions, measure up to the promise of his great abilities? For they were very great, large enough to insure him an enduring success, an equal place with his most celebrated European contemporaries. Why then did Brownell essentially fail?

The answer, as I see it, reduces to his sensibility, his mind, and his feeling for life. In all these was an absence of direct response to the object. His senses never felt a concrete situation freshly, unmediated by the anticipations of habit. His mind, acute in distinguishing things, rarely attained any ideas and never a general philosophy. And his feeling for life seldom drove him to remove the blinkers of convention.

Brownell attended very closely to language; his vocabulary was extensive and unduly prodigal of ponderous latinism: osculation, postprandial, agglutinate, asserine, vinculum, vaticinate, triturate, and the like occur with deliberate frequency. But his use of words serves to expose his impoverished sensibility. He weighed words and not sensations, the dictionary meaning and not the qualities of the object. Consequently the senses never served his diction nor the intellect his senses. The pungent bite, the warm sensuous thrill of a unique and indescribable quality captured by metaphor is never attained. Even when he proposes a concrete example Brownell seems unable to establish the proper sensuous contact. He intends to exhibit an object and yet all the reader sees is the gesture and the processes of his mind. In a discussion of mannerism he writes, "An instance is that which makes one of the most de-

lightful traits of one of the most delightful of our actresses undervalued by routine proscription of mannerism that is piquant along with that which is flat." The stage is set, but where is the delightful actress and what is her delightful trait? His wit is similarly recondite and obscure. "The weaknesses of Isaac are apparent enough to Ishmael and, though his railing at them may seem Bedouin to the Brahmin, it is not to be called Boeotian."

The same blunt edge of mind with which his senses turned away impressions also blundered among ideas. In spite of endless discriminations his thought is confused. Not because his discriminations were too numerous or because he possessed a too subtle intellect. Socrates made many nice distinctions. But they sharply cut an idea from its dross of foreign matter and enable one to behold it in all its sparkling clarity. Brownell unfortunately analysed the wrong things. His mind fumbled where his senses should have been — on surfaces, on appearances. Consequently innumerable fine exclusions and differences failed to bring out similarities and ultimate identities. The end of thought, the idea, the generalization, is never attained.

Philosophy was beyond his ken. A little of it, to be sure, was recommended to the aspiring writer as a complement to the stricter regimen of culture and history. "The grammar of the abstract" took the shine off concrete things like powder on the nose. But though training in the realm of abstract thought gives precision to the writer in his thinking, the "abstract terms that savor of pedantry" must be cultivated sparingly. Metaphysics, as Michelet said, is "l'art de s'égarer avec méthode."

Philosophy, however, has a way of revenging herself on those who despise her. They necessarily become bad philoso-

phers. And that is no slight evil. For in one sense philosophy is a sustained effort to discover what one is talking about. Often, it is true, the philosopher becomes entirely engrossed in the art of talking, in the rhetoric of his subject, and turns into an epistemologist. The true philosopher, however, advances steadily from the inaccuracy and vagueness of every day speech to the approximate clarity, distinctness and explanatory self-evidence of a definition. The critic who has no interest in philosophy is almost certain to think uncritically. Brownell's treatment of ideas was of this uncritical nature. Certain of them were his dearest friends; he hobnobbed with the true, the beautiful and the good; called them familiarly by their first names, and never really knew them. He never even suspected that there was anything to know. The purpose of the novel he remarks in passing is: "To illustrate the true and aggrandize the good as well as to express the beautiful." But he waves a careless hand and never seeks for a more intimate acquaintance. He fraternized freely with democracy; from youth a mystic acolyte, he once soberly called her: "The finest thing in the secular world." But the incense of his worship so enshrouded his writings on the secular goddess that she was invisible to all — even to her adorer.

So one can read through "Democratic Distinction in America" and never discover what Brownell means by democracy. One discovers that Americans possess great energy, vitality and enterprise, and that they are distinguished by their amiability, goodness of heart, and idealism. And one is assured that "It is immensely fortunate for us that essentially and in the main we do all feel alike, are at all events exceptionally free socially from division due to racial diversity of interest and interests, and thus, essentially and exceptionally consti-

tute a nation. Our solidarity comes from this interior cohesiveness and owes little to condensation through foreign pressure." Brownell never really sees democracy, and what the reader sees is the amiability, goodness of heart and idealism of Brownell himself.

So with an excessive amount of thinking ("to produce vital and useful criticism it is necessary to think, think, think and when tired of thinking to think more") Brownell produced no thoughts. His failure to question deeply deprived him of a real philosophy, of a consistent interpretative doctrine of first principles. And his failure to question deeply results, I believe, from a more fundamental failure, namely to respond to life directly. By that I mean simply that he was too much at ease in a complete and settled world, free from dangers, high ambitions, and the energizing shock of conflict. He rather too complacently accepted the best that has been thought and said in the world *as* the best that has been thought and said without demanding its inner justification. The active sense of life was foreign to his placid attitude and so his urbanity was more a polish than a full flowering and bloom. True, he occasionally fretted at his age. He recommended the French social instinct as "inseparable from the visions which a material age permits to the few idealists of today." But the materialism appears to refer to vulgar mundane affairs and the idealism to the ideals of his Newport society. "I remember a Newport lady," he remarks, "writing from Athens itself to her little nephew at home, 'Don't you think it is a piece of good fortune to live in the most beautiful place in the world!'" And he adds that he shares her sentiment.

It was an article of his creed to accept the deeper tendencies of the day as though they were predestined impersonal forces

which it would be a sterile folly to resist. He rebuked the assurance and waywardness of parochial fashions, particularly of the Victorians. "But what is indisputable is, that we are irretrievably committed to the present aesthetic attitude and inspiration, and must share not only the romanticists' impatience with academic formulae and convention, but the realists' devotion to life and the world as they actually exist. The future may be different, but we are living in the present, and what is important is, after all, to live. It is also so difficult that not to take the line of least resistance is fatuity."

Not to take the line of least resistance is fatuity. There is a ground for Brownell's failure. Now the line of least resistance may lead one to assimilate the habits of a period, its science, art and philosophy. Such conformity to convention is a great convenience; it economizes and directs one's energy. It may even for a time, when one is young and expanding within the forms of an etiquette, sustain and inspire. "French Traits" and "French Art" were the products of such a happy conjunction. But an etiquette which is not replaced by a decorum, and a convention which is not vivified by a personal perception of values at last grows stale and suffocating. The inferiority of Brownell's later books to his early ones in style, keenness of observation, and general wisdom, indicates that there was no inner power of growth to continue beyond the development that the line of least resistance at first permitted. With the disappearance of the society that he so easily and gracefully accepted, Brownell was deprived of his substance; nothing further nourished him, and his rare tact, lacking a congenial environment, futilely protested against the reigning vulgarities. His insights, while genuine, were those of a cultivated taste unable to rationalize its preferences and hence unable to persuade.

Once, however, Brownell deviated from the line of least resistance and lived. It was when the magnificence of his friend Rodin exalted his youthful imagination. The chapters on Rodin in "French Art" for sheer gusto and animated feeling are unequalled elsewhere in the book. Brownell appeals to a great artistic personality, an extraordinary and powerful temperament, a genius.

But even when Brownell feels most the impact, the strife and the impetus of life, one doubts the continuance of his inspiration. Rodin and not Brownell dominates. While close to him, Brownell had predicted that painting would again become creative, constructive and personally expressive. Yet he never mentions Cézanne, Gauguin or Van Gogh. And in his later books only Matisse and Clive Bell are referred to in the general condemnation of modern painting.

The youthful Brownell, still actively stimulated by his environment, was more discriminating and less dogmatic. Then he was a relativist with standards, an individualist with a cosmopolitan taste, and a sceptic with a philosophy. Art he held does not stand still. It is an expression of the spirit of its age. Considered subjectively, temporally, particularly, each age is necessarily different from all other ages. Its individual problems are new and they demand novel solutions. Its material presented spontaneously permits only certain possibilities of arrangement, and prescribes the limits of their formal perfections. To him the great artist is profoundly original; he seduces a perfection from her Olympian heights, and weds her to a special material. His achievement is unique. He will have imitators but no successors. For once a thing is done, it is done for all time; an absolute break with it is necessary if youth is to pursue its virgin ideals.

Thus, to Brownell, the modern and mediaeval worlds dif-

fer too widely to resemble each other greatly in their genuine expressions. The facts, the problems, and the attitudes of mind are so different that universality becomes an impossible ideal. St. Francis, Dante, and Thomas Aquinas have irrevocably gone by. Even Newport suffered by transplanting an exotic ideal. It studiously modelled itself after an English country life with which it had the most superficial resemblances. As a result "it created the effect of a reflection and not an original, and abandoned its proper heritage of vivacity and high-spirited decorousness."

The practical corollary of this relativism would be the sponsorship of an indigenous art. An art purely American, consciously cut off from foreign culture and tradition, and exclusively devoted to the cultivation of its native qualities. This conclusion, implicit in Brownell's arguments, was vigorously drawn by the generation that despised him, the generation of Van Wyck Brooks, of Randolph Bourne and of the *Seven Arts*. Let us draw on the primordial springs of our life, they cry, let us tap the aboriginal sources of our genius, let us "turn our eyes upon our own art for a time, shut ourselves in with our own genius, and cultivate with an intense and partial pride what we have already achieved against the obstacles of our cultural humility. Only thus shall we conserve the American spirit, and saturate the next generation with those qualities which are our strength. Only thus can we take our rightful place among the cultures of the world to which we are entitled if we would but recognize them."[1]

The enthusiasm is admirable but what of the doctrine? Its great weakness is its half-heartedness. For shut the artist in

[1] Randolph Bourne, "The History of a Literary Radical," chapter on "Our Cultural Humility." According to Brooks, Bourne "revealed us to ourselves, he intensified and at the same time corroborated our desires; above all he showed us what we had in common and what new increments of life might arise out of the friction of our differences."

with his own genius and it is a loose courtesy and a faulty logic that would eliminate foreign culture and yet would extend his identity to his fellow countrymen and his nation's past. Indeed, on this principle, he must abandon his own personal past as insufficiently indigenous except as the spontaneous creation of each separate moment. Apply the doctrine consistently, discard everything that is not one's unique self, and the inevitable result is solipsism. All that the artist has left is the indeterminate gush of the *élan vital.* Even if one relaxes strict dialectic and allows the plea for indigenous art on pragmatic grounds, the case is still hopeless. On what principle are the traditions and art of one's country declared to be useful? Because they work better? Do they? Has history and culture been tried? Nothing can be declared irrelevant until it is known, and so on pragmatic grounds, culture must first be assimilated before it can be rejected.

Bourne, himself, in one of his last essays, "Trans-National America," begins to doubt his early enthusiasms. In fact he completely reverses his position. He admits that "we shall have to give up the search for our native 'American' culture. With the exception of the South, and that New England which like the Red Indian, seems to be passing into solemn oblivion, there is no distinctively American culture. It is apparently our lot rather to be a federation of cultures. . . . In the light of our changing idea of Americanism we must perpetrate the paradox that our American cultural tradition lies in the future. It will be what we all-together make of this incomparable opportunity of attacking the future with a new key."

Now it would be as fatuous for the present generation to reject Bourne's generation as it was for his generation to reject its academic elders. "One of the peculiarities of recent spec-

ulation," remarks Santayana, "especially in America, is that ideas are abandoned in virtue of a mere change of feeling, without any new evidence or new arguments. We do not nowadays refute our predecessors, we pleasantly bid them goodbye." Bourne and his followers were undoubtedly unfair to Brownell. But their instinctive reaction is indicative of more than the recoil of one generation from its predecessor. They felt that academic wisdom, however just it might be, was no remedy for their ills. Now a patient is usually in the right when he complains that the doctors are not benefitting him. But when he prescribes for himself the result is often fatal. The cure advocated by Bourne was only a perversion of the academic panacea as he conceived it. To save the artist, he substituted the narrower traditions of America for the traditions of a more general culture. But this remedy is only a variation of a principle which both doctrines hold in common, namely subjectivism. Brownell's relativism, analyzed to its last implication as in Bourne, leads to solipsism. Brownell, however, never felt the dilemma. And his appeal to culture never really solved it.

But while it is necessary to emphasize the failure of his criticism to deal with the problems most deeply affecting it, the high distinction of Brownell's observation and judgments should not be overlooked. When he spoke of culture it was *as* a cultured man, as a person whose opinions, quite apart from their philosophic grounding, are of immense practical significance. The value of culture to the artist he declared to be purely utilitarian. Acceptance of a settled convention usually broadens the artist's mind, frees him from the conscious pursuit of culture and allows him to concentrate on more technical difficulties. The establishment of a convention is therefore of fundamental importance, and because the French carried

the social instinct to its highest expression, and sought development in common, Brownell thought that France "more than any other nation has always represented the aspirations of civilization." The sense of stability, of balance, and of propriety is attained through the collective work of schools. This architectonic spirit, which was the foundation for all individual effort, then permits a superstructure of taste, elegance and imaginative freedom. The obvious danger was conventionalism. French art, in general, seemed to Brownell to lack the personal flavor to escape from it. Only its geniuses, its wholly exceptional men, escaped. And in them he notices most conspicuously the national traits. Thus Rodin's revolt from the Institute was a demonstration of the latter's value; it offered a concrete convention which served to solidify the reaction and give it body.

So America, which lacks an established convention, has a great deal to learn from France. Our difference from Europe does not consist in the difference between the European *milieu* and ours; it consists, according to Brownell, in the fact that we have no *milieu* at all. As a result the differentiation of our individuality begins too soon and stops far short of real importance. To supply a convention, Brownell recommended culture. It was to be a means to an actual present end. The ideals of the past, their attained perfections were to be used, not adopted.

But had Brownell ever questioned the purpose and value of convention and culture and art? He accepted them to be sure, as he accepted the tendencies of his day and as he followed the line of least resistance. But he questioned them no more than he did the true, the beautiful, and the good. They really mattered so little that he could be complacent and uncritical about them. Only the true believer doubts, and

Brownell never believed. How could he? They were not the rock of his existence as the dogmas of the Church are to the pious Catholic. Nor were they convictions personally sought and personally gained, a faith on which he had built his life. If they had really mattered, his later books, "Standards," the "Genius of Style" and "Criticism," would have contained a confession of faith, whereas they show an elderly gentleman rather pettishly and platitudinously taking his younger contemporaries to task. Culture to Brownell was something one absorbed, as an expanding crystal absorbs water, and not a necessity for one's organic development. Culture to Matthew Arnold, whom Brownell misquotes, was "a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know on all the matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world. . . . And the culture we recommend is above all an inward operation." By neglecting the inner operation towards a total perfection, Brownell disjoins culture from activity and makes it a passive affair of the disinterested curiosity. This disinterested curiosity may play with particular relish upon literature and art. But such a preference is purely a matter of taste. There is disinterested curiosity, an indefinite number of objects, and absolutely no principle of evaluation. If pushpins satisfy one's curiosity they are every bit as good as poetry.

This is pure impressionism, the moral subjectivism that Bourne and his generation unconsciously took over. They were energetic, it is true, but was literature and art to them anything more than a means for expressing their unique characteristics? Had it any more rational justification than their own intolerant interest? If they had thought it important in any other way, as dealing somehow with the more permanent interests of the human spirit, they would not have been so contemptu-

ous of culture. So their display of energy, so quickly dissipated, need not deceive us as to their essential subjectivism. On their principles, which admitted of no order of values, the business man was the ideal expression of the American spirit.

Now subjectivism is an uncomfortable position. And for the contemporary artist it has two serious disadvantages. The first is the absence of a scale of values, of an ethics, of a philosophy, that shall *underlie* his work, that shall be *presupposed* by it. This inclusive philosophy would save the artist from triviality and ephemerality that come from preoccupation with irrelevant subjects such as sociology and special psychologies. In short it would tell the artist the nature of his proper task, and direct him to it. But a correct philosophy is not enough. No amount of criticism and salutary doctrine will suffice for the production of great literature. A society containing in its concrete practices and judgments a convention and a tradition is also necessary. The society need not be too homogeneous and stable. But in proportion, as it is in disequilibrium it must be alive, like the Elizabethan, with many vigorous conventions competing for supremacy. The society serves to vivify, fertilize, and challenge the ambitions of the artist; it acts as a center of resistance, a restricting and a directing force.

In the present day there is no such philosophy and no such society. How is the artist to escape from subjectivism? When he is young, personal energy may be sufficient — how many impressive beginnings have we not witnessed? But the artist cannot create a world by himself. What then? Brownell, in the remarks on personality scattered throughout his books, hints at the answer. He believed personality to be "the most interesting thing in the world and the proper study of mankind." Unlike mere individuality, which "is a matter of the

will, personality is of the character." It is "the element *par excellence* that centralizes, unifies and renders communicable any set of ideas, or even any particular point of view." It is "the condition of any vital art whatsoever," "the ultimate element of any form of expression," and "the essence of poetry." What more has Brownell to say of the proper study of mankind? Only this: "to prescribe personality, however, is absurd, since to define it is impossible."

Philosophy, indeed, has a way of revenging herself on those who ignore her. In this case a tragic revenge; for these isolated insights of Brownell's imply a doctrine which is the only personal solution of subjectivism. That doctrine is humanism.

To define humanism in this essay would be an impossible task. But its essential tenets, as I understand them, can be stated arbitrarily. These tenets are two; and are in answer to the question, What is Man? The first is that human life consists essentially in activity. Now pure change and motion, though they be as recurrent as the sequence of the seasons, are not activity. Nor is activity found in the harmonious adaptation of an organism to its environment in the growth of a tree or in a bird building its nest. It requires, to be sure, as its basis, a certain amount of animal vitality, which by itself, before it is revealed and ordered in expression is purely potential, indeterminate and unknowable. But mere expression of energy, which in assuming a definite form, becomes objective and knowable, although it may impress the savage and the anaemic, is only the simulacrum of activity. Only an end, consciously chosen, translates energy, otherwise deployed at random, to activity.

This notion of activity, however, does not contain the solution to moral subjectivism. For though life consists essen-

tially in activity, it has yet to be established that there is a certain sort of activity which is characteristically human, that "The Divine Comedy" is more humanly significant than Dante flicking a bit of dust from his coat. The second tenet of humanism fairly faces this fundamental difficulty. It is that there is one ideal end, one kind of activity, which is a perfect form for man's potential various nature. This end, which is purely formal, and therefore necessarily the same for all men, introduces a hierarchy of values into all human actions. By reference to it, all actions are considered as better or as worse, as important or as insignificant, as good or as evil. But this *real* nature of man can never be precisely known: it is nothing apart from the particular concrete activities of men, and yet it is not these activities alone. It is their ideal end, approximately attainable and defined in somewhat the same way as Professor Whitehead defines a point by extensive abstraction. In artistic creation, because of its selection, and consequent freedom from the arbitrary, its completeness and its objectivity, man most fully realizes his nature. If we wish to discover what man is, then we must not look to psychology or history or biography or philosophy. These are all useful and necessary as supplying the resources, the potentialities, the accomplishments of man, which are the criteria of verisimilitude, of those actions which are humanly probable. It is to the sum total of artistic achievement, to the actuality of man, that we must look, if we wish to compose a pattern or a series of patterns of those perfections which are open to us. "For the action is the end, and the actuality is the action: Where, then, the result is something apart from the exercise, the actuality is in the thing that is being made."[2]

Literature meant no such thing to Brownell. At first, in

[2] Aristotle's "Metaphysics," 1050a.

his impressionist days, he held that the true motto of criticism was "tout comprendre, c'est tout justifier," and that "catholicity of sensitiveness," "catholicity of appreciation," and poise were sufficient to secure critical felicity. Even in his later books Brownell maintained that the critic finally rests upon instinct and that true criticism is the rationalizing of taste. From that position a statement of the problem and nothing more, he draws the bleak dialectical conclusion that the function of criticism lies "in the exposition of the principles that are the true tests of standards." Since there was no attempt to discover those principles, one searches in vain in Brownell's critical essays to see them exhibited.

Of course there are genial democratic references to his old friends' ideas. "The highest service of criticism is to secure that the true and the beautiful, and not the ugly and the false, may in wider and wider circles of appreciation be esteemed to be the good." But Brownell's interest was not in them. Nor was it in the genuine object of criticism, the intrinsic qualities of the work of art. On the contrary the mind behind the work of art alone invited his interpretation. The first thing he wanted to know was "what and how much does the mind of the artist contain? . . . It is the *qualities* of the writer, painter, sculptor, and not the *properties* of their production," that are his central concern. "Not *Manfred* but Byron, not the *Choral Symphony*, but Beethoven." That the mind of the artist *is* his work did not occur to Brownell, although such a conception will alone save the critic from subjectivism. Brownell thus completely reverses the proper procedure; his critical essays tell us practically nothing of the contents of literature itself. They are never referred to, and so there is no objective ground on which critic and reader can meet. Instead, one is enclosed in the processes of Brownell's own mind. Accord-

ingly a knowledge of the writers he discusses will not make Brownell's criticism significant, it will simply render it intelligible. And what is rendered intelligible will be observations often very acute about the minds of the writers in question.

The reader need not be surprised then if Ruskin is called didactic and his message never explained. That Ruskin is "beyond all cavil, superb in his adoration of nature," and yet Brownell devotes only one paragraph to this cardinal virtue. That Hawthorne deals "with some phase of the soul, some aspect or quality or transaction of the spiritual life," and that Brownell has not even one sentence telling us what Hawthorne meant by the soul and the spiritual life. And that Brownell's subtlety far from being at home with Henry James's subtlety goes hopelessly astray. How exasperated he is that James "has made of his work a kind of elaborate and complicated fortification between us and his personality." And that "for the lack of some unifying philosophy, each work is an independent illustration of some particular exercise of his talent, and his personality is dissipated by being thus disseminated." If Brownell had only realized the perfection of James's achievement in thus separating his works from himself. If he had only trusted fully James's artistic integrity and studied the achievement, the actuality of James for itself, he might then have found a personality and a unifying philosophy. He might even have laid the foundations of humanism, a true inheritance for his successors, besides the collection of social observations and isolated insights that are his major achievement in "French Art" and "French Traits."

BERNARD BANDLER II

Athlete

Peter Teigen

ANNE GARNER

LIKE a stone set to mark a death, the bed
Leaned through the leaping darkness, gaunt and square
Against the firelight.
In her agony
Bent like a birch ice-laden, Anne Garner lay:
The silent woman by her in the dimness
Turned to the firelight, and said to the husband,
"She's laborin' hard; best set the plow beneath her."
Hips leant between the handles of the plow,
He thrust the flame-blue share beneath the bed.
And all the anguish flowed from her taut body,
Leaving her limp and silent in the darkness.
Then from the shadows the old woman walked,
Holding on rootlike hands the still-born child.
The father drew the sheet to veil the eyes
That sought to pierce the leaping darkness where
Against the firelight, gaunt and square, the bed
Leaned like a stone set up to mark a death.

In harsh nakedness the earth upward thrusts
Its gaunt body, through the thin shroud of snow.
Above the rim of rocks, in the east,
Like a dull band of metal bends the dawn.
In the ice-clamped earth ring the shovels
And the ice-clamped earth leaps black
Against the sky.
At the grave, Anne Garner
Holds the child, in a fleece close-wrapped,
Close-locked in a strong oak box.

In a strong oak box close-locked
They lower him into the frozen earth,
Lower him among the frozen roots.
The earth drums loud on the box.
Loud ring the shovels, and the wails
Of the women ring across the barren fields.
The mother stands silent by the grave.

Here, on this height of pasture, where
The wheeling sky and turning earth
Convolute, grind;
Here, at the universe's core,
Here, on infinity's blind shore
Let him lie buried.

Here earth bereft again receives
Into her open womb, her babe;
Let the womb cohere:
Let the flesh of her babe become her flesh,
Let the blood of the babe to the hidden wells
Of life drain downward.

Let him live in womb and womb of earth;
In the swelling seed of every plant
Let him live.
Let him distil on rising mists,
Let him be blown along the sky,
Let him rise through womb upon womb of light;
With stars at their birth
Let him again be born.

High in the dark looms of the sky, the wind
With gentle hands wove a fine web of snow

Which from those silent fingers flowed in silence
Downward, to trail across the stony hills,
Downward, to settle over the black fields.
And now about Anne, the white-shrouded fields
Swept outward into an oblivion
Of whiteness. On every side an even whiteness
Was all that Anne could see, save where the wind
Laid bare and dreadful some black, angled stone.
That night her husband held her in his arms,
Spoke a few broken words, and in the darkness
Waited in sorrowful silence for the weeping
That he could better bear and better comfort
Than speechless grief. But at his side she lay,
The white snows falling, falling in her soul,
Blinding her grief save where some twisted stratum
Of her soul's framework thrust up bare and black.
And thus she sat throughout the winter days,
Holding her grief within her as a woman
Carrying a child unborn cradles its presence,
And sits apart in silence, cherishing
Its unborn life in joyful solitude.
Her husband would sit in sorrow, watching her;
Watching her daily slip a little farther
From his desire, and sympathy, and love.

A few days later, answering his call,
The midwife came once more to minister
To Anne, in whom the unsuckled milk had curdled.
Down to a pond's edge the old woman led them,
Jeff with an axe and shovel. "Now start diggin',"
She said, "An' keep on diggin' till ye strike
The muck. Ye're sure to find one hereabouts."

He shovelled off the snow, and with the axe
Chopped out the ice. Kneeling, the woman peered
About, and with her fingers clawed aside
The frozen reeds. There, in the splintered ice
And twisted roots, she found a frog, frozen.
Cupping it in her hands, she blew upon it,
The white breath streaming from her twisted fingers,
Until life stirred within him. "Open yer bodice,"
She murmured. And Anne bared her aching breasts.
Then, holding by two legs the frog, she suddenly
Jerked, and the frog hung throbbing, torn asunder.
Against Anne's breasts she laid the trembling flesh.

That night Anne left her husband's side, and stole
Out to the barn. Through the warm dimness surged
The lantern light, and in the light she saw
The plow. She stood a moment, very still;
Then, grasping the smooth, lantern-shining handles,
And between the handles leaning, through the chaff
Deep-sifted on the floor, she pushed the point,
Webbing the dust with strange significance.
Deep in the barn a restless hoof struck wood.
Anne left the plow, and holding high the lantern
That shed the light in dipping circles round her,
She stopped before the stall where the black bull
Stood breathing silver mist into the darkness.
The heat rolled out against her from his body
As, wondering at the gigantic power
Low-swung and latent on those wide-spread legs,
Staring, she reached out with an eager palm,
And laid it, for a moment, on his body. . . .
Then, with a shudder, drew her hand away,

And ran, with the lantern sucking all the light
From the warm barn, and from the stamping cattle.

After that night Anne was more strange and silent
Even than formerly. Through the steel-blue dusk
That joined so closely night with winter night,
She would sit spinning in the chimney corner,
The white thread flowing round the polished wheel,
The white snow falling, falling in her soul. . . .
The ice thinned outward from the banks; the ice
Thawed upon birches pitifully bent.
From upland pasture, the cold winter sky
Lifted its weight. And yet Anne sat and spun.
Always her eyes, dull as two stones, were fixed
On the white circle streaming through the darkness.
Thus passed the dim short days; and then in silence
Drawing the sheet to veil her eyes, she lay
Upon the bed which leaned against the firelight
Like a dark stone set to mark a death.

One night Anne woke, and, ear pressed to the darkness,
Knew that the world was called again to life.
Life poured against the walls in silent torrents . . .
The walls of wood, that locked her close within them!
She sprang up, and ran out into the night,
Blind in her running. Through the hissing pines
And out upon that naked lift of pasture
Where lay her still-born child, she came, and there
Was caught in the wash and welter of two waves
Of life. From field and forest life welled upward,
And from the sky life fell like streaming rain
And lay upon the earth in a black flood.

Over the rock-rimmed pasture heights, the stars
Poured through the sky, and earthward from the sky
Struck silver rods of starlight, in black prisms
Of night.
Anne stood a moment, hands upraised,
Then sank upon the grave, her body tense
Against the earth. And there she lay until
Dawn's white sunbladed wings soared up the east.
Then standing up, beneath her feet she saw
Fields rear their arched brown backs above the mists,
Saw the wild foaming green on every tree.
She saw black cattle moving through the dawn
Up heights of pasture. Through the spreading dawn
Leaped a wild, silver wind, that circled round her,
Then gathered all its power and blew against
And through her, whipping her joy-maddened body
Into the riot and revel of its dance.

Now the blue plowshare surged in the broad fields,
The black earth, riven by the flame-like blade,
In sinuous furrows flowed behind. Anne watched
The plunging and inexorable plow,
Watched her husband guiding it, and when
The work was done, and over the quiet hills
The sky glowed greenly, stealing out alone,
Anne pressed her body to the raw, rich earth
And felt life swelling great against locked stones.
As the fields grew toward grandeur of the harvest,
Anne walked in silent joy through the tall grain
Silver and shadowy in the shifting wind,
Or stood beneath the dip of apple-boughs,
Long fingers searching out the ripening fruit

Let down in heaviness through clasp of leaves.

Now in the fields men cradled flashing scythes
Slanting in unison close to the ground.
The wheat sank ripe and rustling, and the women
Following, swept it up in golden armfuls,
Binding it on their hips.
But Anne stood by,
Chained to the earth by the ripe, gold grain,
Her body towering in the gold sunlight
Above the crash of wind-bewildered grain,
Above the harvest-work of man and metal.

On windy nights the apples thundered down.
The fields grew hard and black as the cold crept
Little by little, down the bitter sky.
Anne saw the trees bleed on the earth their leaves,
And saw the rose-bush cower against the trellis,
And saw the rose lock all its life and color
Within a bitter berry, tremulous
On the bare bramble, in the icy wind.
She took her child and buried him again
High on the pasture, under the cold stars,
And bent her body to the whirring wheel.
When in the high looms of the windy sky
Fine veils of snow were woven and blew out
Above the naked fields, then in her soul
Fell the white snow, the blind and soothing snow.

* * * * *

As the years passed, the people turned to Anne
In doubt about some matter of their planting.
For with the years, Anne seemed to grow more learned

In all the mysteries of darkened moons,
Of hidden wells. And always at a birth
Silent and skilled she bent above the bed.
Always she moved among them like a ghost,
Her eyes as dull and fixed as two round stones.
But while the people round her bent their backs
Beneath the inexorable scourge of age,
Her body gained in stature and in strength,
Becoming every spring a little richer,
More flowing in its grace. And when alone,
Her eyes were still as water beneath mist.

All through the winter days she sat alone,
Spinning the white thread round the dark wood wheel;
At night she lay sometimes beside her husband,
Silent and grey and bitter, and more often
She stole out to the barn, and gazed about her
At all the symbols of the black earth's yield —
Plow, scythe, harrow — and lay down
To sleep among them, with the stamping cattle.
In winter she was never seen outdoors,
But locked her grief within the cabin's dimness.

But on the night
When Spring and Winter overlapped great wings
High in the sky, and like two eagles fought
For dominance below, she would run out
Into the flooding winds. And after that
She scarcely lived within the cabin's walls,
But with the cattle moving up the mountain
She walked along the streaming mists of dawn,
Until beneath the sun they burned to nothingness;

Then in the swaying dimness of the forest
She lay beneath the gnarled mountain laurel
Or on the cool and calm of fallen oakleaves,
And heard the rush of wind among the leaves,
The subtle writhe and shiver of an earth
Forever tortured by the myriad roots
Sprawling in darkness downward. And at night,
When the sheep whitely streamed down the bare hills,
When darkness welled down the wide peaceful sky,
And silence mourned over the misty earth,
She rose, and from the height of naked pasture
Watched the stars slowly swing across the sky,
Or brooded above the dark, wide fields that flowed
Into the starlight, cradling the life
That blindly moved within.
Life was in death:
The world rolled black and barren in its mists,
And life was locked deep in the sheathing snows;
Then wind and sun and rain came, like a lover,
Clasping the world in fierce, caressing arms,
And on her body lying, warm and undulant;
And all life sprang to meet him.
And with life
Of her own life thus given each year's rebirth,
Anne came to look upon herself as earth,
And lying strained against the earth, cried out
In joy at sweeping winds, at the warm sun,
At the black rain that plunged into the earth.
And thus, as the years passed, she lost the rhythms
That govern human life, and seemed to live
More like a tree, or like the earth itself.
The only intercourse with human-kind

She held, was at a childbirth or a funeral,
Or in the spring, when all the people turned
Toward her to guide them in their planting. Then
With strange serenity she moved among them,
Handling the simple farming implements
Like sacred symbols of fertility.

As long as Anne lived, all the countryside
Was rich in produce — as long as Anne lived.

* * * * *

Anne never would have died within four walls,
Her body stretched beneath a fear clutched sheet.
She never could have died, save in some great
Catastrophe of all the universe.

On a night in moon-dark, all the people stood
Silent and fearful, at the soil's first breaking.
The horses loomed against the starry sky,
And Anne, behind them, stood a minute, gazing
Across the black earth, and the shrinking snows.
Then, grasping the curved handles of the plow,
She poised the point against the earth, and pushed.
The horses started forward, and the earth
Rolled back before the darkly gleaming blade.
Then, stepping silently along the furrow,
With a wide-sweeping arm she cast out grain,
And once more stood in silence, staring out
Across the windblown fields, the windblown stars.

Next morning, all the preachers of the country
Saddled their horses, rode to every cabin,

Stood in the doorway, clenching in white knuckles
A roll of scripture, and forewarned the people
That in the darkened moon, only two nights
From then, all in the dread of God should gather
To greet, amidst fearsome falling of the stars,
The blasting of evil and the doom of earth.
And all the people swarmed down the ravines,
And crowded the frame churches, and began
Even in early dusk, to wail and sing
And pray, and hear the preacher's exhortations.

Anne lay half sinking in the fragrant needles
Fallen beneath the pines. Above her rose
The pasture, straining toward darkening sky.
Faint upon the crest she could discern
The higher grass beneath which lay her child.
The pines hissed softly in the evening breeze,
And in the clear sky, one by one, the stars
Burned through. From far below in the valley
The slow bells of returning flocks rang out.
Then darkness, like a slow wind in the sky,
Settled upon the hills —
Down through the sky
A star streamed, like a golden rod that split
In half the darkness.
Anne sprang to her feet
And, running to the highest crest of pasture,
Stood, staring out across the world. Another
And yet another, and again a star
Streaked downward. All the heavens seemed to slip
And swoop and shuttle, weaving a wild web
Of gold across the sky. And then, through all,

Fell a great, burning sphere, and myriad stars
Around it. —

Sweeping above her wide black fields,
Rending screaming air asunder,
Into fields glowing stars
Plunge with roll and groan of thunder.

Down wide skies the golden plow
Riving, cleaves a flaming furrow
Wide for the seeds of a greater sowing.
Whence comes the sower? Along the furrow

Striding great upon the sky,
Sweeping wide a flaming hand,
He sows the universe anew,
Advancing toward her pasture-land
Arms flexed above her, blotting the sky
With body bent to the world's rim. . . .

. . . . . .

Her husband found her on the heave of earth
Beneath which lay her child, in six oak boards
Tight-locked against the earth. Anne's hair was blown
Back from the hollow temples, in a way
To mould the head in savage eagerness
Which bent her body into one taut curve.

Clawing in jealousy at his swept beard,
He pondered the chisellings of lust
That so transformed in death the woman who
Had lived beside him silent as a ghost.

Then seeing that the clothes torn from her body
Were clenched in her own hands, he made all haste
To bury her before his neighbors, coming
And staring at that flared and joyful mouth,
Should nudge and whisper, and believe the thing
He knew could not be true. So, from his cabin
Returning with a shovel, he began
To dig, fearing to question the lustful mask.

He dug down through the grave where, years before,
His shovel rang out in the ice-clamped earth,
And digging, struck the box. He pried it open
And strangely gazed upon the fleece that wrapped
His child. Then, lifting in his arms his wife,
He lowered her among the broken roots
And starting to replace the little box,
Stopped. From the fleece he clutched the crumbled bones,
And in Anne Garner's mouth he sprinkled bones,
And on Anne Garner's eyes he sprinkled bones —

Then gently laid the earth above her body,
And looked about him at the windswept dawn,
And slowly through the trees walked to his cabin.

J. R. Agee

GORDON CRAIG'S IDEAS OF DRAMA

WHEN Gordon Craig was seventeen he entered the company of Henry Irving and acted with Irving from 1889 to 1897; from 1900 to 1903 he produced "Dido and Æneas," "Acis and Galatea," "The Masque of Love," "Sword and Song," "The Vikings" and "Much Ado About Nothing" in London; in 1905-6 he made designs for "Electra" and "Rosmersholm" for Eleonora Duse; in 1909 he produced "Hamlet" at the Moscow Art Theatre; since 1908 he has been an exile in Italy, whence he issues his prophecies in quarterly form by way of *The Mask*. He belongs, therefore, to the generation of the Moscow Art Theatre, of Duse and of Isadora Duncan, the theatre which is the immediate predecessor of our theatre of today. A clear understanding of Gordon Craig would throw light on the end of the nineteenth century in general and on our contemporary theatre in particular, where so many of his followers are active. The best known of these is Max Reinhardt, but Gordon Craig counts many other disciples as well. *The London Times* itself has all-hailed him as "the mouth through which the dawn of the new art of the Theatre has made its music."

Yet, although Gordon Craig's ideas are widely accepted, it is by no means easy to determine just what these ideas are. The difficulty is not only that he is a confused and contradictory theorist, but that the meagerness of his theory is all but lost in the mass of his polemic. He is a prophet so busy in denouncing the present abominations of Zion that he has scant time left over for a vision of the Promised Land. With the

years, polemic has come to usurp the whole field of his attention. The reason for this is probably because he misplaces the struggle of the artist. He says that the artist is a sportsman and that "you must play at Art as you play at cricket." Artistic creation is a struggle, certainly, but it is the internal struggle of the artist with his own disorder, not a struggle with an external opponent, as sport is.

This article misrepresents Gordon Craig by not concerning itself with his destructive criticism. It is only there, when he is denouncing the shallowness, the ignorance and the laziness of the actors and managers that he sees before him, that he speaks with a sound and forcible homeliness. He has made his own life an example to them by his undiscouraged industry in publishing *The Mask* year after year, and by making its back numbers an invaluable museum of prints of old theatres and of documents of past performances. He is probably more learned in these matters than anyone else now alive, although his general sense of history is fallibility itself.

I say "old theatres" and "past performances" advisedly, for Gordon Craig's gospel begins by rejecting the literary part of drama: "I have parted company with the popular belief that the *written* play is of any deep value to the Art of the Theatre. . . . It is the actor and the fury of the actor (that creates drama). He creates it by taking a story and inventing what dialogue is necessary as he goes along. . . . You think this is impossible because you will not study the subject and enquire into the past. If you did so you would find that this creating of dramas by actors was done for some two or three hundred years with immense success. . . . The actors Andreini and Scala (two great actors of the early Commedia dell' Arte) were better playwrights — though not better play-writers — than Shakespeare . . . and by the way, Andreini somewhat resembles him."

He applies this theory to Shakespeare. He begins by asking: "How is it that the manuscript of Shakespeare's plays — over thirty plays — has never been found? . . . So curious a document should have been preserved. Who destroyed it?" An ignorant person might assume the Great Fire of London and the burning of St. Faith's to be answer enough, but Gordon Craig suspects Shakespeare of having destroyed the manuscript himself so that posterity should never find out that the plays were not of his own composition. "I believe that the plays *grew* to their present literary perfection, three distinct periods marking their development. The first period saw them sketched out; the second saw them acted — and at this period many speeches and even scenes were added from week to week, at rehearsal and after performances — and the third period saw them handed over to the poet for revision before being printed. . . . Let me take for example the Comedy of 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and especially the scenes between Beatrice and Benedick. These, in my opinion, are all improvised. The manager having planned out the story — which he pieced together from old tales or having a poor play on the Hero and Claudio story in his desk — puts the material into the hands of Shakespeare, with this direction: that he is to 'go easy' with the characters of Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry and Verges, for these four rôles are to be played by the four principal comedians, and these men know something about acting! Shakespeare then sets to work. Hero and her story he elaborates lovingly, but leaves spaces when he comes to the comic scenes, and merely writes: 'In this scene Benedick and Beatrice meet and speak together'; or, 'Here Dogberry and the Watch.' Next the play passes into rehearsal — two or three rehearsals at most — during which the four principal comedians arrange together a little what they shall

talk about. Then comes the performance, when, stimulated by the close and eager presence of the spectators, they carry out their plans and improvise further—brilliantly usurping more than the share allotted to them by the playwright of action and interest. . . . Later on, Shakespeare, knowing that the plays were to be published, took the whole play and polished it; and if he removed some of its spontaneity and doubtless some of its grossness, he left in the richest, cleverest part of the decoration which those actors of genius had contributed to the structure."

Gordon Craig's is not the first head to be stumped for an explanation of the power and range of Shakespeare, but for the rest of us it does not lessen, but increases the difficulty, if we throw aside the traditional image of the middle-aged man with a pen, and try to imagine the wit of Beatrice being pattered off extempore by a boy actor of seventeen or so. I hardly think it helps to say that Shakespeare was created by the mass inspiration of many performers playing together.

However, this much is certain, that England never at any time had so strong an improvised comedy (Commedia dell' Arte) as Venice had at the end of the eighteenth century. It may be interesting to compare what Gordon Craig imagines to have been Shakespeare's manner of work with the definite knowledge we have of the Venetian, Carlo Goldoni's, way of making plays as recorded in his Memoirs. Goldoni tells how once, stung with anger, he wanted to invent and produce a play with all possible speed. Did he sketch the plot and give it to the actors to improvise the dialogue, which would have been the quickest way to do, in a theatre with a tradition of improvisation two centuries old? He wanted a well made play so he did very differently. He spent all night thinking of a way to be avenged, and then "comincio al levar del sole

una Commedia in cinque Atti, ed in versi, intitolata il *Festino*. Ogni Atto ch'io faceva lo mandava tosto al Copista, ed i Comici intanto imparavano le loro parti. Il quartodecimo giorno la Commedia venne affissata, e nel quindicesimo si recitò."[1] And this was his habitual manner of working: "Avendo il piano e le tre divisioni in mente, comincio tosto di seguito, *Atto primo, Scena prima,* e vado sino al fine, sempre dietro all massima, che tutte le linee vanno a terminare ad un punto fisso, cioè allo sviluppo dell' azione."[2] This labor was not thrown away, for Goldoni's plays are the only plays of the old Italian theatre that are still alive enough to be performed in foreign tongues. If Gordon Craig's theory was correct, then Italy would have produced a dozen Shakespeares to England's one. Instead, those transcriptions that we do possess of Commedia dell' Arte dialogue are unreadably, even unactably, dull. They are as dull as shorthand transcriptions of our vaudeville acts of today will be in a century or so, when the special tradition of vaudeville acting will have died. Commedia dell' Arte had, or rather was, just such a brilliant and special tradition of acting, and both it and vaudeville are triumphs of the virtuosity of the performer over the form of the play.

When Gordon Craig lays all the blame for the present degradation of the stage on authors, saying: "We look upon the masters of the *written* drama one and all as intruders, who have proved dangerous to the very life of the stage and who have brought it to the lowest level of dependence that inde-

[1] "At sunrise I began a comedy in five acts and in verse, called 'Il Festino.' Act by act I sent it to the copyist. The actors learned their rôles as they came forth; on the fourteenth day the play was announced on a poster, and it was performed on the fifteenth day."

[2] "Keeping the plot and three divisions in mind, I begin at once: Act One, Scene One, and proceed to the end, always following the rule that all the lines must meet at a certain point, that is, at the climax of the action."

pendence dare ever sink to," it is only fair to balance this vehemence with the similar bad names that Goldoni gave to the Commedia dell' Arte of his day, when there were no playwriters. Goldoni saw only "azioni sconcie e forzate, cattive Scene di Commedie peggiori," and thought that only good authors could bring the stage back into the interest of intelligent men.

It is highly probable, however, that Shakespeare sometimes bore in mind the abilities of individual performers when writing his plays, since he seems often to have thought of their physical appearances, what with tall Helena, short Hermia, and Lady Macbeth's little hand. He may often have set to work somewhat as Goldoni did when the latter wrote the title rôle in "Momolo Cortesan, o l'Uomo di Mondo" especially for Golinetti, the Pantaloon, because he had such good manner in society and was therefore fitted to play a beau.

Bach, to take another example, seems often to have composed his solo voice parts to take advantage of the special aptitudes of certain singers at his disposal, but no one would say that he told those singers to warble at random in order to transcribe the result and sign it J. S. Bach.

Gordon Craig says: "Don't forget that Shakespeare might have been dead years ago but for the actors." But where, we would ask, would the actors be without Shakespeare and other dramatists? The truth is that the performers draw their vitality from the dramatist in exactly the same measure as the dramatist draws his vitality from the general tradition of his place and time. The dramatist makes tradition for the actors.

Perhaps the clue to Gordon Craig's desire to make the actor the generator of drama is to be sought in a remark of T. S. Eliot's: "The interest of a performer is almost certain to be centered in himself; a very slight acquaintance with actors and

musicians will testify. The performer is interested not in form, but in opportunities for virtuosity or in the communication of his 'personality.'" Now Gordon Craig, when he thinks of himself as springing from one of the oldest theatrical families in England, as the son of Ellen Terry, as a former member of Irving's troupe, then thinks of himself as an actor, and then it flatters him as an actor to assert that drama is created by the actor and the fury of the actor. But sometimes he thinks of himself as the man who produced and built the scenery for "The Masque of Love," "The Vikings," "Sword and Song," and more, and then he asserts an entirely different idea of drama which I will next endeavor to analyze.

II

A prophet sets a goal for the future, and it must now be our task to examine the Promised Land into which Gordon Craig would lead the drama. This is not easy, for when he looks toward his "far-off, divine event," he is confused by an ecstasy of light. It may help us to see what he sees in the future if we examine first his impressions of those few dramas of the past that he considers of some value, botched though they be by contamination with pens and authors.

Three dramas haunt him especially in his writings and in his drawings; or rather not three dramas but three dramatic places: Agamemnon's Mycenae, Glamis Castle and the Platform at Elsinore. His writing so perfectly reproduces the spirit of his drawings that we can let the following quotations take the place of illustrations.

First, Æschylus: "This 'Agamemnon,' this immense creation, this piling up of earth and fable, of law and man and woman, like some pyramid in Cambogia, overgrown by a tangle of upreaching vegetation. . . . So *this* was the famous

bath, and this, too, the seven-foot sarcophagus, and round it now fallen the crimson leaves; these tapestries, the tangling tangled robe, a nice net for a King. . . ."

Then Macbeth: "I see two things. I see a lofty and steep rock, and I see the moist cloud which envelops the head of this rock. That is to say, a place for fierce and warlike men to inhabit, a place for phantoms to nest in. Ultimately this moisture will destroy the rock; ultimately these spirits will destroy the men. . . . Place there a rock! Let it mount up high. Swiftly, I tell you . . . convey the idea of a mist which hugs the head of this rock. . . . What are the lines which are the lofty lines, and which are to be seen in any lofty cliff? *The lines and their direction*, never mind the cliff. . . ."

I can find no text for the Platform at Elsinore, but the published drawings will do. The illuminating thing about these three places, the thing that puts us on the track toward Gordon Craig's ideal of drama, is that the human being and his actions are imperceptible under this Pyramid in Cambogia and this Cliff that Mounts up High. What interests Gordon Craig in these dramas is not the men and women and their actions, not even the stage properties of their actions, but something outside and beyond, the "atmosphere," the gloom, the mist, the lonely land.

It may be added in passing that these atmospheric qualities are not properly in the plays at all, but are read into them by Gordon Craig, perhaps by reason of some childhood memory of English or Scottish weather. Another remark of T. S. Eliot's seems to apply both to these quotations and to Gordon Craig's drawings for stage settings and to determine their value with a certain finality: "The sentimental person, in whom a work of art arouses all sorts of emotions which have nothing to do with that work of art whatever, but are accidents of personal association, is an incomplete artist."

III

Gordon Craig "defines" drama as "Movement — Line — Action." According to this the sun rising on abandoned seas is drama. This "definition," however vaguely all-embracing, omits the human being as audience and does not necessarily include him as actor. It is not too rash to say that nothing can begin to become dramatic until it is witnessed or thought of by a human being.

If we are to follow Gordon Craig into his sparsely populated Canaan, we must first divest our minds of all the pride of reason. He addressed the actors of his Moscow Art Theatre production of "Hamlet" thus: "My dears, do not think too much — and feel more — much more — Bring yourselves into the simplest state of being possible, and you can only do this by choosing the higher in place of the lower means — *the senses and the soul* instead of the *brain.*"

Yet the drama to which he will lead us by the hand will not be above our understanding, even when reduced to this simple state of mind: "I hold that properly to satisfy their (the audience's) eye, and through that their being, we should not confuse them or confuse their sense of sight which is most delicate, by pounding at the same time at their ears with music or with words, nor by attacking their minds with problems and shaking their bodies with passions. . . . Conversation, talk of any kind, weakens the dramatic intensity of passion. It is all the more amazing that Dramatic authors have traded in this commodity of talk so long, amazing and shameful. The intensity of passion can only be truly suggested by an act, an act which dominates the silence, not one which sinks under it. . . . I cannot help but still believe that the most durable drama will be one of silence. . . . There is the Drama of Speech, and the Drama of Silence, and I think that his (Mae-

terlinck's) trees, his fountains, his streams, and the rest come under the heading of the Drama of Silence — that is to say, dramas where speech becomes paltry and inadequate. . . . If there is to be a tree, or a fountain, or a fire, we shall have to be made aware by the majesty of each that each one is of paramount importance, and this can only be done by fashioning symbols — in each case something suggesting and standing for the real thing. . . . There are many things other than works of Nature which enter into this Drama of Silence, and a very grand note in this Drama is struck by that noblest of all men's work, Architecture. There is something so human and so poignant to me in a great city at a time of the night when there are no people about and no sounds. It is dreadfully sad until you walk till six o'clock in the morning. Then it is very exciting. . . ."

In the School of the Theatre which he established in Florence the subjects of study include everything imaginable except diction and the reading of printed plays: "Gymnastics, Music, Voice Training, Scene Designing and Painting, Costume Designing and Making, Modelling, Fencing, Dancing, Mimo-drama, Improvisation, Lighting Theory, History of the Theatre, Marionette Designing, Making and Performing, Stage Model Making — all of which are part and parcel of *Stage Managing*. All workers and students are allowed to borrow books from the Theatre Library, dealing with various matters relating to the Arts and Crafts, History and Theory of the Stage." There are of course no printed plays, although the aim of the School was "to discover and define once and for all the elemental form and methods which are the bases and keystones of the finest Theatre Art and to inspire a new Theatre into being."

Elsewhere he says more of this drama that was to have

been "created by the actor and the fury of the actor": "Learn the essentials of stage scenery, and you will in time learn the essentials of Drama. . . . What would you say were I to prove to you some day that the stage carpenter could be a great artist? . . . I should say this humbler service can become just as spiritual and eternal as that of the man who wrote the poem which commences 'Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorow.'"

Here is what he would use in his theatre: "In place of vulgar materials such as prose, coarse wooden boards, canvas, paint, papier maché and powder, I would like more precious materials to be employed. Poetry or even that far more precious Silence: . . . Ebony and Ivory: . . . Silver and Gold: . . . the precious woods of rare trees: . . . exquisite silks unusually dyed: . . . Marble and Alabaster: . . . and fine brains."

If Ben could but expostulate with this new Inigo:

> "You ask no more than certain politic eyes,
> "Eyes that can pierce into the mysteries
> "Of many colors, read them, and reveal
> "Mythology, there painted on slit deal.
> "Or to make boards speak! There is a task!
> "Painting and carpentry are the soul of Masque.
> ". . . Shows, shows, mighty shows!
> "The eloquence of masques! What need of prose,
> "Or verse, or prose, t'express immortal you?"

Yet even reasonable argument has no effect on those who are incapable of consecutive thought. It is interesting in this respect to see Gordon Craig's reply to that section of the Poetics in which Aristotle says that "Spectacle has, indeed, an emotional attraction of its own, but of all the parts, it is the least artistic, and connected least with the art of poetry. For the power of tragedy, we may be sure, is felt even apart from

representation and actors. Besides, the production of spectacular effects depends more on the art of the stage machinist than on that of the poet." One would think that so reasonable a statement would force Gordon Craig into answering it in terms that at least tried to be as reasonable. Instead, the definer of drama as "Movement — Line — Action" flies off on a tangent of pure words: "One can hardly say of Aristotle that he is a bad writer, but writers who wish to be held as great writers must be careful to choose the exact word. Aristotle here wished to speak about the scene in which tragedy or drama is represented. Why, then, does he use the word 'spectacle'? . . . This gives us the idea that he is talking about something commonplace and vulgar, whereas we know that scene can be beautiful, not merely effective — beautiful. The remnants of the scene at Taormina are beautiful. . . ." Aristotle is of course not referring to the stage scene (σκηνή). By "spectacle" Aristotle means what Gordon Craig means by "drama."

Will these Masques of Silence speak to us? Indeed, most feelingly, for they announce the Renaissance of Wonder. "Dramas should never tell you anything. . . . The things done, the ambitions awakened, should never be finished — they should always be a mystery; and mystery no longer exists the moment things finish. Mystery dies when you touch the soul of things or see the soul quite clearly. Then what nonsense we talk when we speak about the mystery of this play or that play, when these plays are perhaps rather mysterious, but entirely comprehensible. . . . (When the theatre is purged of writers and men with mere brains) I prophesy that a new religion will be found contained in it. That religion will preach no more, but it will reveal. It will not show us the definite images which the sculptor and the painter show. It will un-

veil thought to our eyes, silently — by movement — in visions. . . . Today's theatre may be tomorrow's church."

Gordon Craig is like many another of us in wanting a religion. One cannot but give a hearty amen to the sentiment, if not to the style, of this outburst of his: "A god — that was a reality for which we could lose self-consciousness — throwing our egoisms out of us, we were in a fit state to do something worth while. That state seems to me to be the only state in which really great art can be achieved by a man or by a nation." So far, so good, but the dogma of the new religion is this: "Music, Architecture and Movement together form the one great and perfect Religion in which we may see and hear all the Revelations of Truth."

To illuminate us still further, Gordon Craig has described his vision of one of the future Masques or Liturgies which are to form this new religion. The place of worship will be a Turkish bath: "You have bathed and you have passed some length of time in that quiet resting-room, broken only by the natural noise of running water. . . . Now is the condition in which you can receive all good things which stir up the imagination through the senses. . . . A heavy curtain closes over the central arch. The light is shut out, all but those long, soft rays which shoot from side or ceiling upon the tiled pavement: an attendant passes without a sound, and as he goes there rises a sound of singing. . . . Afar off, unseen persons raise their voices in unison. . . . The lights seem to grow less: now someone who loves — something or somebody, or all things and all bodies — begins to sing — unseen; and whilst he sings, the notes of a reed pipe seem to follow him — to *follow*, not to run beside him — to follow him in the guise of all those things which follow attraction. What is it we discern in the notes of this pipe? Some of us think it is a flight of birds, an-

other may think it is a fountain. . . . It will be none of these and all of them. It will be merely something moving, in harmony, in vain, and in despite. But while voice and pipe sing, it will seem as though both were moving away. At last a pause. You can count ten slowly. What has happened? Nothing . . . we have fallen asleep."

This neo-Wagnerian vagueness is not meant as a symbol of a religion. It *is* the whole religion; a religion whose dogma is "wonder" or deliberate bewilderment, whose liturgy is a sleepy caress for the senses. Gordon Craig has taken the extremest stand of Art for Art's sake; in a letter he says: "I was, as you surmise, born in 1872, the same year as Beardsley, Beerbohm, and Rothenstein."

Art cannot be made to take the place of religion. Those who try to do so limit religion to the sensuous and starve art of its best inspiration. The sources of religion are supersensuous, or at least they always appear to be so. A religious statue or painting or ceremony is only an algebraic symbol; an A or B that stands for the known quantity Man, or an X or Y that stands for the unknown magnitude of God. Religion employs these concrete symbols as reminders, but as reminders only, of that which is beyond being carved or painted or spoken. St. Thomas Aquinas has admirably stated this point (Sum. Theol. IIa, IIae, qu. 81, art. 7, concl.): "Non modo interioribus actibus ipsa religionis virtus perficitur, sed etiam exterioribus, non quidem principaliter, sed quasi secundario, et ut ad interiores ordinatis." I do not wish to make St. Thomas seem to speak as a man of today, yet what he says of the idols of the heathen does apply with especial pertinence to Gordon Craig and others of his generation: "Idolis exhibebant, non tanquam signa excitantia eos ad aliqua spiritualia, sed tanquam per se eis accepta; et praecipue quia erant vana et turpia."

A. Hyatt Mayor

SONG FOR THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

Intende, Qui regis Israhel

Why must an old man work always?
Why must tired fingers twist and loose and twist again
With evening always coming, never arriving?
Now when I have most need of rest the days
Lengthen over my head, stretch farther than I can see before me;
The sun sticks withered in the west;
My shadow stares behind me
Clamped to locked earth, fixed, unchanging.

The brass hours clang revolving in my brain:
Around, around, the grating endless chain
Jerks tight; falls; jerks tight again between hot eyes,
Drawing neither morning back, nor evening
On.

Sholóm: I would say
Peace, I would say Peace with you all: but with me also
Peace.

How shall I cry Peace
When there is no peace for me? when
Shall I find rest? how long
How long must I beat on the ground, I who would go now to sleep

SONG FOR PRESENTATION OF CHRIST

Under ground? Beneath me old faces shudder,
Old voices known long, long forgotten, surround me whispering
Sholóm Yisroël!

, and I too would say Peace,
I too remembering gull-flight and cry of the marsh,
The young sky shrunken; I who have known the
Down-whirl of autumn in older lands, the night-drums throbbing
Sleep under my own familiar hills: I too would say
Peace, Israel! peace be with all my children;
Peace at the lighting of the lamps, the folding of the hands to sleep;
Peace for old fingers that twist and loose and twist again;
Peace for old men who must toil out the long afternoon
Till evening that never comes; and with me also be
Peace.

DUDLEY FITTS

A WALK WITH THE HANGMAN

THE hangman and I went walking along the bank of a river which flowed slowly and without sound, bisecting a large meadow and finally vanishing amidst a wealth of stunted trees which grew from a narrow area of bog-land in the distance. The waters of the river were dark green in color save for a scattered lacing of gold bands where rays of sunset fell upon them; and long, slender reeds trailed in lazy fashion just beneath the surface. The air was heavy with a scent, faintly tart and rank, coming perhaps from some chemical quality in the clay-like soil by which the stream was bound. The time was summer; and I knew that my companion was the hangman because he had told me so the day before. In this capacity, he served two states. He was a little defiant about it, I thought.

Like myself, he had rented an inexpensive bungalow for a month in order to avoid the heat in the city.

We strolled along at an easy pace in the growing dimness of the afterglow. Presently, he said, "I was here once after the War. I wasn't married then, and I had the house you've got now. I had it five weeks. The river makes me think of it, kind of. It was quite a while ago" . . .

He ceased speaking; but, as we came to a point where the path curved slightly, he added, "We'd often sit out here and watch the sun go down and the light on the clouds. Sometimes they have swell sunsets up here, and we'd look at it until it was over. Just about here was the place — no, I guess it was by that cottonwood. See the one I mean? — the tallest

one? . . . Yes, that's the place. I remember because it was late in the spring, and the white fuzz from the tree would come down on us. She used to call it 'our cotton-wool tree.' She was funny sometimes. Always she'd be thinkin' up new names for things."

A moment later, he remarked, "She was a Polish girl, up from town on account of her lungs goin' bad with factory work that winter. But she was O. K. and could talk good English. . . . Pretty? Yeh, she was pretty enough."

We turned aside into the meadow and pushed our way through tall grass, already wet with beads of dew, in order to avoid a fallen tree-trunk. My companion paused, and fingered one of its projecting roots.

"That wasn't here then," he said, "The path was clear all the way. I s'pose it was blown down — they've fierce storms up here once in a while. They come over the mountains. We got caught out in one once. She was wearin' a gingham dress with checks on it, and it stuck to her like a bathin'-suit with the rain and all."

He pronounced the word "ging-ham," and looked as though he relished the memory of that particular costume.

"She was called Anna," he went on, "Anna Szumowska. A hell of a name. But she was about nineteen and a blonde, with big grey eyes. We got to steppin' out together a lot. Of course she couldn't hike a long way because of her chest, but I came early for the fishin' that year. That's what I was up here for, and she used to stay by me on the bank or come along in the rowboat when I'd go on the lake. Didn't seem to mind takin' a fish off the hook at all, the way some girls do.

"After a while, it got so we'd meet down by that tree when dinner was over most every day. Then we'd take a walk, or fish, or maybe just sit and talk about things. Evenings, I'd

take her over to the picture-show sometimes. She was good comp'ny, and I was single then.

"You know, Poles are queer people — diff'rent from our folks in a lot of ways. Now Anna would always be doin' things, small things she thought'd please me. Sometimes it was makin' the kind of taffy I like, or maybe she'd bring me tarts or a bit of pie. Once she got a pint of cherry brandy from the family she was boardin' with and gave it to me. It was awful strong stuff, and I had a head on me all the next day.

"In a couple of weeks we got real chummy. The folks here knew we was keepin' steady comp'ny, and used to grin when they'd see us. I didn't care about that — she didn't either. And sometimes I got to thinkin' that I could do worse than tie up to her for keeps. Pretty she was, you know, with a nice leg and little ways about her. She was straight, too — I couldn't touch her without we got married. She said so. And she meant it, because I tried two or three times with no luck. But she was a good sport every other way. She might have changed by now, though. Since that spring, I don't know where she is. . . . We might as well turn back here, huh?"

Facing about we started to retrace our steps. The sun had gone down and darkness was falling rapidly. Insects buzzed on every side, and from the river there drifted the hollow voice of a bullfrog.

"No, I didn't see her after that," the hangman continued, "yet I used to think about her. But then I got married, and with the kid comin' and all I never looked her up. . . .

"And you can't tell at that. She might not've made such a good wife. You never know — at least, not just after keepin' comp'ny for a little while. We kinda drifted apart naturally anyhow. And my woman's O. K."

He halted, and peered about in the gloom, turning his head

this way and that like some large and puzzled animal. Then he pointed towards a nearby clump of sumacs.

"The last time I met her was about there, I guess. We had a date one day, and there she was — waitin' for me and carryin' a bunch of long cords. So I wanted to know what they're for.

"'I got a idea,' she says, 'We'll try a new thing this afternoon.'

"I says, 'All right. But what's the idea of all the string?'

"'Snares, you silly!' she says, 'Snares like they make in the old country. We'll go set a whole pile of 'em. I've heard tell there's loads of rabbits over in the woods.'

"'How d'you do it?' I says.

"'Come on,' she says, 'and I'll show you.'

"So off we go, she kiddin' me about not knowin' how to set snares. She was all excited about settin' 'em, but I couldn't see why. They say rabbits are good eatin', but the ones around here might not be. And fur's no good in late spring. Catchin' 'em was a waste of time to my way of thinkin'. But she'd not take a 'no' from me.

"We spent the whole afternoon at it. She shows me how to go about the thing. It was kinda hard for me at first, but after a while I get on to it so's I can do it better than her. And then, every time I get one finished, she snaps her fingers and says, 'Zip! Up goes another rabbit!' — like that. Then she'd laugh real loud and jump around and pull me off to find another place for a snare. She was like a kid; there was no sense to her that day. I got kinda disgusted before long. She got my goat with her snares and all.

"Next afternoon I have a date with her. We was goin' to see how many rabbits there were. But I stood her up — stayed home and looked over the paper. I didn't somehow feel like

puttin' up with her kid stuff and tricks with string. There wasn't any real good to get out of foolin' in the woods that way.

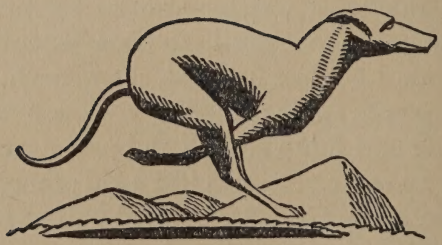
"In the paper there's a lot of stuff about the baseball season startin' up, and I decide to go home. Fishin' wasn't so hot, and I figured I'd be just as well off in the city.

"I didn't come back until this summer. Sometimes I wonder what became of Anna. She must have been mighty sore with me for standin' her up that way. Yes, sir! Mighty sore. . . . Well, here's your path. I'll see you tomorrow, maybe?"

I said, "Perhaps so. There's a ball game over in Middletown we might take in — if you like baseball. You spoke about it a minute ago."

He said, "Sure! That's a swell idea. Baseball is one thing I sure do like. Yes, sir! I'm mighty fond of it" . . .

FRANCIS MCALLISTER



Mallorca

Gurdon Howe

Tangiers Gurdon Howe

NOTES FROM A SOVIET DIARY[1]

Berlin.

SATURDAY, December 24, 1927. Bundles for luggage, more shawls than wraps. The dim, old Ostbalinhof in Berlin introduces one quickly to an eastern atmosphere and those parts of Europe which lie further to the south. We wondered what was ahead as the train drew in. Stories of trouble at the Border — our Russian passports seemed important and yet vague. It was a good introduction to an unusual Christmas.

Christmas Day. Awoke this morning crossing Poland. Dull, drab, monotonous, the country bristles with bayonets. Soldiers everywhere. From the train window the skyline of Warsaw seemed monotonously that of any central European city. Towards afternoon the long rolling plains indicated that we were leaving Central Europe and getting into the land of the steppes. In these latitudes twilight descends early mid-afternoon. It is dusk. The appearance of the land alters rapidly as does the type of villages. The architecture is entirely peasant and the houses cling to the snowy fields with a solidity which is depressing. One gets the impression of scattered hyphens on an endless white page. As night came the desolation increased. The snow banks higher against the tracks. At eight the guard informs us that we are nearing the border. The blackness without is impenetrable. The last Polish stop. We give up our passports. Helplessness. The approach to the border is not without some element of the dramatic. Riding

[1] These notes make no pretense of completeness, continuity, or style. They have been transcribed from a diary kept by the writer during a winter in the U. S. S. R.

as we have been through the dark we are suddenly plunged into the full glare of searchlights, their dazzling brilliance reflected from the white snow and showing a very businesslike barrage of barbed wire stretching off into the distance, and on one side Polish soldiers on guard. Crossing a small stream still under brilliant lumination of the lights we pass through the other barrier and arrive at the border stop; this log station, the U. S. S. R. It is necessary to change trains because the gauge of the Russian railroads is not that of Central Europe. We pile out into a biting cold night. Within a long, low room friendly soldier inspectors demand in unintelligible Russian for our Declaration. We shrug our shoulders in the best approved European manner and grin broadly. The inspector laughs and paws carelessly about in our cases, affixes a green stamp (how jealously guarded that will later be), hands us our passports and removes his attention to those following us. I send word home via a postal. How silly it sounded, "Greetings from the U. S. S. R."

Monday, December 26. One gets a glimpse of Moscow, but only a glimpse, as the train approaches over the flat plain, the golden domes of its churches, catching the glare of the sunlight stand out sharply in the clear air. The country and the weather with its sharp frostiness and the wooden house construction of the district remind one of northern New England. We arrived about 2.30 and were met by R—— of the foreign office. To the Hotel Bristol for dinner and then a walk, sending a cable home. Moscow is crowded. The streets are jammed with people hurrying about in a real Broadway manner. Of course the noted picturesqueness is everywhere present. Russia runs true to form! The tall Caucasian, the stubby Mongolian, Indians from the East, all this variety and more mingle with the Russian crowd. The streets were lined

with vendors and one was surprised at the amount of small goods that were apparently being sold. Severe poverty must be around the corner but where? There is excellent bus service in Moscow which together with the fast trams makes traveling about the city relatively easy providing one speaks Russian — which one doesn't. The alphabet must be learned — a phrase book studied. Had tea off the Theatre Square and this evening went to see our first Russian film, "The End of St. Petersburg." It was directed by Pudovkin and is one of the very first-rate cinema productions that the U. S. S. R. has put out. One comes here immediately face to face with the problem of propaganda as a factor in artistic productions and finds himself certainly not willing to conclude immediately that it need be necessarily a hindrance. It is undoubtedly in Russian an aid to some types of artistic expression. For one thing it increases the sympathy and rapport between the audience and the picture. It is interesting to note that the personal theme which does occur in this picture belongs to only one school of the Russian cinema. The other deals frankly with the mass, the mass, it is true, may be used against a personal background, but it is a background for the mass — it is not the condition of the person against the background of the mass. It is a difficult thing to handle successfully and one which Eisenstein alone it seems to me has been able to do really well. Of course we were immediately impressed with the excellence of the photography and especially the composition of the scenes. The use of re-occurring motifs, one might say symphonically handled, I noticed for the first time in this film. There were also the frequent occurring angle-shots ever present — of such an influence in German cinema, and the excellence of the group directing, so inherent in Russian dramatic art, was thrilling.

Tuesday, December 27. Went to Vox (Society for Cul-

tural Relations with Strangers) and attended to passport regulations which was a lengthy job. Had lunch with O'C and talked mostly about conditions in Russia. Of course it had surprised me to find no begging and to observe that while style played no part in costume, everyone seemed to be warmly dressed and well fed. It would seem, however, that the peasant problem is not removed and that the Russian must needs educate the peasant to increase his wants, thereby giving him the desire to part with his grain or to raise more, cultivate larger fields, that he may buy in the Moscow market the things that he has come to need and demand. Great difficulty rests, in the main, on what is really a feudal condition in the country. The peasant is self-supporting and his wants are few, therefore he has no urge to sell his grain because there is little that he cares to buy with the resulting money. The Soviet is undertaking on a huge scale the education of its vast numbers of illiterate peoples and the number of publications, books, grammars, arithmetics, geographies, and the like that it has printed and distributed since the Revolution is enormous. The illustrated children's books are the finest of their kind I have ever seen. Of the Russian type, the kind of folk one brushed hurriedly against on the streets, it seemed to me that many of them were decidedly American in appearance, not, it is needless to say, in dress. For the Russian sticks mainly to his national costume, although probably the government rather encourages western dress. Certainly the attitude of friendliness which one finds everywhere increases our determination for a lengthy stay. How curious that one can feel at home in such a topsy-turvy land! This evening went to the rooms of ——, who teaches in the Lenin Institute. It was literally a room, because Moscow, since becoming a capital, has attained such an over population that all space in the city, that is, rooming

space, is very much at a premium and has been carefully allotted through government control. A person is thus very definitely limited in the extent of his living quarters. I was surprised at X——, at the frankness of the discussion pro and con on the subject of politics. The people seemed to discuss freely at all times when the subject was opened the ins and outs of the present government which one gathered was a conservative government. The evening was long — it passed rapidly. There were the usual quantities of tea and vodka, and we came home afoot about two a.m. up to the river bank and across the great Red Square which I saw for the first time. It was snowing. A lone sani ploughed its way through storm. One saw only dimly across a huge open space, the long endless wall of the Kremlin, behind which towered fantastically the golden domes of the churches within. Strange space — strange towers — the west completely erased. It was bitter cold and the sentries at the great gates had lighted fires in front of their boxes which flickered with a red glow through the snow and lighted up intermittently the grim wall behind and caught the red of the flag above the fortress. The most Russian, the most moving introduction one can have to the mysticism (how that would be disliked here) of the U. S. S. R. The church of Saint Basil, one of the great pieces of architecture of all times, blocks one end of the Square with its multi-colored fantastic domes. Not to be forgotten. To bed, liking Moscow immensely.

Wednesday, December 28. Went for a walk about town and did a bit of Christmas shopping with D—— and Peter. While the Soviet has abolished the old calendar and adopted that of the West, a habit of generations is not easily cut off, and as the result, the populace celebrate, in the main, the old Christmas. The younger generation has adopted the new cal-

endar whole-heartedly, enthusiastically, in the same way that it has given up its church, but the older members of the U. S. S. R. with their deeply rooted superstition and mysticism still kneel before their ikons. To the room of friends of D——'s where two tiny children danced for us with a grace and a sense of mimicry which was truly remarkable to a guitar played by the mother. It brought out so pertinently the natural theatricality so inherent in the race. That evening to the poet Tretyakov's house with O'C. Tretyakov — teutonically head-shaven, a commanding figure in appearance — is one of the leaders in the LEF[2] Group. Mayerhold is doing his "Roar of China." Met there Eisenstein and was surprised to find him so young. But Russia seems to be a country of young people. So and so is spoken of as an old man with his work finished, a wholly condescending attitude, and when one inquires as to the age of the gentleman in question, he finds that he is possibly in his late forties! There were other cinema men at Tretyakov's, one from the South where, at Tiflis, there is a large studio. One is not surprised to find such activity in the cinema in Russia because it offers such a direct approach to the peasant in the distribution of ideas and propaganda. That it has reached its very high quality is due to its unusual importance as such a medium, but mainly because of its direction by people of great intelligence. Tretyakov prides himself on being utilitarian, the present Marxian ideal. He would call himself quite proudly the reporter type of literateur. His recent book regarding the life of a Chinese boy is mainly constructed from a series of conversations conducted in the reporter manner. In other words he attempts to reconstruct on fact with a minimum of "style." His writing is concise, very crisp and never redundant. Their apartment is in one of the

[2] Alfred Burr has written regarding this group in a recent number of *transition*.

new apartment houses which, in its architecture, comes quite directly from the prevalent International Style in Europe, that is, it is a combination of Bauhaus and certain elements of the French manner as represented by le Corbusier and Lurçat, or in this country by Neutra. It is interesting to note that since the Tretyakovs do not belong to the particular trade union for which this apartment was erected and in which the workers of this union live, they have to pay an aggravated price! In fact their rent for three rooms is two hundred rubles a month which in our currency amounts to about one hundred dollars — not a small sum for a lodging of this kind. Russia is trying very hard to become the efficient Western America, but it has had so little practice in efficiency and, indeed, has such naive ideas as to what efficiency really is that it finds the obstacle of its past very hard to overcome. Take for example the condition of architecture in relation to building. There are excellent architects in Moscow. The apartment house of the Tretyakovs is excellent as architecture but poor as a piece of construction. The Russian is not used to the materials of modern building. Cement and steel confuse him. His medium is wood and in that medium he is excellent, but in the medium of modern construction he shows an absolute lack of feeling. Poor joints, badly matched sections, and in general a sloppiness mark much of the newer work, the design for which is, nevertheless, frequently concise and, in the main, excellent. In other words the great problem that the architect in Moscow faces is to find builders used to and trained in the modern method. Eisenstein is at present working on two films and nearly driven to despair by the fact that one of them should have been released months ago. Even as hurried and rushed as he is, he invited us to come to his studio at some future date to pre-view his work. "October" is, I believe, to be the name

of the film which he is now cutting and he is still working on the taking of the film whose purpose it is to instruct the peasant in agricultural methods of western Europe. It is to be called "The General Agricultural Policy," or, as it is frequently referred to, "The General Line." Tretyakov read to us from some of his works and O'C acted as translator. Quite typical of a certain type of the literature of Russia is his book on Children's Toys, how to make them, cut from paper. It is illustrated by delightful photography, by Rodchenko, who has "gone over" from painting into photography. This is true of many of the artists here who hold to the utilitarian idea that painting per se, that is, the wall picture is no longer of value. They go over into scene design for the theatre, ballet, and the like or into photography and the Kino. In Rodchenko's photography which I saw this evening I found a very strong suggestion of the German manner, which may have been entirely unconscious, but one photograph, an architectural shot, suggested in its vertical composition the Bauhaus — Moholy-Nagy or Lux Feininger.

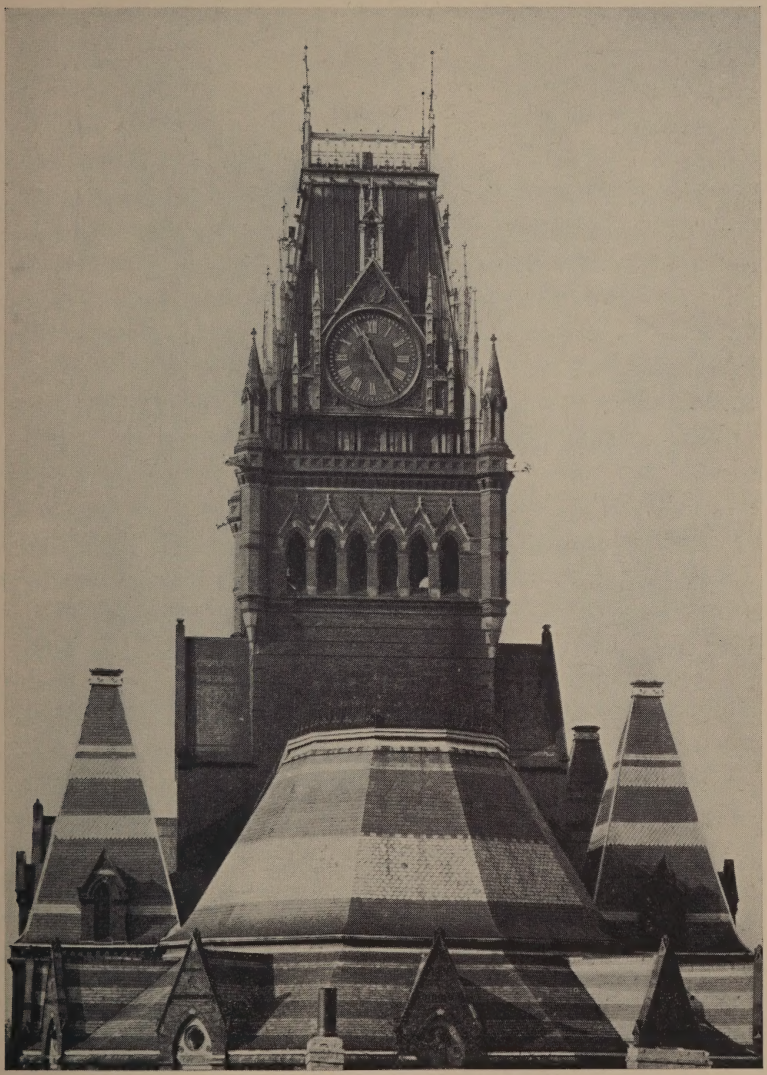
Thursday. Went this morning to the historical museum. The statues from the south, i.e., from the Caucasians, were especially interesting, having surprising Icelandic qualities and the collection of ikons is remarkable. The charts for illustrating recent statistics concerning the Soviet seemed excellent. We tried to get into St. Basil but it was not open. It was bitter cold crossing the great Square and snowing hard. We went over to the large coöperative store which lines one side of the Red Square. It was an Italian-like interior arcade. It is crowded with shops. There was a service going on in the famous Iberian shrine — mutterings and chanting. The altarpiece looked perfectly straight Byzantine and not at all Russian, but we have already found that the subtlety in Russian

ikon painting is great. Back to lunch at a vegetarian restaurant. The restaurant conditions in Moscow are uncertain. Before the Revolution most of the restaurants were in the hands of French or Germans, and thus there has been thrown upon the government the necessity for building up this new business (foreign to Russia) in Moscow, and in all of its larger cities. As a result the restaurants are as far from good as they are from what they were formerly and the best seem to be the vegetarian ones. There is here a vegetarian cult lingering from its early fostering by Tolstoi and others. How many curious things pop up to our attention in hotels and restaurants. Take for example the complete lack of silverware. We eat with kitchen ware. The service is very shopworn, nothing seems to have been repaired and the upkeep practically nil. In the evening to our first Russian play with D—— and an interpreter. "The End of Twistedsnout!" It turned out to be the name of the village in which most of the action took place. The theatre, the Revolutionary Theatre, follows very closely in its type of direction Mayerhold. What a high level of acting! We will have to readjust our critical powers. Not one part poorly done. The stage setting was simple and effective, much of it done against black. There was an interesting and curious use of the piano in some of the scenes, seemingly haphazardly played upon by any of the cast, but always in some manner such that the action at that moment was accented. The psychological effect of a jangled chord can be startling in tense moments. A portion of the set came up from below and the action was often played well forward almost into the audience. The play melodramic but with much humor. The young Soviet member interpreted pretty much in a freshman manner. In the end the bad are punished and the good leave the village for Moscow, that is, the young people

go there to enter school. Rather typical, I suspect, of the banality of much of the writing of contemporary drama in Russia. Drama so non-existing — direction so superb. One saw, however, in the direction and in the setting all the skill and subtlety which one has come to expect from the modern Russian stage. The impressive thing about the whole production was the simplicity and ingenuity of it all. For example, the last scene, the effect of the departing train is amusingly brought out by pulling the station off stage rather than the train. You see, therefore, the station platform, the actors on it waving good-byes to the audience as they go by. The use of the spot was very frank and seemed to imitate the effect of a movie close-up. There was no attempt, in other words, to blend this light into the light of the rest of the scene or to disguise it from its obvious spotlight quality. Of course the audience was enthusiastic. The theatres in Moscow are packed. Some are sold out weeks in advance, and since they are all repertory theatres it makes it difficult unless one is in town for a long stay to see all the productions. Tonight we made our first contact with certain features of the Russian theatre — the long entr'actes during which one drinks tea to a lengthy discussion of what has gone before in the play — the standing for coats and overshoes always, by necessity, checked — the crowd regulated coming out of the theatre to prevent a crush at the entrance — the swiftly riding sanis that whisk you back to your quarters over the snowy streets in the biting cold night air.

JERE ABBOTT

(*To be concluded*)



Memorial Hall Ware & Van Brunt

GUESSING

OUR knowledge of any subject never goes beyond collecting observations and forming some half-conscious expectations, until we find ourselves confronted with some experience contrary to those expectations. This at once rouses us to consciousness; we turn over our recollections of observed facts; we endeavour so to rearrange them, to view them in such new perspective that the unexpected experience shall no longer appear surprising. This is what we call explaining it, which always consists in supposing that the surprising facts that we have observed are only one part of a larger system of facts, of which the other part has not come within the field of our experience, which larger system, taken in its entirety, would present a certain character of reasonableness, that inclines us to accept the surmise as true, or likely. For example, let a person entering a large room for the first time, see upon a wall projecting from behind a large map that has been pinned up there, three-quarters of an admirably executed copy in fresco of one of Rafael's most familiar cartoons. In this instance the explanation flashes so naturally upon the mind and is so fully accepted, that the spectator quite forgets how surprising those facts are which alone are presented to his view; namely, that so exquisite a reproduction of one of Rafael's grandest compositions should omit one-quarter of it. He guesses that that quarter is there, though hidden by the map; and six months later he will, maybe, be ready to swear that he saw the whole. This will be a case under a logico-psychical law of great importance, to which we may find occasion to revert soon, that a fully accepted, simple, and interesting inference tends to obliterate all recognition of the un-

interesting and complex premises from which it was derived. The brighter the observer's intelligence (unless some circumstance has raised a doubt), the more confident he will soon be that he saw the entire composition. Yet, in fact, the idea of the whole's being on that wall will be merely evolved from his *Ichheit:* it will be a surmise, conjecture, or guess.

We may be aided by previous knowledge in forming our hypotheses. In that case they will not be pure guesses but will be compounds of deductions from general rules we already know, applied to the facts under observation, for one ingredient, and pure guess for the other ingredient. Thus, suppose the surprising facts which puzzle us are the actions of a certain man on a certain occasion; and our conjecture relates to the state of belief that caused such conduct. If we have no previous knowledge of the man, any one state of belief that would account for his conduct might be as good a guess as any other; but if we know that he is particularly inclined, or particularly disinclined, to extravagant beliefs or to any other special kind of belief, we still have to guess; only we shall select our guess from a smaller number of possible hypotheses.

In the evolution of science, guessing plays the same part that variations in reproduction take in the evolution of biological forms, according to the Darwinian theory. For just as, according to that theory, the whole tremendous gulf, or ocean rather, between the moner and the man has been spanned by a succession of infinitesimal fortuitous variations at birth, so the whole noble organism of science has been built up out of propositions which were originally simple guesses. For my part I refuse to believe that either the one or the other were *fortuitous;* and indeed I gravely doubt whether there be any tenable meaning in calling them so. As to the biological variations, I will spare the reader my reasons for not believing

them fortuitous. For it would only lead us away from our subject. But as to the first guesses out of which science has been developed, I will say a word or two. It is well within bounds to reckon that there are a billion (i.e., a million million) hypotheses that a fantastic being might guess would account for any given phenomenon. For this phenomenon would certainly be more or less connected in the mind of such a being with a million other phenomena (for he would not be restricted to contemporaneous events) and it might be supposed that the special determination of each was connected with the special determinations of each of the others in order to produce the observed phenomenon. I will not carry out this idea further: it suffices to show that according to the doctrine of chances it would be practically impossible for any being, by pure chance, to guess the cause of any phenomenon.

There are, indeed, puzzles, and one might well say mysteries, connected with the mental operation of guessing; — yes; — more than one. There can, I think, be no reasonable doubt that man's mind, having been developed under the influence of the laws of nature, for that reason naturally thinks somewhat after nature's pattern. This vague explanation is but a surmise; but there is no room to believe that it was merely by luck that Galileo and other masters of science reached the true theories after so few wrong guesses as they did. This power of divining the truths of physics — for such it is, although it is somewhat imperfect — is certainly an aid to the instinct for obtaining food, an instinct whose wonders throughout the animal kingdom are exceeded only by that of producing and rearing offspring.

This latter function requires all the higher animals to have some insight into what is passing in the minds of their fellows. Man shows a remarkable faculty for guessing at that. Its full

powers are only brought out under critical circumstances. I shall illustrate them by an anecdote whose only claim upon the attention of the reader lies in its exact truth. I promise and aver, in the most solemn manner, that in the following narration of these facts no item or circumstance is in any way exaggerated or colored.

Many years ago, being in the service of the U. S. Coast Survey, and engaged in duty which rendered it desirable that I should almost daily have the exact time of day at my command, without being incommoded with everywhere having the care of a marine chronometer, I received instructions to procure and constantly carry the most reliable watch I could find. I got from Tiffany's the two best detached lever watches they had, and after a month's or six weeks' severe testing, selected the one that proved the better, and wore it constantly; this being of course essential to the proper going of a fine watch. It cost the government $350. Some years afterward I had to go from Boston to New York and took the Fall River boat. The air in my stateroom was bad; for I was on the lee side; and when I got up in the morning I had a strange fuzzy sensation in my head — a mental fog, as they say — and felt I must get out into the open air as soon as possible. I dressed in a hurry, went down and took a cab to the Brevoort House, where I had to attend a conference that morning. As soon as I got there I went to the wash-room, and then perceived that I must have left in the stateroom of the boat the government's watch, with my own chain and the little gold binnacle (containing a compass) that was attached to it, and likewise my light overcoat. I rushed out, found the same cab, and drove back to the boat, greatly worked up. For the $350 was the smallest consideration. The watch could not easily be matched at any price; and I should feel it as a life-long pro-

fessional disgrace if I failed to restore it in as perfect condition as I had received it. Arrived at the boat I ran up to my stateroom and found everything gone. I then made all the colored waiters, no matter on what deck they belonged, come and stand up in a row. There were something like a score of them. I went from one end of the row to the other, and talked a little to each one, in as *dégagé* a manner as I could, about whatever he could talk about with interest, but would least expect me to bring forward, hoping that I might seem such a fool that I should be able to detect some symptom of his being the thief. When I had gone through the row I turned and walked from them, though not away, and said to myself, "Not the least scintilla of light have I got to go upon." But thereupon my other self (for our own communings are always in dialogues), said to me, "But you simply *must* put your finger on the man. No matter if you have no reason, you must say whom you will think to be the thief." I made a little loop in my walk, which had not taken a minute, and as I turned toward them, all shadow of doubt had vanished. There was no self-criticism. All that was out of place. I went to the fellow whom I had fixed upon as the thief, and told him to step into the stateroom with me. I chanced to have a fifty dollar bill in my waistcoat pocket. I took it out and spread it before him. "Now," I said, "that bill is yours, if you will earn it. I do not want to find out who stole my watch, if I can help it; because if I did I should be obliged to send him to Sing Sing, which would cost me more than fifty dollars; and besides I should be heartily sorry for the poor fool who thought himself so much sharper than honest men. You go and bring me my watch, chain and overcoat, and I shall only be too glad to pay you this fifty dollars and get away; and you may be sure that I am the kind of man who thinks it much wiser to

keep his promise than to break it and ruin his character for a paltry fifty dollars. Now trust me. Don't you know that some men are like that and that I am one of them? Look at me, and see. Now will you earn the fifty dollars?" "Why," said he, "I would like to earn the fifty dollars mighty well; but you see I really do not know anything about your things. So I can't." "Now," said I, lowering, deepening, and intensifying my tone, "I wish I could shut my eyes to the thief; for every thief is a fool, and I am sorry for him. Besides, the cost of being on hand to prosecute you will be a good deal more than the fifty dollars. Don't you know that no pawnbroker in New York will give you more than fifty dollars for my things, and that as soon as you leave his shop the hand of the officer will be on your shoulder? Have you got a wife? Think of her. The man who goes to Sing Sing goes to ruin for life and to Hell often. Just stop and think a minute what that means, even on this side of the grave. You have confessed to me already that you are the thief; don't you know you have? You most plainly have; for you said that you could not earn that fifty dollars because at this moment you did not know what had become of the things. But fifty dollars would pay a sharp fellow like you, quite unsuspected of being employed by me, to find out all about the theft. The difficulty plainly is that you can't convict any other man because you are yourself the thief. I know that and I am sorry for you. But you can escape Sing Sing and earn this bill by bringing me the things. You rely on your slyness; but you will find there is something in the head of an honest man stronger than all the slyness in the world. I tell you no more than the truth; — I would not tell more for the watch fifty times over; — but just as sure as you're born, if you do not do as I say, you will find yourself railroaded to Sing Sing as soon as the boat gets back from Fall

River." (I cannot answer for all the details of this conversation; but such it was in substance.) He said, "I am sorry I know nothing at all about the theft; if there was any;" and I went away. I ran down to the dock and was driven as fast as the cabby could, to Pinkerton's. There, ushered into the presence of Mr. Bangs, the head of the New York branch of this formidable organization, I said, "Mr. Bangs, a negro on the Fall River boat, whose name is so-and-so (I gave it) has stolen my watch, chain, and light overcoat. The watch is a Charles Frodsham and here is its number. He will come off the boat at one o'clock, and will immediately go to pawn the watch, for which he will get fifty dollars. I wish you to have him shadowed, and as soon as he has the pawn ticket, let him be arrested." Said Mr. Bangs, "What makes you think he has stolen your watch?" "Why," said I, "I have no reason whatever for thinking so; but I am entirely confident that it is so. Now if he should not go to a pawnshop to get rid of the watch, as I am sure he will, that would end the matter, and you need take no step. But I know he will. I have given you the number of the watch, and here is my card. You will be quite safe to arrest him." Mr. Bangs hesitated not more than five seconds, and said, "I should like to make a suggestion if you will permit me to do so. I am sure you have no acquaintance with thieves and are entirely ignorant of the species. Now we do know them. It is our business to be acquainted with them. We know the ways of every kind and every gang; and we know the men themselves — the most of them. Let me suggest this: I will send down our very best man. He shall bear in mind and give full weight to your impression. Only let him not be hampered with positive orders. Let him act upon his own inferences, when he shall have sifted all the indications." I confessed, "That, I must say, appears to be reasonable. What

right, after all, have I to claim infallibility? Be it as you say." The detective went to the boat and discovered that "my man," as I will call him, meaning the man I was so cock-sure was the thief, had been for many years the captain's own valet and could not have been upon the deck where my stateroom had been; while there was a known crook among the number of those waiters that might probably have been there. The consequence was that the crook was shadowed, while "my man" was not; and no pawning of a watch was reported. The next morning I was on hand to accost Mr. Bangs. "So it seems the watch is lost," said I; "What is next to be done?" "Well," said he, "it only remains to send postcards to all the pawnbrokers of Fall River, New York, and Boston, offering a reward for the recovery of the watch." "A reward!" I exclaimed, "I dare say you mean something approaching a hundred dollars!" "Oh," he replied, "that would be quite insufficient. You must offer a hundred and fifty at the very least." "A hundred and fifty, then, be it," said I. The postals, I suppose, were sent out. At any rate the next day or day after I received a request from a lawyer on Broadway, facing the Park, that I would call at his office. I did so and found he had already prepared for my signature a paper as long as the main-to'-bowline, indemnifying his client. I signed it, and paid over my $150, quite a sum for a young man in those days; but little in comparison with professional honour. "Now," I inquired, "who, if you please, is this client of yours?" I dare say I might have ascertained it from the paper I had just signed; but in fact I did not. He gave me the name, and informed me that he was a pawnbroker at such a number on Fiftieth Street (or thereabouts; I have forgotten the exact locality and the name). I repaired once more to Pinkerton's office, and taking my detective along with me, proceeded to

the pawnbroker's. This gentleman described the person who pawned the watch so graphically that no doubt was possible that it had been "my man." The boat had by this time gone back to Fall River, but was to return in the morning. I insisted upon the detective's accompanying me to "my man's" lodging — that is, to his flat, in a very respectable part of Sixth Avenue. When we arrived before the house I requested the detective just to mount the stairs and to bring down my chain (with the binnacle) and my light overcoat. "Oh," he said, "I could not think of it. I have no warrant, and they would certainly call in the police!" I was just a little put out. "Very well," said I, "will you at any rate have the kindness just to wait on the sidewalk for ten minutes — or stay, make it twelve minutes — and I will be down with the things." Thereupon I mounted the three flights and knocked at the door of the flat. A yellow woman came; but another of about the same complexion was just behind her, without a hat. I walked in and said, "Your husband is now on his road to Sing Sing for stealing my watch. I have learned that my chain and overcoat which he also stole are here and I am going to take them. Thereupon the two women raised a tremendous hullabaloo and threatened to send instantly for the police. I do not remember exactly what I said, I only know that I was entirely cool and told them they were quite mistaken in thinking that they would send for the police, since it would only make matters worse for the man. For since I knew just where my watch and overcoat were, I should have them before the police arrived. I forget whether or not I hinted that the woman would make herself an accessory, if the police came and found I had already brought the chain and overcoat to light. Anyway, I saw no place in that room where the chain was likely to be, and walked through into another room. Little

furniture was there beyond a double bed and a wooden trunk on the further side of the bed. I said, "Now my chain is at the bottom of that trunk under the clothes; and I am going to take it. It has a gold binnacle with a compass attached; and you can see that I take that, which I know is there, and nothing else. I knelt down and fortunately found the trunk unlocked. Having thrown out all the clothes — very good clothes — I came upon quite a stratum of trinkets of evident provenance, among which was my chain. I at once attached it to my watch, and in doing so noticed that the second woman (who had worn no hat) had disappeared, notwithstanding the intense interest she had taken in my first proceedings. "Now," said I, "it only remains to find my light overcoat." I may have worded this otherwise; it makes no difference. The woman spread her arms right and left and said, "You are welcome to look over the whole place." I said, "I am very much obliged to you, Madam; for this very extraordinary alteration of the tone you took when I began on the trunk assures me that the coat is not here. I thank you kindly; but I think I shall very likely find it, just the same." So I left the flat and then remarked that there was another flat on the same landing.

Although I do not positively remember, I think it likely that I was convinced that the disappearance of the other woman was connected with the marked willingness that I should search for my overcoat through the flat from which I had emerged. I certainly got the idea that the other woman did not live far off. So to begin with I knocked at the door of that opposite flat. Two yellow or yellowish girls came. I looked over their shoulders and saw a quite respectable looking parlor with a nice piano. But upon the piano was a neat bundle of just the right size and shape to contain my overcoat. I said, "I have called because there is a bundle here belonging to me;

oh, yes, I see it, and I will just take it." So I gently pushed beyond them, took the bundle, opened it, and found my overcoat, which I put on. I descended to the street, and reached my detective about fifteen seconds before my twelve minutes had elapsed.

All the above, be it understood is sober truth, sedulously freed from all exaggeration and colour. If any reader should incline to deem the narrative apocryphal, it will certainly not be the psycholist, equally versed in the theory of his science and skilled in the application of it; for to him the incidents will present no extraordinary features. I suppose almost everybody has had similar experiences. But however frequently such facts may be encountered, there is certainly something a little mysterious in them; they demand explanation. That explanation must itself be conjectural and must remain so until exact investigation has tested its sufficiency; and unless some new school of psychology should make its appearance, I do not believe that scientific testing of the theory is likely to be performed in our time.

I am going to point out a *vera causa* — a known agency which tends to produce effects like the facts to be explained. But whether it would, under the circumstances described, be sufficient to produce the somewhat surprising facts, or whether it was aided by some other agency that has not suggested itself to my mind, I will not presume to opine.

My surmise is that at the bottom of the little mystery is buried a principle often enough asserted but never, I believe, supported by scientific observation, until Professor Joseph Jastrow and I carried through at the Johns Hopkins University a certain series of experiments. These experiments were mainly designed for quite another purpose, namely, in order to test Fechner's hypothesis of the "Differenz-

schwelle," which in no wise concerns us now. I proceed to describe in outline the essentials of the experiments. Of the two persons engaged in them, the one acted as experimenter and recorder, while the other, who could neither see nor hear the former, was the "subject" or victim of the experimentation. The latter said, "Ready." Thereupon an automatic arrangement, namely, by exposing a card from a well shuffled pack, indicated to the experimenter what pressure he was to bring to bear upon the finger of the subject who carefully observed the degree of his feeling of pressure. When he was satisfied, perhaps after from five to twenty seconds, he said "Change." Thereupon by an exceedingly delicate contrivance (to avoid any sudden change or shock), the experimenter, according to an automatic operation of chance, either increased or diminished the pressure by less than one *per cent* of itself. The subject observed the new feeling of pressure and again said "Change," whereupon the first pressure was brought back. These experiments were interspersed (by the automatic chance arrangement which was intended of course to exclude as far as possible mental action on the part of the experimenter), by others in which the changes of pressure were somewhat more considerable. The subject having observed the three states of feeling of pressure (of which the first and last were equal), first pronounced one or another of the four numerals, Naught, One, Two, Three. "Three" would mean that he was sure, or almost sure, of being able to say whether the middle pressure was greater or less than the other two. "Two" would mean that he was by no means sure, yet inclined to think he could tell. "One" would mean that he did not think he really perceived any difference; yet suspected that he perhaps might. "Naught" would mean that he was sure he could not perceive the slightest variation of pressure. Having thus indicated the

degree of his confidence, he was *obliged* to *say* whether the middle pressure was greater or less than the others. In case his confidence was zero, this declaration would be (to his own consciousness) a purely random one, though he would avoid any particular regularity in his declarations, or any great preponderance of either "greater" or "lesser." Of course he never received the slightest intimation of whether he was right or wrong.

When our course of experiments had been carried on two hours daily (with such precautions against fatigue as the imperfect psychology of twenty-five years ago prescribed), and for about a month it was found that of the answers supposed to be given at random, which were a good half of the whole number and must, I think (I have not before me the record, which is given in Vol. III of the Memoirs of the U. S. National Academy of Sciences), have approached a thousand in number, about three out of every five were correct. That is to say, among all those cases in which the subject, after carefully searching his consciousness, felt quite sure he had experienced no variation of the sense of pressure, though a change and reverse change had really been made; and had accordingly said, quite at random, as he thought, that the middle pressure was greater or less than the first and last, what he so said agreed with the real fact half as often again as it disagreed. A reader inexpert in dealing with probabilities may think that so small a preponderance of true answers might have come about by chance. But in truth it is among the most certain things that we know that this was not so. So much is demonstrated truth, quite unquestionable. But if you go on to ask me upon what principle I would explain the fact that a person who, after the closest scrutiny of his consciousness, had pronounced that there was no trace of perceptible difference between two sen-

sations of pressure, should in the very next breath have correctly said which of them was the greater, in three cases out of every five, my confidence largely evaporates. I can, indeed, mention a cause which undoubtedly exists and which must have acted toward producing that indubitable fact; but I cannot say whether that cause would or would not have been sufficient by itself for that result.

Everybody knows how self-consciousness makes one awkward and may even quite paralyze the mind. Nobody can have failed to remark that mental performances that are gone through with lightly are apt to be more adroit than those in which every little detail is studied while the action is proceeding, nor how a great effort — say to write a particularly witty letter — or even to recall a word or name that has slipped one's memory may spoil one's success. Perhaps it is because in trying very hard we are thinking about our effort instead of about the problem in hand. At any rate my own experience is that self-consciousness, and especially conscious effort, are apt to carry me to the verge of idiocy and that those things that I have done spontaneously were the best done. Now in the experiments I have described the so-called "subject," the victim of the experimentation would not seldom sit in the darkened and silent room, straining with all his might for two or three minutes, to detect the slightest difference between two pressures. Finding himself unable to do so he would utter his "zero" that this inability might be recorded. Thereupon all straining ceased; for all it then remained for him to do was mention at random which one of the pressures he would mark as the heavier — and here his perfect unconsciousness greatly increased his power of discrimination — a discrimination below the surface of consciousness, and not recognized as a real judgment, yet in very truth a genuine discrimination, as the

statistical results showed. The circumstances of my talking with the waiters on the boat were almost identical. While I was going through the row, chatting a little with each, I held myself in as passive and receptive a state as I could. When I had gone through the row I made a great effort to detect in my consciousness some symptoms of the thief, and this effort, I suppose, prevented my success. But then finding I could detect nothing I said to myself, "Well, anyway, I *must* fasten on someone, though it be but a random choice," and instantly I *knew* which of the men it was. As for my proceedings in the flat they did not rise above a low level of the commonplace. Disgusted (very unjustly, I dare say) at the detective's reluctance, I went up, convinced that it would be the easiest thing in the world to put my hands on my property; and therefore there was no strain of effort. Seeing no likely hiding-place in the first room I walked through to the other; and I had had enough experience of thieving domestics to know that the bottom of a trunk, under the clothes, was almost certain to be the hiding-place of the chain. When that was found the sudden change in the demeanor of the wife from threats of the police to a cordial invitation to search the whole place over, demonstrated that the overcoat had been removed; and the disappearance of the hatless woman, who had not waited for the dénoûement, showed that it was in some other flat in the building. I began, therefore, by knocking at the door of the other flat on the same landing where the bundle on the piano was a frank telltale.

I could tell many other true tales of successful guessings; but I have mentioned here two principles which I have been led to conjecture furnish at least a partial explanation of the mystery that overhangs this singular guessing instinct. I infer in the first place that man divines something of the secret

principles of the universe because his mind has developed as a part of the universe and under the influence of these same secret principles; and secondly, that we often derive from observation strong intimations of truth, without being able to specify what were the circumstances we had observed which conveyed those intimations.

It is a chapter of the art of inquiry.

Our faculty of guessing corresponds to a bird's musical and aeronautic powers; that is, it is to us, as those are to them, the loftiest of our merely instinctive powers. I suppose that if one were sure of being able to discriminate between the intimations of this instinct and the self-flatteries of personal desire, one would always trust to the former. For I should not rate high either the wisdom or the courage of a fledgling bird, if, when the proper time had come, the little agnostic should hesitate long to take his leap from the nest on account of doubts about the theory of aerodynomics.

THE FOUNDING OF PRAGMATISM

ANY philosophical doctrine that should be completely new could hardly fail to prove completely false; but the rivulets at the head of the river of pragmatism are easily traced back to almost any desired antiquity.

Socrates bathed in these waters. Aristotle rejoices when he can find them. They run, where least one would suspect them, beneath the dry rubbish-heaps of Spinoza. Those clean definitions that strew the pages of the "Essay concerning Humane Understanding" (I refuse to reform the spelling), had been washed out in these same pure springs. It was this medium,

and not tar-water, that gave health and strength to Berkeley's earlier works, his "Theory of Vision" and what remains of his "Principles." From it the general views of Kant derive such clearness as they have. Auguste Comte made still more — much more — use of this element; as much as he saw his way to using. Unfortunately, however, both he and Kant, in their rather opposite ways, were in the habit of mingling these sparkling waters with a certain mental sedative to which many men are addicted, — and the burly business men very likely to their benefit, but which plays sad havoc with the philosophical constitution. I refer to the habit of cherishing contempt for the close study of logic.

So much for the past. The ancestry of pragmatism is respectable enough; but the more conscious adoption of it as *lanterna pedibus* in the discussion of dark questions, and the elaboration of it into a method in aid of philosophic inquiry came, in the first instance, from the humblest *souche* imaginable. It was in the earliest seventies that a knot of us young men in Old Cambridge, calling ourselves, half-ironically, half-defiantly, "The Metaphysical Club" — for agnosticism was then riding its high horse, and was frowning superbly upon all metaphysics — used to meet, sometimes in my study, sometimes in that of William James. It may be that some of our old-time confederates would today not care to have wild-oats-sowings made public, though there was nothing but boiled cats, milk, and sugar in the mess. Mr. Justice Holmes, however, will not, I believe, take it ill that we are proud to remember his membership; nor will Joseph Warner, Esq. Nicholas St. John Green was one of the most interested fellows, a skillful lawyer and a learned one, a disciple of Jeremy Bentham. His extraordinary power of disrobing warm and breathing truth of the draperies of long worn formulas, was

what attracted attention to him everywhere. In particular, he often urged the importance of applying Bain's definition of belief, as "that upon which a man is prepared to act." From this definition, pragmatism is scarce more than a corollary; so that I am disposed to think of him as the grandfather of pragmatism. Chauncey Wright, something of a philosophical celebrity in those days, was never absent from our meetings. I was about to call him our corypheus; but he will better be described as our boxing-master whom we — and I particularly — used to face to be severely pummelled. He had abandoned a former attachment to Hamiltonianism to take up with the doctrines of Mill, to which and to its cognate agnosticism he was trying to weld the really incongruous ideas of Darwin. John Fiske and, more rarely, Francis Ellingwood Abbot, were sometimes present, lending their countenances to the spirit of our endeavours, while holding aloof from any assent to their success. Wright, James, and I were men of science, rather scrutinizing the doctrines of the metaphysicians on their scientific side than regarding them as very momentous spiritually. The type of our thought was decidedly British. I, alone of our number, had come upon the threshing-floor of philosophy through the doorway of Kant, and even my ideas were acquiring the English accent.

Our metaphysical proceedings had all been in winged words (and swift ones, at that, for the most part), until at length, lest the club should be dissolved, without leaving any material *souvenir* behind, I drew up a little paper expressing some of the opinions that I had been urging all along under the name of pragmatism. This paper was received with such unlooked for kindness, that I was encouraged, some half dozen years later, on the invitation of the great publisher, Mr. W. H. Appleton, to insert it, somewhat expanded, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November, 1877, and January, 1878,

not with the warmest possible approval of the Spencerian editor, Dr. Edward Goumans. The same paper appeared the next year in a French redaction in the *Revue Philosophique* (Vol. VI, p. 553; Vol. VII, p. 39). In those medieval times, I dared not in type use an English word to express an idea unrelated to its received meaning. The authority of Mr. Principal Campbell weighed too heavily upon my conscience. I had not yet come to perceive, what is so plain today, that if philosophy is ever to stand in the ranks of the sciences, literary elegance must be sacrificed — like the soldier's old brilliant uniforms — to the stern requirements of efficiency, and the philosophist must be encouraged — yea, and required — to coin new terms to express such new scientific concepts as he may discover, just as his chemical and biological brethren are expected to do. Indeed, in those days, such brotherhood was scorned, alike on the one side and on the other — a lamentable but not surprising state of scientific feeling. As late as 1893, when I might have procured the insertion of the word pragmatism in the Century Dictionary, it did not seem to me that its vogue was sufficient to warrant that step.

CHARLES SANDERS PEIRCE

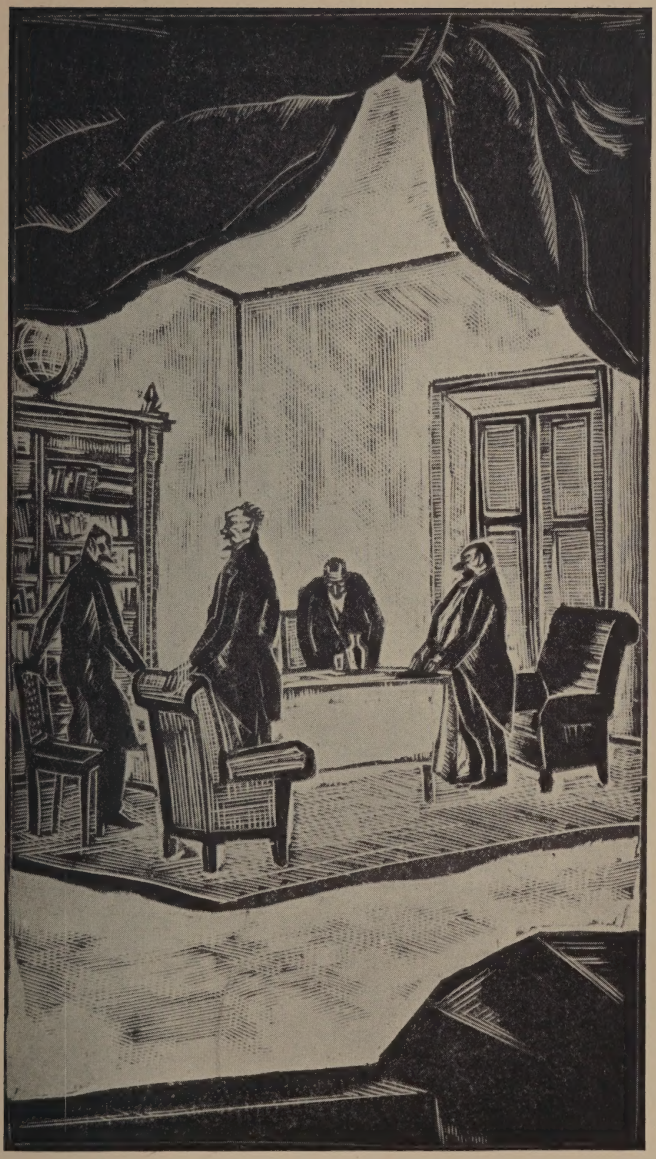
[The Editors of THE HOUND & HORN desire to express their deep gratitude to Harvard College for permission to publish these papers of Charles Sanders Peirce. The works of Peirce will shortly be published by Harvard University Press in about ten volumes.]

NOTES ON PRINTING

MODERN BOOK ILLUSTRATION

If the year 1890, when William Morris in England designed his Kelmscott type, can be taken as a convenient starting point for the study of modern typography, the year 1896 just as definitely can be said to inaugurate the era of modern book illustration; for there arose in that year in Paris a publisher, Edouard Pelletan, whose theories regarding illustration influenced the whole direction of printing in France. Today he is just beginning to have his effect on all other countries of the world of printing. His main thesis was that to illustrate a book is to interpret a text and to decorate a page. He realized, which is even more important, that type and illustration must be made to harmonize, and that both should be suitable to the text. The significance of these theories as applied to book illustration today cannot be over emphasized. The work of Pelletan, like that of Morris, had certain glaring faults, and cannot be granted equal originality. He is almost always academic, stiff, and hard, but he did perceive that wood engraving, a neglected art in his day, was the most suitable medium under the then existing processes of printing to harmonize with type. As for the type itself, that seemed to have been secondary with him. It appears that he did not conceive a book as other than illustrated.

The English, Germans, and Americans, in reaction from Morris, have as definitely preferred pure typography. The Germans have been most thorough in their exploration of its possibilities — and it is a fact that today, in the type foundry of the Gebrüder Klingspor at Offenbach, they aim to produce an entirely new type every three weeks! The art of Germany has always contained a very strong calligraphic element. But because it is very difficult to tread a narrow line of demarcation between decorative typography (borders, fleurons, type ornaments, and the like) and the printed page, and because we are not living in a classic, severe age, each year there are a greater number of books in the anglo-saxon and germanic countries which can be classified as illustrated. Furthermore, we and they are seeking



From "Der Geist in der Fleische" by A. A. Tiemann. Wood engraving by A. H. Muller. (Klingspor Press, Offenbach am Main, 1928).

From "Frederic et Barlarette," by A. de Musset. Wood engraving by J. Boullaire (Chez Sylvain Sauvage, Paris, 1928).

a language in which to interpret this new age of ours: the vocabulary of the past cannot express it.

It is evident that the French appreciate this fact. With the rest of the world coming over more than half way towards their position in regard to book illustration, they cannot afford to continue to ignore completely the qualities of type. M. Angoulveut, in the *Fleuron* for 1924, discusses the problem of the "Book of the Present and of the Future," from the standpoint of illustration, which is the subject with which we are concerned. He offers as a solution the decorated book, which, like the synthetic theatre, must be a unity of all the elements contained in its makeup, even if at some expense to the individual perfection of these elements. Like a picture puzzle the problem of the book designer will be to take the most perfectly suitable elements possible and to fit them together into combinations which require as little change as possible. Illustration no longer means a visual repetition of the subject matter in the text. In art, modern taste has become tired of descriptive painting, where there are few realms of expression left to conquer. It is groping for the fundamentals of art. It is sufficient for a picture to give an aesthetic *suggestion* of the vision in the artist's mind at the moment of inspiration.

The application of this idea to the designing of books has been attempted, as yet, by only a very few men: in America by W. A. Dwiggins and Rockwell Kent, in France by F. L. Schmeid, and in Germany by the Klingspors, and Count Kessler, and in England possibly by Gibbings at the Golden Cockerel Press. However, there are now men in every one of the four most important book producing countries who are working with this idea in mind. This is certainly significant of the future trend of book design, especially since three or four years ago only Schmeid in France stated his aim.

In the future, the eclectic period of our printing, which has been characteristic of the first twenty years of this century in America, will appear to have been a groping effort to find in bygone styles some inspiration on which to build a *new* style *distinctly our own.* America today presents definitely a very new and distinctive phase of civilization, but as yet it has not found an interpretation for this civilization in art. Advertising posters, bad as many of them are, and book illustration may perhaps lead the way. If this is true the coming

period will be a daring and colourful one. Only the future will be able to sift out the significant from the merely unusual.

By extraordinary good fortune there is a veritable revolution going on in the mechanics of printing today. New printing processes, like aquatone and automatic presses, are coming out so quickly that a plant could hardly be equipped before the machinery therein contained would be in some measure out of date. In particular these processes will lessen the expense of decoration and colour illustration. At the same time there is a distinct awakening of public interest, and by real coincidence, of some very extraordinary designing talent. The situation is not at all unanalogous to that which took place at the introduction of printing about 1450. A definite shortage of books for the reading world existed which scribes working by hand could not possibly fill cheaply or quickly enough. Today, the situation is the same, only the change will come in reverse order: science will provide methods for reproducing cheaply by colour processes, decoration and illustration, which will permit the making of books so original in design and so full of colour and decorative quality that the public will gobble them up. To give but one example: books may be then photographed from the original authors' manuscripts. They may be brightly coloured, written in different script hands, gorgeously illuminated and reproduced to defy comparison with the original. All this at a reasonable cost because so many of the laborious processes of typesetting, proofreading and separate colour printings will be eliminated. Editions in "new style" will have to be made of all the important books that have ever been written. Is this not a prediction of a Renaissance in the realm of book production? Are the signs not as clear for this as they are for a new architecture based on our skyscrapers, the development of industrial chemistry, and electrolysis?

It is a happy future to predict for the book lover, and those who have the interest are urged to look forward into this development, rather than back at what has been done. This will hasten development, stimulate production, employ labor and talent, and we shall be prophets of a new age rather than merely collectors of an old.

PHILIP HOFER

BOOK REVIEWS

JOHN WEBSTER

THE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER. *Edited by F. L. Lucas. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company. 4 Volumes.* $25.00.

Webster, the last of the great Elizabethans, is in many respects the most interesting of them all. He is not an easy poet; you are not lulled when reading him into that syrupy form of mild hypnosis which Mr. Mencken so absurdly considers the end of poetry. He is, on the contrary, bitter, sharp, and full of a passionate wit that bites rather than soothes. His imagination is a flashlight, illuminating with a sudden stab of bright intensity the rocks and corners of the dark landscape it plays upon. You cannot read him (as Mr. Lucas, in his introduction to this edition, appropriately remarks) lying down.

Though he wrote at least four entire plays, and collaborated in several others, criticism of Webster has been almost entirely concerned with two plays only: "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi." For these two great tragedies contain all that is peculiarly Websterian; in them alone is his passionate intensity sustained throughout.

They were both written in the second decade of the seventeenth century; "The White Devil" in 1611 or 1612, "The Duchess of Malfi" in 1613 or 1614. Shakespeare had retired from the stage just before they appeared; and after the second of them, what remained of Elizabethan dramatic greatness was to be expressed only fitfully, in a few scenes by Ford, in fewer still by Middleton, before the drama itself died away in the theatricality of Shirley.

What made the Elizabethan drama great, and gave it its peculiar character, was that for the first time in England, under the impulse of the Renascence, a popular form of literature was written from a

serious point of view. It was Marlowe's glory to have turned a form of entertainment into a vehicle for the expression of passionate thought about every phase of life in action. Even the smaller men of the time, like Marston and Dekker, urged on by their greater contemporaries, caught something of their spirit, and were drawn out of themselves into occasional magnificence. But the exuberance which had been at first (in Marlowe) the cause of this passionate feeling about life, was of short duration. It gave way under the ageing Renascence. You can watch its decline in Shakespeare from "Romeo and Juliet" through "Troilus and Cressida" to "King Lear." The intensity remains, but it becomes increasingly the intensity of bitterness, rather than the intensity of enthusiasm. Life is not to be conquered; it is itself the conqueror. Marlowe's Faustus could say:

"O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command."

But the philosophy of "King Lear" is exactly opposite:

"As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport."

The work of Webster is a continuation of this later mood. Shakespeare's last plays (a fact which delighted the Victorian moralists) express a contented state of mind. The "Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale" do not contain any strong feeling about the world; they fly off at a tangent; they are superficial and romantic. So with Fletcher, who carries on the romantic development; he does not absorb the mind, he merely entertains. But Webster's "White Devil" is in the tradition of "King Lear." Here (as to a less extent in the sister tragedy) we have expressed for the last time in Elizabethan drama that wild bitterness about external nature and man, which is the last reaction to life of Elizabethan dramatic greatness.

It is this final quality about Webster which conditions at once his subject matter and his poetic personality. There is nothing in him of Marlowe's boisterous grandeur; his heroes are not like Tamburlaine, confident that they will acquire the riches of material dominion, nor are they like Faustus, seeking supernatural power that they may know

and rule the world. They are merely human beings blown through life by gusts of passion and pride; swept to death by unreasoning (and unreasonable) forces they do not attempt to understand. Their nobility consists, not in grandiloquent ambition, but in a brave facing of destruction. There is nothing grand about life to Webster's characters. "What's this flesh?" asks Bosola of the Duchess of Malfi; "a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in: more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body; this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only serves to give us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison."

It is superb writing, but it is the voice of a Renascence grown old. And this quality of bitterness and disillusionment, expressed in the magnificent language which was the legacy of exuberance, is the quality which marks all the best literature of the early seventeenth century. You can find it in Tourneur, in the later Donne, in Drummond of Hawthornden. But it is better expressed by Webster than by anyone else. It is more biting and vivid with him than with any of his contemporaries. At times it is expressed violently: "Go tell my brothers," says the Duchess of Malfi, as she is being strangled,

> "Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
> They then may feed in quiet."

On other occasions it has a calmer desperation.

> "Thou hast lived with me
> These forty years; we have grown old together,
> As many ladies and their women do,
> With talking nothing and with doing less:
> We have spent our life in that which least concerns life,
> Only in putting on our clothes."

But in either mood, when Webster is at his best, the general thought and the particular image are welded together into that emotional unity which is the essence of poetry, and which with its "fine excess," its spice of intellectual stimulation, is Webster's great poetic gift. It is a gift which seems almost to be the condition of his subject matter, just as his subject matter was conditioned by his time. His

characters are headstrong and passionate, they swirl through a dark world to their doom; and they speak in language as intense and vigorous as themselves. It is this intensity, this lightning-like flash of phrase ("Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young") which Webster was the last of the dramatists to employ, and which gives him his vigor now. His poetry lacks the breadth of Shakespeare's, and it has only rarely the music of Fletcher's, but even if it is more cramped, more limited in application, it gains in intensity what it lacks in freedom, and almost by virtue of its irregularity, its sharp jaggedness, makes a more vivid and lasting impression upon the mind. It is a kind of poetry which a modern reader can welcome, as its influence on modern poets very clearly shows.

It is all the more fortunate, therefore, that Webster has found so admirable an editor as Mr. Lucas. Not only has the scholarly part of his task on the whole been ably accomplished, but Mr. Lucas has combined the functions of the scholar with those of the critic in a fashion as rare as it is welcome. His general introduction to Webster's work is the best essay on the subject that has so far appeared. Mr. Lucas has caught (and very successfully communicates) Webster's poetic character, and the Introduction as a whole is a pleasure to read.

What faults there are in this edition are due to its chief virtue. The rare marriage of the critic and the scholar occasionally causes the former to trespass on the domain of the latter. For example, Mr. Lucas gives us seventy-eight pages of notes (and excellently learned they are) to "The White Devil," but only thirteen pages to the inferior, but not less difficult, "Cure for a Cuckold." It is all very well for the critic to show such favoritism, but the editor should be more impartial. Not infrequently on reading the less known plays one turns to the notes hoping for elucidation and finds nothing. But this is not a very large blot on Mr. Lucas' scutcheon. His handling of the numerous moot points about Webster, especially that Lacoön of Elizabethan scholarship — collaboration, is sensible and just, and is as conclusive as such things can be. Indeed Mr. Lucas' edition is not likely to be out-dated for a long time to come, and everyone interested in the Elizabethan drama should certainly own it.

THEODORE SPENCER

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES. The Complete Works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. *Edited with a Memoir by Sir Edmund Gosse and decorated by the Dance of Death of Hans Holbein. London. The Fanfrolico Press. Limited, numbered edition. 2 volumes.* £2/2.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, Eccentric & Poet. *By Royall H. Snow. New York. Covici, Friede.* 1928. $3.00.

Duke Melveric and his dearest friend once signed a blood-pact that whichever died first should appear to the other. But no friendship outpasses the love for a woman, and the Duke slew his friend. Then Isbrand, the court-fool, and brother of the murdered Wolfram, substituted the body of his brother for that of the duchess in the ducal monument, so that on the Judgment Day the Duke will rise, "embracing his damnation." Meanwhile the Duke, in the anguish of separation, endeavored by necromancy to raise the spirit of his beloved wife, but the ghost that rose was the ghost of his betrayed friend, now the enemy who cannot be laid until the Duke return with him into the grave.

So the plot of "Death's Jest Book" winds on, with poisonings, suicides, and dances of death, brothers hating each other, conspirators whispering in cemeteries, and a court-fool jesting with murder in his heart, until at last the ghost conducts the living Duke into the portals of his sepulchre. And though "nothing's true but what's horrible," the drama is punctuated with some of the sweetest lyrics in English:

> If thou wilt ease thine heart
> Of love and all its smart,
> Then sleep, dear, sleep. . . .

Beddoes was a great lyrist and a great writer of blank verse; he wrote the best poetry between Blake and Tennyson; and his masterpiece is also the masterpiece of the entire Gothic school of literature. His motley salads of horror and superb scenes rise high above the

whole Gothic crew: Mrs. Radcliffe, Maturin, Charles Brockden Brown, and the rest. Yet in spite of Beddoes' insight into the morbid mind, his astonishing poetry with its luscious sense-confusion, and his ability to construct truly dramatic scenes, he could not tell a story or create a character; and so his plays remain unacted.

Yet I have imagined that "Death's Jest Book" could be produced. What though the Duke is both a true friend and a traitor? a light o' love and a devoted husband? What though Wolfram the man has nothing to do with Wolfram the ghost? What though Isbrand, in spite of his job, has no sense of humor; and Mandrake is but a presentiment of Savonarola Brown's Fool? Even so, scenery designed with Piranesi's grasp of feverish perspective and Jones's skill in chiaroscuro, a Schubert-Stravinsky to set the songs, actors with the lost ability to read blank verse, and an audience specially selected — all these might make it a success. The plot, indeed, gets lost in broken Gothic arches and dim heroic labyrinths; yet the situations, taken singly, are magnificent, thrilling, tremulous with other-worldliness, and scented with grave-mould. Structurally the play is a ruin, but the ruin is haunted. Beddoes had splendid ideas, but he could not work them out. Webster or Tourneur could have done so; Nat Lee (that forgotten genius) would have made up in success what he lacked in restraint; but Beddoes had none of that gift of story-telling which the Elizabethan dramatists had and the American scenario-writers have in such profusion.

Therefore in spite of vast compliments from Proctor, Landor, Browning, and Tennyson, Beddoes' works are for the enthusiast only. They require a reader susceptible to great verse and to the fever-dream; and their fate has consequently been curiously frustrate. Beddoes himself published little. Kelsall, his friend and literary executor, only after extended efforts got Pickering to publish "Death's Jest Book" and the collected poems; however, he interested Browning and bequeathed to him the poet's manuscripts. Browning proclaimed that if he were ever elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, his first lecture would be on Beddoes; but he was never elected, and he gave the task of editorship of the manuscripts to Gosse, and died before the poems were published in 1890. Four years later Gosse published the letters as well. Then the manuscripts in the "Browning

box" vanished, rendering all collation impossible (which, in Beddoes' case, was really important, there having been three different versions of his masterpiece as well as unpublished lyrics), and what was supposed to be the only portrait of the poet had likewise disappeared, though a photograph of it remained. In spite of this, Sir Edmund wrote preface and introduction for a definitive edition, and died before it could be issued. Thus fatality followed Beddoes even beyond the grave.

At last, however, eighty years after the poet's death the complete works and an authoritative biography have appeared.

The "Complete Works" is a handsome, limited edition, decorated with Holbein's entire "Dance of Death," and introduced by Sir Edmund's new Memoir. Discreet textual notes lurk modestly where they may be found by the curious. The beauty of the bookmaking adds greatly to the pleasure of the text.

This text is merely a reprint of the poems and letters published by Gosse in 1890 and 1894, now for the first time combined with a general title-page. The only addition is a couple of pages from the juvenile "Scaroni." Why this immature thriller was not published complete in a "Complete Works," I do not know. "Now collected together for the first time," leads one to expect something more than this trifling addition. Of course the loss of the Browning box makes us perforce accept Sir Edmund's text as the only one; yet would it be out of place in a "Complete Works" to include Beddoes' translation of Schiller's "Philosophical Letters," which appeared in the *Oxford Quarterly Magazine* for March-June, 1825? What other magazine articles did Beddoes write? The review of "Hayley's Life and Letters" in the *Quarterly Review* for 1825 has been ascribed to him,* an article important at least as containing perhaps the earliest suggestion that Vondel influenced "Paradise Lost," a point which Beddoes raised again in a letter of 1829. Are neither of these articles even to be mentioned in Sir Edmund's bibliography? Are there any others?

Moreover we may add that in view of Sir Edmund's earlier lack of thoroughness in publishing the poet's manuscripts, and of his cas-

* Vondel's "Lucifer," trans. Van Noppen, New York and London, 1898, p. 162.

ualness in the present Memoir, Beddoes' editor has not been the least of Beddoes' misfortunes. Sir Edmund Gosse lacked both enthusiasm and exactness. In his Memoir he omits any paraphrase of Bevan's account of Beddoes' school days; he confuses the lost "Cynthia and Bugboo," a coarse Fieldingesque tale, with "Scaroni," a Gothic novelette; he states that only one portrait is known (whereas Professor Snow reproduces another); he expurgated the "New Cecilia"; he repeats the fable that Beddoes poisoned himself with curari and was found with a letter pinned upon his chest: "I am food for what I am good for — worms."

The life by Professor Snow makes amends for Sir Edmund's omissions by giving to the public the results of considerable research in the first real biography of the poet. Unless the Browning box be recovered, or other unexpected material of importance turn up, this should be the authoritative life. We learn of Beddoes' fantastic school days; of his first brilliant success in literature; of his studying medicine in Germany; of his abrupt departure from that land, as a "red radical"; of his two brief and uncomfortable returns to England; of his eccentricities and his death. Gosse's lurid tale of madness and suicide is considerably modified. Aggressively unpleasant Beddoes certainly became, but he was probably pleasantly drunk when he tried to fire Drury Lane with a five-pound note. He did slash an artery; but he actually died (as the hospital records prove) of apoplexy after the amputation of a leg. The curari and the farewell note become impossibilities.

Perhaps the most touching thing in the book is the slender bibliography at the end, for nothing else could indicate more starkly the coldness of the literary world. There are but eight items under "Works"; but four under "Biography and Criticism" (two of these are German theses, one an article by Gosse, and one Lytton Strachey's well-known appreciation); while the thirty-four items under "Periodical Literature" merely indicate that Professor Snow has dug far and deep in the dusty cellars of many libraries.

The pathos of the situation is obvious. It was high time that Beddoes' works were republished and his life written.

S. Foster Damon

GOLDEN CANDLESTICKS

FOR LANCELOT ANDREWES. *By T. S. Eliot. London. Faber and Gwyer.*[1] 1928. 7/6.

In his Preface to the 1928 edition of "The Sacred Wood," Mr. Eliot says that the views he expressed in that volume in 1920 he still substantially holds. He was, however, at that time concerned with the thing called poetry and not with its relation to society or ethics. One of course believes Mr. Eliot when he says this: no one is such a consummate master of the art of sticking to the point; indeed it is this humble concentration on the subject that makes his criticism the most authoritative now being written. At the same time he is unique in the extent to which he has also the complementary virtue: he always sees the object in its context. "This clarity of statement," Mr. Herbert Read says,[2] in discussing a paragraph of Eliot's, "can only be maintained if there exists in the writer's mind a sufficient fund or reservoir of knowledge from which he can draw in order to effect a liaison between otherwise seemingly independent facts. This process involves more than a power of generalization, more than the scientific methods of induction and deduction; it involves also the capacity to discern a pattern in events . . ." In other words, although Mr. Eliot is not a system builder, and although his method is to talk always about a particular thing (e.g., Symons' translation of Baudelaire), still everything he says implies the larger pattern which he holds in his mind's eye. It will therefore be impossible to be quite clear about his views until he brings out the three volumes which he promises in the Preface to "Lancelot Andrewes":—"The School of Donne"; "The Outline of Royalism"; and "The Principles of Modern Hersey." Meanwhile, of the essays in "Lancelot Andrewes" Mr. Eliot says, "I have made bold to unite these occasional essays merely as an indication of what may be expected, and to refute any accusation of playing 'possum. The general point of view may be described as classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion."

[1] "For Lancelot Andrewes" will shortly be issued in America by Doubleday-Doran.

[2] In his "English Prose Style." London. G. Bell and Sons. 1928.

This is of course far more explicit than anything in "The Sacred Wood," where all the questions not strictly relevant to poetry were shelved or referred to Tradition. Unless one was sure one knew what he meant by Tradition, it was easy to infer from that volume a doctrine of art for art's sake. In the present volume he does not talk about Tradition very much, but he discusses a political thinker (Machiavelli); a metaphysician (Bradley); a humanist (Irving Babbitt), and two bishops (Lancelot Andrewes and John Bramhall), as well as three poets. He is interested in each of them from several points of view. He is interested in their styles, in their worldly wisdom, or lack of it, and in whether they have religious understanding. He permits himself in other words to bring a larger part of his pattern into focus; and we see that what he called Tradition in "The Sacred Wood" he now calls God, or one manifestation of God, depending on whether one thinks his vision has remained fairly constant and only his exposition broadened, or his vision continuously broadened and deepened. Probably he has simply been waiting to speak until his vision should have become set and clarified. He is so self-conscious that he knows when he is ready to speak. Moreover he has an acute sense of what might be called the politics of spirituality, which determines the way he speaks when he has once made up his mind, as well as a sense of himself as an important actor on the world's stage. By "Lancelot Andrewes" he seems to have settled most of these questions of emotion, conscience and tact, and to be ready to announce a position. He has passed a certain point and mastered his development, which begins to seem steady and consistent.

This development might have begun (speaking diagrammatically and on the basis of hints which he himself has given) with the revelation of Henry James, whose piety toward the English social organism, though more solemn and credulous than Eliot's, seems to have been the latter's inspiration. Eliot also learned a great deal, from the point of view of method, from James's intelligence. ("He had a mind so fine that no mere idea could violate it.") Bradley's logic came to confirm and justify this type of intelligence, Bradley also having been humble before the concrete, while insisting upon the unity of the whole picture. "The Golden Bough" vastly deepened and corrected the Jamesian vision of A Society. With these guides he then acquired

an enormous erudition, especially, Mr. Fernandez thinks, in the Elizabethan period and the Mediterranean classics. He developed a loyalty to the best in the European tradition — classicism and Christianity — as well as a loyalty to English culture. His conversion to anglo-catholicism now comes as the keystone of this structure. He says of Hooker and Andrewes: "They were fathers of a national Church and they were Europeans."

One already sees this creation as extremely impressive, meeting as it does the needs of an extraordinary sensibility, an extraordinary intelligence, and an extraordinarily intense emotion. Some of Mr. Eliot's audience may wonder in what proportions his sense of expediency, his religious need and his highly educated Puritan conscience, combined to produce the final movement of his conversion. Perhaps the clue is to be found in the quotation he places at the beginning of "Lancelot Andrewes"; "Thou, Lord, Who walkest in the midst of the golden candlesticks, remove not, we pray Thee, our candlestick out of its place; but set in order the things which are wanting among us, and strengthen those which remain, and are ready to die." We who have no golden candlestick must find his final position as unproductive of "manna and partridges" for us as Professor Babbitt's irreproachable individualism — Mr. Eliot's own lessons in "context" make that sufficiently clear; but he will take his place like Professor Babbitt as one of the guides that we will always need.

FRANCIS FERGUSSON

THE ASTROPHYSICAL SYSTEM BEFORE NEWTON

FROM MAGIC TO SCIENCE. Essays on the Scientific Twilight. *By Charles Singer. New York. Boni and Liveright.* 1928. $7.50.

This collection of essays, written at various times in the last ten years by the distinguished English historian of medicine, is an inviting miscellany of spirited generalization and meticulous erudition. His first two essays are panoramic: in them we find cool, sweeping statements such as "Thus (in Roman science), in place of knowledge accumulating progressively on the basis of a wide and far-reaching theory, we get either a type of exact but intellectually motiveless observation or a rejection of all knowledge not of practical importance." (4) Then follow essays where the microscope is focused on obscure texts — as in essay 4, where he identifies eight distinct geographical and historical groups of influence acting on the benighted medicine of Anglo-Saxon England. As a scholar and scientist Dr. Singer is armed to the teeth; as a psychologist he is reasonable if not profound; it is only as a historian that a fault might be found: his admirable curiosity concerns manifestations rather than causes.

The essays are on the history of botany and medicine, and as today medicine is closely allied to chemistry, so in these earlier days it was closely allied to philosophy, astronomy and physics. Consequently Dr. Singer has a good deal to say about these matters, and, in doing so, keeps constantly referring to the current doctrine of astro-physics as the abiding and fundamental hypothesis on which all men, from the later Greeks to Newton, trustingly depended. What is this doctrine which has dominated man's mind during 2,000 of the last 2,250 years? Had Dr. Singer written a book instead of a miscellany, he would have told us; as it is one merely catches hints here and there — like bits of good talk at a tea party. But the matter is vital if we are properly to understand not only these essays but most other good writing on the history of religion or science: so we beg leave to explain what Dr. Singer could have, but has not, explained.

Of Greek science, as it was inherited by the less talented minds which followed, Aristotle was the presiding genius, and it is therefore his system, by and large, which was adopted. One error: that a body can only move so long as it is in physical contact with another body which is pushing it, lies at the bottom of the whole system. On this hypothesis all motive power must come from somewhere else, and be transmitted from one body to the next by a succession of physical contacts; and on this hypothesis the heliocentric conception, often suggested by Greek astronomers but always rejected by Greek scientists as a whole, was impossible, because the earth could not revolve or move in an orbit unless some other body was pushing it, and there was no such body, obviously. That the heavens revolved, however, was less inexplicable, because we cannot see that it is not being pushed and therefore may more reasonably assume that it is. To explain this revolution of the heaven of fixed stars Aristotle conceived the idea of the Primum Mobile or First Mover, which, if not quite a religious force, was a metaphysical rather than a physical one. This being predicated Aristotle had still to explain how this force was transmitted down through the various planetary spheres in order to account for the motions of the planets and for the microscopic motions of the winds, tides and men on earth. To explain this he assumed that each planet was embedded in an air sphere of its own, that the outer sphere contiguous to it moved it and so moved the planet. Power was lost with each successive transmission of energy so that the earth remained at rest and only smaller objects on it were affected. The mundane effects cannot be better described than in Dr. Singer's own words: "The fixed stars, moving regularly in a circle, controlled the ordered course of nature, the events that proceeded in recurring, manifest, and unalterable rounds, such as winter and summer, night and day, growth and decay. The planets, on the other hand, erratic, or at least errant in their movements, governed the more variable and less easily ascertainable events in the world around and within us, the happenings that make life the uncertain, hopeful, dangerous, happy thing it is. It was to the ascertainment of the factors governing this kaleidoscope of life that astrology set itself. The general outline was fixed, death in the end was sure, and to the believing Christian, life after it. But there was a great uncertain zone between the sure and

the unsure that might be predicted and perhaps avoided, or if not avoided, its worst consequences abated." (83) Faith in astrology died in about the middle of the seventeenth century, only as the theory of astro-physics on which it was based was gradually undermined.

Duns Scot cast metaphysical doubt on this theory; Occam elaborated the doubt, and fortified his position by asserting that motion was as natural to bodies as was rest. Oresme, a generation later, effectively demonstrated that the earth revolved, whereas the heaven of fixed stars was at rest. One hundred and fifty years later Copernicus corroborated Oresme and put the sun in the centre of the heavenly sphere in place of the earth. Fifty years after this Benedetti demonstrated that a body's natural motion was rectilinear and not circular. Henceforth it was no longer necessary to assume solid air spheres in order to explain why the planets moved, but it was now all the more necessary to assume this in order to explain why they moved in a circle and not in a straight line. Galileo perfected Occam's theory and championed that of Oresme and Copernicus. Kepler showed that the speed and orbits of the planets have a mathematical relation to their proximity to the sun. Descartes suspected that energy cannot be dissipated and consequently that motion, apart from any exterior impulse, is not merely natural but inevitable and eternal. Pascal proved that a vacuum is possible and natural, and consequently intimated that the idea of solid air spheres is a gratuitous and unlikely one.

At this point the astro-physics doctrine of Aristotle had been shot to pieces, it had become a helpless derelict. But the problem remained: for what might it be abandoned but for small boats in the open sea? In the late seventeenth century there was a marked revival in religious fervor; was this science, which had taught so much, to lead to nothing?

Thus was the stage for Newton set. He accepted all that science could offer him, assumed natural motion, some sort of conservation of energy, the heliocentric system, rectilinear motion, the likelihood that the planets move in a vacuum, and finally Kepler's law of the motion of the planets around the sun. The planet moves eternally of its own impetus, in physical contact with nothing, and yet in a circular (elliptical) course around the sun. Some force must be acting on it without contact; it is a force which is constant and regular. Then he

found that this force had the peculiarity of depending on the relation between the masses of the sun and planet and their respective distances from each other. The law of gravitation was born.

The old theory caused a number of derivative theories; of these Dr. Singer has something to say of two. The first is the idea that the human body, or microcosm, is a miniature replica of the created universe, or macrocosm. How this belief arose we do not know, but the idea was a natural one, that since man moves and lives because of forces transmitted through the universe, he is also its creation, for it was an age-long axiom of logic that a thing cannot be the cause of another thing which does not resemble it. For the same reason the heavens were believed to contain life; sometimes deities, again star intelligences, again angels, but always something *alive* because they were the instruments through which man receives life. In this conception there is more Plato than Aristotle, but such variations did not disturb the harmony of the general idea.

On page 227 Dr. Singer reproduces a drawing of the human body with inscriptions taken from Herrade von Landsberg's late twelfth-century "Hortus Deliciarum"; and he says of it "The [Latin] inscription against the head may be rendered: 'the head of the microcosm is round like the heavenly sphere. In it are two eyes as the two luminaries shine in the heavens and there are seven orifices [which] adorn it like the seven heavens of harmony.' Against the thorax is written: 'In the chest is breath and cough like to winds and thunder.' Against the abdomen: 'Into the belly all things flow like rivers to the sea.'" It was William James, I think, who said that one of man's greatest intellectual talents was the capacity to recognize similarities in superficially dissimilar things; evidently he did not know his Herrade! And there must have been other writers whom he did not read carefully for Dr. Singer (p. 216) says: "Even now it [this parallel] is not perhaps wholly devoid of message, but as a phenomenon in the history of human thought, a theory which appealed to such diverse scientific writers as Seneca, Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, William Gilbert, William Harvey, Robert Boyle, and Leibnitz is surely worthy of attention."

The second derivative theory concerns the reason why the universe and man were created. No physical, but only a psychological reason,

would do here. The glory of the earlier Greek philosophers was that this problem did not worry them; the glory of the later ones was that it did worry them and that they set themselves to solve it. Santayana has said that ever since the days of Socrates the dice of thought have been loaded; by which he probably means that since that time man has been willing to *assume* that in the universe there is a moral purpose dictating its being. Plato's thought is heavily charged with this idea; Aristotle's "Good" is merely less poetical and more biological. Coming to the Romans, "At the end of each book Seneca sums up the moral to be derived from the phenomena investigated."(16) And Pliny is quoted (13) as saying, "Nature and the earth fill us with admiration . . . as we contemplate the great variety of plants and find that they are created for the wants and enjoyment of mankind." The universe is coming more and more to be measured by man—already by 100 A.D. we find a teleological view full grown, and the ground cleared for the diffusion of biblical doctrine. The Old Testament is at times childishly anthropo-centric: it required only a slight readjustment to bring pagan and biblical teleology into harmony — Augustine's "City of God" accomplished it, and so solid it seemed that we find the conception hardly altered in Bossuet's "Histoire universelle," published five years before the appearance of Newton's "Principia."

But if it be really true that Christianity adopted all this doctrine from paganism, where lay its originality? Dr. Singer quotes from Seneca's "Quaestiones naturales": "God has not revealed all things to man and has entrusted us with but a fragment of His mighty work [could Calvin have said it differently?]. But He who directs all things, who has established and laid the foundation of the world, who has clothed Himself with Creation, He is greater and better than that which He has wrought."(57) No wonder mediaeval Christians took Seneca for a Christian! But we get the key elsewhere: Pliny says, "It is mere folly to inquire into the nature of God . . . ridiculous to suppose that the great head of all things regards human affairs."(13) Now this, at last, no Christian could have written. The Greeks, with the help of the Romans, had conceived the idea of an ordered universe, operated from outside for the benefit of man, but they had been incapable of completing the design by conceiving of a God who created the universe in order to test and prove the temper of men's souls. The

pagan suspected a moral purpose, but could not quite imagine why this should be and how it was made operative. This the genius of the Jews and Christians evolved. Dr. Singer says, "This spirit of the macrocosm [depicted in a twelfth-century MS.], the *Nous* or 'world spirit' of Hermetic and Neoplatonic literature, the impersonated *Nature*, as we may perhaps render it, is in its turn controlled by the Godhead that pervades the form and is represented rising from its vertex as a second human face. Nature, the spirit of the cosmic order, controls and holds in subjection the hideous monster, the principle of death and dissolution, the *Hyle* or *primordial* matter of the Neoplatonists whose chaotic and anarchic force would shatter and destroy this fair world unless fettered by a higher power."(217) We may therefore safely conclude that, although Christianity brought no new astrophysics, it did bring a new teleology, not a vague, but a dramatically concrete, explanation of reality's *raison d'être*, for the lack of which paganism was languishing.

Now it may well be a hazardous suggestion that this ingenuous teleology is in any way related to the old astro-physics. Yet if physical power, and so all motion and so all change and therefore reality, comes from above and outside, must not the original cause of its creation come from outside, too? And this cause cannot be physical and so must be psychological or human, and so moral. It is at least a strange coincidence that both the old astro-physics and the old teleology lasted rather precisely from Socrates to Newton. For who was the first to make the old teleology ridiculous but Newton's press agent in France, Monsieur de Voltaire? In Voltaire's old age he became as excited by biology as he earlier had been by physics — witness his letters to Spallanzani; Newton had given him assurance that the universe functioned automatically, that the activity on earth was a spontaneous, indigenous activity. Here was a brand new problem to solve. Before Voltaire died there were already several young men obscurely wrestling with the first notions of biological, geological and astronomical evolution (Lamarck, Hutton & Laplace).

I have made outrageously unwarranted use of Dr. Singer's quotations to illustrate ideas which he may very well not at all subscribe to. But at least I have given some notion of the kind of subject and problem he is eager to deal with. There are many more things in this ad-

mirable book which deserve, yet cannot be given, proper attention: as for instance his observation that plant delineation was least realistic in the early thirteenth century and again became really accurate only in the paintings of Botticelli. And a unique value of the book lies in its illustrations and the close analysis of and commentary on them. These are abundant, often colored, and hardly otherwise accessible; as mediaeval documents they should serve the needs alike of the idly and of the methodically curious. Possibly there are slight defects: as in his account of the twelfth-century Arabian influence, which is sometimes heavy handed; or in his neglect of the fourteenth-century insurrection against classical authority — by Occam, Oresme and others — but the essays are on the whole so solid and judicious, the hand so firm, the curiosity so well-directed, that our gratitude must be humbly offered without reservations.

E. M. Pickman

SHORTER NOTICES

ROME HAUL. *By Walter Edmonds. Boston. Little, Brown and Company.* 1929. $2.50.

The reviewer in search of generalities, of an easy and pleasant job, ought to be thoroughly at home with this picaresque novel of the Erie Canal in 1850: it bristles, fairly, with good things. For example, there are two first-rate fights (in either of which the Mayor of Casterbridge would have been eager to join); there is a conversation between our poor young hero and a country undertaker, in which the cost of funerals is brought at last so low that the undertaker pays out ten dollars for the corpse; a sermon delivered from a haymow by a quack-preacher in the face of an enraged congregation armed, naturally enough, with pitchforks and eggs. A mysterious criminal passes from chapter to chapter doing and receiving favours, but never seen face to face till he lies dead on the roof of the canal-boat. Things happen one after another; as in a newspaper they have only the relation of time and place; and as the items in a newspaper what is read is believed. The reality may be melodramatic and omnivorous but it has all the presence of things living. Incident clings always to its climax, and every crisis at the moment of its experience seems essential. Mr. Edmonds, in short, has a good eye for all that he has trained himself to see; has a good ear for conversation and a knack for snaring the sound of wind and snow and rain — things of the weather generally — in the exaggerated image. Dan Harrow's heavy team of horses is beautiful to the senses. And there is a real talent for narrative: things move in a natural order and form a story, for the story's sake alone.

So much for the book as reading matter. — "Rome Haul," like a great many first novels, is not altogether one novel; it is rather many parts of one novel, and the tying-together is too obvious to be entirely successful. The facts about the book which support this judgment mostly connect themselves to the author's immaturity *as a writer*, and with a proper substitution of names should apply to most any good first novel.

There is a great crowding of persons and events, an enormous ap-

petite for everything at hand, which deprives the book of a well organized form. There is hardly time for the individual to turn round and be looked at. It is a panorama of the Erie Canal, and is intended to give the colour of the life it fed. Story after story is inserted because of its intrinsic interest, or to give the book an extra sense of life; whereas the result is a variety which in its general blind mass obscures the component parts. And that is what injures the form; because form is not a merging but rather a visible confluence of parts.

That Mr. Edmonds was aware of his problem is plain. Otherwise he would not have so heavily accented the "personal" theme of the book, which is the growing-up of a soul, the movement of Dan Harrow's maturity; so that, in this reference, the business of the Canal is the business of waking Dan. Had this theme been successfully borne out, all the various material in the book would have been correlated to it, the superfluous been wiped out, and a form achieved.

The comparative failure of the theme is largely due to the way in which the characters are managed. Roughly they are all emphasis and outline: the growing body is left out. The women in the book are seen from the outside as anecdotes or as forces to promote the action. Only occasionally, of the men, is there that intimate knowledge which makes them creatures. The author does not understand how *little* is necessary to make a character move. Because he does not know *enough* about his characters, Mr. Edmonds puts in *everything* he does know: so that in a way his novel resembles history; where the historian cannot avoid the predicament. That is, the historian cannot go behind his facts; whereas the novelist should begin behind his. It is all in the cloth of Aristotle's observation that young writers accomplish their details much better than their plots; are much better equipped, as a rule, in the science than in the art of the novel.

All these considerations apply as much to first novels as a class, as to Mr. Edmonds' "Rome Haul." The early work of Hardy, Conrad, James, and Hergesheimer, for example, is subject to precisely the same strictures, and the interesting thing about Mr. Edmonds will be to see whether his next handful of novels show a change analogous to that between "The Passionate Pilgrim" and "The Portrait of a Lady," between "Almayer's Folly" and "Nostromo." Mr. Edmonds has now that only genuine promise — a sample of accomplishment.

 R. P. Blackmur

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX. A Tragic History. *By Lytton Strachey. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company.* 1928. $3.75.

Very few books have been as universally praised on their first appearance as this. It has been called a masterpiece of portraiture; the excellence of its writing has been hailed everywhere; it has been assured a permanent place in English literature. It is therefore the business of a more leisured reviewer to determine whether or not such high praise is justified, and if he decides in the negative, to attempt an estimation of its true value.

The book is weakest on the historical side. As a number of reviewers have pointed out, Mr. Strachey is less at home with the scattered and sieve-like records of the sixteenth century than with the fat and voluminous memoirs of the nineteenth; indeed very few people could be; the records of that complicated age, though they are nearer to us by 1,500 years, are more difficult for us to interpret than the records of imperial Rome. And Mr. Strachey, one feels, has relied on them less than he should have. To take one example. He says, on page 24, when discussing the reasons for Elizabeth's virginity, that Feria, the Spanish ambassador, was a person who had good means of discovering the truth of the matter. Now this is not at all accurate, for we read in the "Calendar of State Papers" (an important document which, by the way, is not mentioned in Mr. Strachey's bibliographies) that Feria had very little opportunity of knowing anything about what went on in Elizabeth's court. His letters continually express his sense of being left out of things; he was not given a room in the palace at Whitehall, as he had expected; he was treated with suspicion, as the envoy of England's great enemy, wherever he went. In other words, his means for discovering the truth about Elizabeth were quite the reverse of "good."

This is, of course, a small matter; but with other flaws of the same kind, such as those pointed out by Professor Merriman in *The Saturday Review of Literature,* it inclines one to believe that Mr. Strachey read only a limited amount of source material, and that he trusted his intuition to supply the flesh for the incomplete skeleton with which he began.

If this is true, his intuition has served him well; his portraits are

admirable. And they were not easy to paint. For as Mr. Strachey himself observes, "human beings, no doubt, would cease to be human beings unless they were inconsistent, but the inconsistency of the Elizabethans exceeds the limits permitted to man." We look back at them, and for a time they seem only flat portraits, two-dimensional and stiff. But we are surprised by a sudden glimpse, and in the flash of an eye we get a momentary insight; the flat picture has hollows where we can catch something of a third, and bewildering, dimension. Then the vista closes, and we are left to puzzle it out as best we may.

It is these glimpses into a mode of thought and feeling frequently alien to our own that Mr. Strachey has seized and arranged with so expert a hand. Elizabeth herself is excellently treated; she is alive and convincing, and we, like her contemporaries, are fascinated and bewildered by the spectacle. Essex, in the early part of the book at least, is not so vivid; he remains two-dimensional. The first chapter, which describes him, sounds labored and unconvincing when compared to the second chapter, which describes Elizabeth, and it is only gradually that we come to realize the conflict between their personalities (which is at first obscured by the irrelevant description of Essex as a survival of feudalism): Essex, on the one hand, always expressing himself in action, rushing from "opposite to opposite," and Elizabeth, on the other, continually trying to do nothing at all. "Such was her nature — to float, when it was calm, in a sea of indecisions, and, when the wind rose, to tack hectically from side to side."

The other characters in the book are, for the most part, etched with equal vivacity; Mr. Strachey almost always avoids the chief pitfall of the method he has himself established; that of transfixing his victim to the wall with the pin of a single witty phrase. Only in the case of Bacon is the interpretation open to doubt, and one is further mildly annoyed by his being too steadily referred to as a serpent; the method has become too stylized.

Yet it is this very stylization which is the characteristic of Mr. Strachey's writing most likely to make it survive. His is a curious and unusual achievement; without ever exactly referring to it, he gives the impression that his characters are moving towards a destiny inevitable from the beginning of their careers, and over which they have only a slight control. Character, to Mr. Strachey, is very evi-

dently fate. We see character, therefore, in a double way; the personages are observed both intimately and at arm's length; as human beings and as puppets of a fantastic imagination. They are impelled, one feels, as much by Mr. Strachey as by themselves; a fatalistic pattern is laid upon history, and our sense of remoteness becomes, in Mr. Strachey's hands, itself almost an artistic form.

The dangers latent in such a method are obvious, for it tends to impose on historical fact what is primarily the shape of the novel; but only occasionally do we feel that Mr. Strachey moulds his matter too wilfully. Perhaps the chief fault of the method is the exaggeration it carries with it; "In the history of Essex, so *perplexed* in its issues, so *desperate* in its perturbations, so *dreadful* in its conclusion; the *spectral agony* of an *abolished* world is discernible through the *tragic* lineaments of a personal *disaster*." As many strong words as that give an impression of strain; the result, no doubt, of trying too anxiously to make the subject interesting; and there are corresponding lapses of rhythm, exemplified by sentences on pages 91 and 157 respectively.

Matters like these, and the too great emphasis on the unimportant Lopez case, which destroys the shape of the book by its disproportionate length, are the chief criticisms to be made against Mr. Strachey's work. It is thus clear that, from one reviewer's point of view at least, "Elizabeth and Essex" cannot be called a masterpiece. It lacks the sureness and the unity of "Queen Victoria": it is more uneven and less real. Yet it makes delightful reading, and in spite of its faults it will remain an object of envy for Mr. Strachey's many imitators.

THEODORE SPENCER

APHRODITE AND OTHER POEMS. *By Wallace Gould. New York. The Macaulay Company.* 1928. $2.50.

This is a thrilling book. There are lots of thrills in it. Each is a poetic thrill, a thrill of the author's — t h r i l l.

> He was thrillingly impetuous
> I thrilled
> for a thrill of love.

As a boy I thrilled
thrilled.
I thrill
for who would not thrill?
I should thrill,
nor can I weep, nor thrill.
Strum the guitar that I may thrill
thrill
the subtlest thrill.
Your letter gave me not the faintest thrill
to your own thrill;
your last letter thrills me.
I thrilled.

The poems are all full of thrill, not the word only, but the thing. They have been published in organs of the extreme Left — the *Dial*, *Broom*, and the *Little Review*. At a time when many poets wrote as though they cared only for British cultural essays it was thrilling to read one who could tell good short stories. At a time when the quiet drone of Robinson was not condoned but praised, it was thrilling to read a lot of cadenced rhetoric. At a time when so much bad prose was written that good prose could be effectively presented as verse, these numbers at first seemed only the more surely to be authentic poetry because the diction of bad prose was so ostentatiously *not* avoided. But a second examination of their cadence and diction shows that they are never strong *without* rhetoric and where the rhetoric fails these numbers fail.

In thought about himself, intense; in thought about others, accurate; in thought about thought, unformed; Gould never redeems by the implications of cadence and diction when they are good and strong the emotional implications of the weak cadences or the intellectual implication of the bad diction. His facility is of the tongue, not of the intellect; his mind is intellectual rather than intelligent. Thus, in the "Penitents," when poet and cat are said to share thoughts of *sweet sin*, either one of these two words is the wrong word, for the *sin* of the cat was to leave her kittens, which was not *sweet*, while both man and beast were thinking of copulation which is *sweet*, but not in its nature a *sin*. Gould's inability to push accuracy further than

phrase into thought, sometimes makes his phrases themselves unintelligible, as in the "Two Hellenic Heads," where the accurate opposition of (1) *corporal cylinder* with (2) *corporal cone,* is confused because of the transferred epithet *disciplined,* referring to No. 1. The description of No. 2 — "magnetic, aggressive, adventurous, irresistible, bracing, warm, sustained, like a wind blowing all day from over a sunny sea, more subtle, quicker of glance, more sure, more comprehensive" prepares one for the epithet, *disciplined;* while the description of No. 1 — "chaste, abstracted, absorbed in dreams," does not. It is mistakenly supposed that the single word *chaste,* can carry over for twenty verses to equate itself with *disciplined* for the reader as it does for the writer. There are many other evidences of commonplace thought-complex; and in general, as the "Chalice" (for which the poem to de Maupassant, published in the first *American Caravan,* could have well been substituted), these numbers are most accurate as they represent the soft confusion of a sex-ridden age.

Gould has worked hard to make commonplace thought into poetry. He has looked to Poe and Whitman as masters of movement and has very ably put together all he learned — what he adds to one he takes from the other; but as he has moved neither *into* them nor *from* them, he is inferior to either.

There are three good, short stories in the book of which the title poem is not one. The writer, like his characters, "chatters of problem and platitude" throughout a sort of John Erskine version of Bulfinch's "Age of Fable." Gould's "Endymion," however, is more readable than that of Keats, for while it is not so good in the little things — diction and image, it is better in the big things — structure, cadence and rhetoric, where Keats deserved every jibe known to reviewers. The best of the five short stories is "Marnia," which was published in *Broom.* In it a literary puppet is made to seem real just as Poe's women were made to seem unreal.

The leaders of the Left wasted space to publish Gould; he should have been published by Mencken in the *American Mercury* or the *Smart Set.*

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS FROM 1906 TO THE PRESENT DAY. *By Maurice Raynal. New York. Brentano's.* 1928. 150 *plates.* $7.50.

This is a history of painting from 1906 to 1917 by artists almost a third of whom are not French by birth, and still preserving marked national characteristics, but who live or have lived in France. M. Raynal has chosen "only those painters who have sought to enrich the technique of their art or to advance and realize new conceptions of painting. In weighing these candidates, I have added their aesthetic intentions to their technical qualities, preferring a groping and blundering art to that of imitators and dilutors." He admits that few of these artists will be remembered but in his present capacity he prefers to be the inclusive historian rather than the judging aesthetician. M. Raynal divides his history into more or less well-defined schools or movements. First there were the *Fauves,* or wild men, whom, he says, used for analytical purposes not unlike those proper to Science the faculties of observation, which they had inherited from Impressionism. Fauvism gave place to *Naturalism* as exemplified by Segonzac, Vlaminck, Dufresne. M. Raynal feels these painters border on the Academic, or popular; that they lack architectural feeling, which he lays to their Beaux Arts training. Follows the negligible *Futurism* of the Italians, the only use of which has been to provide a convenient misnomer for the popular conception of modern art. The *Eclectics,* Derain, Modigliani, et cetera, are termed "realists." The *Cubists* are Picasso, Braque, Gris, Leger. They attempted "to dominate nature, by their refusal to surrender to its clamorous chaos and charming contradictions." M. Raynal's divisions are convenient, if disconcerting, and only the most arbitrary of pigeon-holing could keep a number of these men in any one group. Picasso has been Naturalist, *the* Cubist, Eclectic, and Purist. Derain and Braque have had almost as many metamorphoses of style. The qualities which M. Raynal assigns to his categories are strangely enough equally true of many previous ones. Perhaps this infers that the schools of modern French painting are proved to be in the great tradition. If so the terminology, on grounds of new distinctions, seems superfluous — one might almost believe that the schools produced the painters, and not that the tags were added after the paint had dried. M. Raynal, how-

ever, has not been purely content even to remain the historian. He suggests an aesthetic which belies the lack of bias of a true chronicler, — "A great theatrician like Michel Angelo exerted himself mightily to move and astound us, while Chardin obtained far more effect with a box or a pipe." While this is probably not chauvinism, neither is it relevant in an historical outline. M. Raynal's whole judgment is coloured by inconsistency bred of indecision as whether to criticize ethically, aesthetically or historically. In a desirable synthesis one need not be conscious of the components. M. Raynal considers the painters in such a genuinely serious and technical way that one is surprised on looking at the plates by the discrepancy between actuality and description. There seems to be almost a lack of seriousness, perhaps of faith, on the part of the artist in relation to the apologist. Perhaps the most valuable part of the book, besides the many excellent plates which in themselves give a very comprehensive panorama of French painting today, is, except for the incomprehensible omission of Rouault and Matisse, the detailed descriptions which these artists give of themselves in their own words. The astonishing self-analysis they present gives us, in a way that should render M. Raynal mute forever, insight into the heart of the subject, the confusion, satire, sentimentality, loose thinking and over-intellectualization that much of it is. For French painting today, contrary to M. Raynal's explanatory opinion, is practically dependent on the ingenuity of two or three very clever men who can create enough variety of style to afford to the pickers-up and hangers-on subjects for expansion, as a single glance over the plates will prove. A transitional lack of referable tradition, combined with various dealers' conspiracies has inflated the whole field of fine arts, so that it is practically impossible to have a clear perspective through fad, mere invention, satire and psychosis to an ultimate evolution.

This book is worth having in so much as it is the only comprehensive book on the subject, for the generous number of splendid plates, and for the extraordinarily illuminating remarks by the painters themselves, which comprise an important piece of documentary evidence for twentieth-century painting.

L. E. Kirstein

COLLECTED POEMS. *By A. E. Coppard. New York. Alfred A. Knopf.* 1928. $2.50.

The poems in this pretty book are by a man already distinguished as a writer of original short stories. Although in his charming "advertisement" he avows a lack of exterior influence on his poetry — one is immediately conscious that behind the sweet echoes of Hardy, Houseman, W. H. Davies, and the seventeenth-century lyrists, warbles a georgian poet. Yet Mr. Coppard has a great deal more body, colour, loamy richness, and intensity than most of them, while in spite of a slightly synthetic rural diction there are endearing idiosyncrasies of his own. He has the authentic gift of being able to juxtapose two dissimilar images to produce a fusion of feeling that is directly poetry. His more conventional verses, bound with a hearty rhyme are usually more successful than his attempts in a freer metric, for here the one trick of cadence at his hand is simple repetition. He has a very strong sense of the pictorial image, and for the earthy unexpectedly pictorial word —

> But the nimble stars
> Noursle and poise and yearn, and in the mere
> Drop their white buds to honour that gradual horn,
> Whose mute cadenzas so whitely rise —

His eye dominates his ear, and the incision and colour of his imagery is often lost in not being audibly relevant. In his distinguished unpretentiousness he is rarely brilliant but almost always delightful.

> Is there content in this?
> Ay, there is content,
> For though my life is a rehearsal for something
> that never takes place
> I know the fire of performance would consume me.
> Why, then should my futility confront another's,
> The blind go lead the baffled?
> The bees that buzzed in Cassandra's bonnet
> Do not hive in my chimney.

L. E. K.

SHORTER NOTICES

SONNETS. 1889-1927. *By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Limited Edition. New York. Crosby Gaige.* 1928. $20.00. *Trade Edition. New York. The Macmillan Co.* 1928. $1.75.

Neither the limit of emotional content nor the drastic abbreviation of form characteristic of this type of verse are the handicaps which prevent his sonnets from being Mr. Robinson's most successful poems. They are complete and expressive poetic units and admirably suited, at times, for the expression of his system of values and principles. His mastery of sonnet technique has never been in question from the publication of "Supremacy" in the *Harvard Advocate* of June 16, 1892, down to the present time. What these poems do lack is the warmth of emotion that should lie beneath the hard quality of their surface patina. All students of Robinson's poetry know the existence of this fire in "The Valley of the Shadow," in the dramatic tragedy of "The Man Who Died Twice," as well as in his most impressive creations, the three Arthurian poems. But it is not so evident in the sonnets.

An exact estimate of the significance of these poems in the light of his other works is extremely difficult, and it is doubtful if Robinson himself would emphasize overmuch their importance. Nevertheless there is in them a microcosmic rendering of his more inclusive philosophy and the universal scheme seen through eyes half Puritan, half Hellenist, is as convincingly revealed on the smaller canvases of "The Rat" and "Lost Anchors" as in the far flung allegory of a world aflame in "Merlin" and "Lancelot."

To attempt to dispose of a new volume by Mr. Robinson as briefly as it is necessary to do here would be at best a cavalier brand of criticism. It must be remembered, however, that of the eighty-nine poems in the "Sonnets," not more than three or four are here published for the first time, despite the publisher's original promise of nine new titles, and that most of the others have engaged the attention of adequate reviewers during the past thirty years. Mr. Robinson's short poems neither should nor will suffer neglect at the hands of those interested in the best contemporary poetry.

LUCIUS BEEBE

CAWDOR AND OTHER POEMS. *By Robinson Jeffers. New York. Horace Liveright.* 1928. $2.50.

"Cawdor" does nothing to weaken Robinson Jeffers' claim to being the most decadent and sensational American writer whose work has attracted any general notice. His qualities are not different from those of many petty decadents. He has won recognition by what was formerly called "sustained effort," i.e., he writes at length of one scene, one group of melodramatis personae.

Mr. Jeffers has been credited with strength. He has the strength of an emetic. He describes physical lusts and hungers, excruciating pains, disgusts, physical convulsions and revulsions.

"His stock, the first year, sickened with lump-jaw; when a cow died in the creek Martial let her lie there. Then Cawdor had ridden and cursed him, and Cawdor with his man Acanna roped the horns to draw the carcass out of the stream, but when they drew, it burst." . . . "My father is burnt, he is blinded. The fire was on us before we awoke. He tried to fetch a bridle out of the burning stable. There was a drum of coal-oil against the wall exploded and blew fire over his face." . . . "She had a trap in her hand, and a live ground squirrel dangled from it by the crushed paws." . . . "They watched the squirrel begin to drag its body on the broken paws." . . . "One wing trailed through filth quickening a buzz of blow flies." . . . "She turned the gashed palm cup-shaped upward on purpose to let a small red pool gather. She heard his teeth grating. That pleased her."

With conspicuous talent for natural description, Mr. Jeffers lacks the power of self-criticism, the sensitiveness of emotion, the breadth of interests that might have made him a competent prose writer. He has one great gift, keen physical senses, but they are tortured raw. They have distorted for him the sea, the sky, the earth, and mankind. He strikes out in a frenzied disgust and rage.

One finds in the writings of Mr. Jeffers a journalistic report of a few major psychoses, a highly colored geographical account of a section of California, a fantastic rationalization of the two. One enjoys an uncultivated and unrestrained talent for phrase-making, accompanied by an insistent prose rhythm. These enjoyments are possibly worth the tax on the reader's nerves levied by general unhealthiness, frequent specific horrors, copious barren phrases, and a deplorably verbose and stringy rhetoric.

G. H. C.

SHORTER NOTICES

MARY SHELLEY. *By Richard Church. New York. The Viking Press.* 1928. $2.00.

The biographer of Mary Shelley meets with a difficult task. Her girlhood is interesting mostly because of the fact of her extraordinary parentage. For herself it is but a period of intense anticipation. Her widowhood, that lasted twenty-nine years, is, as Mr. Church observes, an epilogue. Interest in her life attaches chiefly to the eight years, from the age of seventeen to twenty-five, in which she was connected with Shelley. In that time, however, she was intimately associated in a life far more brilliant and astonishing than her own. In those brief eight years the outward circumstances of her life were imposed by the exigencies of Shelley's nature; but in spite of these circumstances she preserved from girlhood and through the term of her marriage a resilient individuality of her own, and this, too, in the face of forces well calculated to sweep even a strong individuality from its essential orbit. In Mary Shelley there persisted an ardent, independent, and interesting *vie intérieure*. In addition to the tragedy of circumstances resulting from her connection with another and "pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift," there existed a tragedy that was peculiarly hers. To disengage this from the glamour of the other is a task that requires control and a sensitive discrimination.

Mr. Church has not entirely succeeded. He follows too much in the path of Shelley's own biographers. He does not sufficiently impress his readers with Mary Shelley's distinct pathos. The kernel of it, however, is well stated by him. Mary Shelley, he says, "in spite of her ample proffering and heroic devotion, always hid yet half-revealed a quality of strain, a final reserve. Dimly realizing this, she redoubled her efforts at intimacy and gave them a touch of fever. . . . She clung tenaciously, when in reality she was capable of standing alone, and the result was where she loved most deeply, she sometimes a little repelled." She had great gifts of heart as well as of intellect, but she seems to have been partially frustrated in the exercise of the former. Shelley says as much in his letter to John Gisborne of June 22, 1822. But there are Mary's own bitter words on the subject. A knowledge of these lends a pitiable tone to her conversation as sometimes reported by Trelawny, which without it appears simply

like gay, rather offensive banter. Her remorse for having failed to give to Shelley an adequate sympathy was agony to her after his death. But Mr. Church gives only a faint idea of it. He barely suggests the torture expressed elsewhere and in the lines

"My heart was all thine own, — but yet a shell
Closed in its core, which seemed impenetrable — "

The problem is to give an individual character to Mary and so to her tragedy. There are many strokes contributing to this individualization in her journals and letters. Mr. Church has made use of some of them. But there are others. We think of the time when Godwin was refusing to receive his daughter and the man with whom she eloped. On a day when Mary heard that Godwin was nevertheless willing to accept assistance from Shelley there is the exclamation, "O Philosophy," in her diary. In another entry she complains about a certain author: "He is one of those men who alter all their opinions when they are about forty, and then think it will be the same with everyone, and that they are themselves the only proper monitors of youth." This she wrote in mean lodgings when barely eighteen, expecting a child, unmarried and frequently separated from her lover because of the importunity of creditors; a victim, some would have thought her, of liberal opinions. These and other equally suggestive entries do not, unfortunately, find room in Mr. Church's account.

The book is agreeably written. Its author shows skill in presenting within narrow limits the many curiously assorted individuals who surrounded Godwin and his son-in-law. To all of these Mr. Church gives a characterizing touch.

W. E. Sedgwick

Pensées and Letters of Joseph Joubert. *Translated with an Introduction by H. P. Collins. New York. Brentano's.* (*The Broadway Library of XVIII Century French Literature*). 1928. $4.00.

The writer of aphorisms may combine with cleverness and a pointed wit the ability to express himself neatly and pressly — and yet discover that his alloy makes only brazen metal which shines without ringing true. Pure gold, in this style of writing, comes only to him

who possesses the philosopher's stone — only to him who has genuine insight, the perception which pierces to the very heart of things. Now in delicacy and justness of perception Joseph Joubert excelled, and consequently his "Pensées" make up a volume which is very precious to those who have felt its gracious power of illumination. Upon a wide variety of subjects — upon God, religion, morality, the mind, the soul, the nature of man, government, education, poetry, and a dozen topics more — this critic comments with such subtlety and wisdom that whoever reads wishes to quote profusely, and to remember. "The delight of his life he found in truth, and in the satisfaction which the enjoying of truth gives to the spirit; and he thought the truth was never really and worthily said, so long as the least cloud, clumsiness, and repulsiveness hung about the expression of it."

Joubert acknowledges the limitations of the fragmentary form which he has used for the expression of his ideas, suggesting that their validity is nowise dependent upon the logic of their evolution. "Everywhere," he writes, "intermediate ideas seem to fail me, or to weary me too much." It is, however, true that many of the best of the "Pensées" exercise their power chiefly by summoning up all sorts of ideas intermediate and ancillary in the mind of the reader, at once stimulating his intelligence and widening his horizons. One feels intuitively the force of such an apothegm as the famous "It is easy to know God, so long as you do not vex yourself to define him"; but one is carried on to thoughtful review and analysis by this judgment of Plato: "Plato *displays* nothing; but he illuminates, gives penetration to our eyes, and fills us with a brightness which thenceforth lights up every subject. He does not teach; but he forms and fashions us, and makes us fit to receive all knowledge. To read him does, in some mysterious way, heighten in us the sensitiveness to perceive and admit every aspect of philosophic beauty. Like mountain air, his work sharpens the senses and brings a healthy appetite."

These lines have been applied with justice to Joubert himself. He was, indeed, professedly a disciple of Plato, and like his master shows a delicacy of discrimination and an ability to draw distinctions which can arise only from an intellect at once richly endowed by study, finely tempered by tradition, and firmly disciplined by adequate standards. Mr. Collins estimates him rightly: "Joubert is of the com-

paratively small band whose best literary judgments, combining the essentially original perception with the essential common heritage of the human spirit, have an unwavering applicability, touch the real nature of that validity (*quod semper, quod ubique*) which is beyond any 'scheme of values.'"

WARNER G. RICE

THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION. *By Sigmund Freud. Translated by W. D. Robson-Scott. New York. Horace Liveright. For the Institute of Psycho-Analysis.* 1928. $2.25.

The reflections in this book dealing with the psychology of anthropomorphism are acute. The human needs that invoke primitive divinities and ascribe to them their functions are well described. These gods have a threefold task: "They must exorcise the terrors of nature, they must reconcile one to the cruelty of fate, particularly as shown in death, and they must make amends for the sufferings and privations that the communal life of culture has imposed on man." In time, with the withdrawal of the gods from nature, "the more earnestly are all expectations concentrated on the third task assigned to them and the more does morality become their real domain." It now becomes the business of the gods to adjust the defects and evils of culture, to attend to the sufferings that men inflict on each other in their communal life, and to see that the laws of culture, which men obey so ill, are carried out. Thus when he analyses the psychological components of religious belief, their genesis and originating occasions, Freud is sound and thorough.

But Freud attempts more. He talks about religion itself and not merely its conditions; about truth and falsity and not merely the psychological states correlative to any judgment. "Religion," he says, "consists of certain dogmas, assertions about facts and conditions of external (or internal) reality which tell one something that one has not oneself discovered and which claim that one should give them credence. . . . If we ask on what their claim to be believed is based, we receive three answers, which accord remarkably well with one another. They deserve to be believed: firstly, because our primal

ancestors already believed them; secondly, because we possess proofs which have been handed down to us from this very period of antiquity; and thirdly, because it is forbidden to raise the question of their authenticity at all." These proofs Freud rightly finds absurd. Religion, consequently, is an illusion, and "we call a belief an illusion when wish-fulfilment is a prominent factor in its motivation, while disregarding its relations to reality, just as the illusion itself does. . . . Thus religion would be the universal obsessional neurosis of humanity. It, like the child's, originated in the Oedipus complex, the relation to the father. According to this conception one might prophesy that the abandoning of religion must take place with the fateful inexorability of a process of growth, and that we are just now in the middle of this phase of development."

Two elementary errors make this thesis completely worthless. The first is ignorance of all the philosophy, theology, and individual experience, that claim to demonstrate the truth of religion. A correct indictment would have to examine their collective testimony and prove it false. Freud simply disregards it. The second error is more subtle and is common to numerous current discussions of religion. It is tacitly assumed that the material origins of any belief are sufficient to account for its truth and falsity. Jones, so his opponent claims, is a socialist because he is poor. Give him money and he will cease to be a socialist. Now this may be a true history of Jones's motivation; but it is obviously irrelevant as to the validity of Jones's arguments in support of socialism. In the same way the terrors of nature, the cruelty of fate, and the injustices of culture, may be the occasions for religious belief; but they no more explain it away than the presence of hunger transforms the food one is about to eat into an illusion.

BERNARD BANDLER II

THE COMMONWEALTH AND RESTORATION STAGE. *By Leslie Hotson. Cambridge. Harvard University Press.* 1928. $5.00.

Dr. Hotson's eagerly awaited "Commonwealth and Restoration Stage" is the most important collection of new material on the most disputed period of the English theatre ever assembled in a single volume. Not content with adding to the already labyrinthine mass of controversial literature, in which critics have indulged in hypothesis, conjecture, and re-interpretation of essentially the same old facts, Dr. Hotson, with that unique gift for imaginative research displayed in his "Death of Christopher Marlowe," set out on the prodigious task of hunting down new and conclusive facts, the results of which imply no less than a rewriting of the books on the Restoration stage. As far as the sections on the Commonwealth stage are concerned, they are, aside from the excellent preliminary study by Professor Rollins, entirely new contributions to our knowledge of the theatre during a period which has customarily been dismissed as sterile.

The products of this research are the fruits of the finest technical scholarship. With the keenness of the sleuth, Dr. Hotson perceives the implications and ramifications of a newly discovered fact, allowing document to lead to document in a pyramiding of his evidence, so that controversy is struck dumb and contradiction is stifled. To follow him in the laborious and minute details involved in the pursuit of these old maps, prints, newspapers, ballads, manuscripts, charters, chancery records, and broadsides, which form the sources of his evidence, would exhaust even a very patient and energetic scholar, but to read the lucid and generous-minded exposition as it stands in Dr. Hotson's account is nothing short of exhilarating. Only the student already familiar with the theatrical annals of the era can appreciate the full significance of the new light, for there is no space for complete recapitulation of the various erroneous theories which the book dissipates. All necessary references are relegated to the notes.

Some mention must be made specifically of the most striking contributions, a difficult task, when one considers that almost every sentence, in spite of compression, contains new fact or new interpretation. There is, for instance, a list of one hundred and nineteen new documents from the Public Record Office, illustrating the endless and

highly complicated intrigue, plotting, jealousy, litigation, and subterfuge of the patentees, licensees, and actors. There are many details concerning the structure of the playhouses. The fate of players who attempted to bootleg plays in spite of parliamentary prohibitions and the danger of raids, shows "the extraordinary vitality of the stage under the fusillade of repressive ordinance." The account of their tentative beginnings, their growing boldness, the rise of Davenant's opera as early as 1656, the gradual loosening of the Puritan opposition, the merging of the Commonwealth stage into the Restoration stage with the founding of the two patent companies managed by Davenant and Killigrew, threads its way through a wealth of new information and leaves one wondering how former experts could have been so incorrect in their conclusions.

Dr. Hotson shows that the Red Bull playhouse was unroofed; he explains the difficult legal affairs of the Beestons at the Cockpit in Drury Lane; he discovers the specifications of the Salisbury Court theatre, burned in the Great Fire; and gives a clear analysis of Killigrew's emergence from the Red Bull to Gibbons' Tennis Court and of Davenant's fortunes at Lisle's Tennis Court after his experiments in opera at the Cockpit, with his subsequent career at Dorset Garden. The disputed question of the union of Mohun's and Rhodes's actors on October 6, 1660, is settled by new documents. Much new light is shed on the Nursery Theatre in Barbican. There is, further, valuable information on building costs, the division of shares within the companies, and revised dates for the first appearances of plays.

The account continues briefly through the years of the Union of the Companies (1682-1694) to 1705, the opening of Vanbrugh's new Haymarket Theatre. To the expert the book is indispensable, a model, technically, in the marshaling of facts drawn from widely diverse sources and presented not only with modesty for its own achievement but with kindness for the sometimes stupid errors of other scholars.

R. G. Noyes

FLORENTINE SCULPTORS OF THE RENAISSANCE. *By Wilhelm Bode. Translated by Jessie Haynes. Second Edition. Revised by F. L. Rudiston Brown. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1928. $10.00.

Dr. Bode's eminence as a great authority and scholar on Florentine Sculpture is universally acknowledged. The revised edition of his "Florentine Sculptors of the Renaissance" is therefore — as the publishers rightly claim — "a comprehensive and exhaustive work." Its illustrations are numerous and well presented.

It is prefaced by an excellent essay on the character of the sculpture of the period, and the twofold aim of the Florentine sculptors; which was to copy nature and to follow the antique. In his introduction Dr. Bode stresses the versatile genius of the great sculptor Donatello and follows it with another chapter devoted wholly to this innovator.

The motive principle of humanism is given in a brief but brilliant account of The Madonna in Florentine sculpture from Ghiberti to Michelangelo. The gradual evolution of the cult of The Madonna is traced from the Gothic period to the Cinquecento; marking the turn of interest to nature, and showing the conception of a human compatibility between Mother and Child. Consequently, the artists chose nature for models.

This same brilliancy of scholarly research is shown in the chapter on the "Genre" style and the "Putto" in Florentine art of the Quattrocento. Although brief in the discussion of the "Genre" style, Donatello's satellites from Padua, such as Andrea Riccio and Bartolomeo Bellini, are mentioned.

On the art of the medallist as exemplified by the work of Bertoldo di Giovanni and Niccolo di Forzore Spinelli, Dr. Bode enters into an entertaining controversy with Friedländer on the proper ascription of medals and reaches a high point of connoisseurship in the method of making significant characteristics in this peculiarly individual art.

Certain technical processes of sculpture are also noted: the use of the drill by Michelangelo, the use of the different kinds of chisels in chasing bronze. The study of these qualities in sculpture may be highly recommended to the student of Fine Arts as one of the means for identifying forgeries. This point cannot be stressed too strongly

because in cutting these materials, the treatment of marble or stone is quite inimitable.

One wishes one could go on in the praise of this brilliant book, but Dr. Bode loses himself in such a labyrinth of conjecture and vague surmise in his *Stilkritik*, that one must take exceptions to his attributions. Scholarship has its quarrels over marbles as well as letters, and while we admire his broad scope in the *Stilkritik*, we feel that his enthusiasm for leeway in an artist's growth and possible change of style, makes him miss certain peculiar intrinsic merits that the work of such great geniuses as Donatello and Michelangelo would show in their development. There is also extravagance — as in the excessive praise of Luccia della Robbia.

In spite of these criticisms, however, Dr. Bode's book may be recommended very highly to the student of Fine Arts and especially to those interested in Italian Renaissance sculpture as of considerable value in method of connoisseurship and scholarly research.

JOSEPH A. COLETTI

VITA DE SANCTO HIERONYMO. *Cambridge, Mass. Cygnet Press.* 1928. $6.00.

This charming little volume which was issued at Christmas time as the first publication of the Cygnet Press (which consists of George Parker Winship and Philip Hofer), is a reprint of the "Life of Saint Jerome" in Italian, of a text found only in a few copies of the editions of his Letters, printed at Ferrara by Lorenzo de Rossi in 1497. It is composed in Goudy's Italian Old Style type, and set at the Harvard University Press by Giuseppe Barresi. The little volume, in addition to the text, contains not only the nineteen typical Italian book illustration-decorations which appeared in the original, but also an additional illustration to replace one which was used twice in the 1497 edition. The paper is Tuscan handmade.

The appearance of this volume is an evidence of the growing interest in the history and precedent of printing. Books on books have created a definite demand for examples to be made available of the

work of the old master printers and the principles which these exhibits exemplify. The feeling of the present volume in its typography and in the combination of text and illustration is in sympathy with the period which it represents, and this first product of the Cygnet Press is of such a nature as to make those interested in fine bookmaking eager to have it followed by other reprints.

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

CLASSIC SHADES, Five Leaders of Learning and Their Colleges. *By W. A. De Wolfe Howe. Boston. Little, Brown and Company.* 1928. $2.50.
CHARLES W. ELIOT, Puritan Liberal. *By Henry Hallam Saunderson. With an introduction by W. A. Neilson. New York. Harper and Brothers.* 1928. $2.00.

Two causes account for the appearance of these books: the current fad for biography and the immense public preoccupation with higher education in this country. Some great teachers write books; those who do not, write their names on water — like actors and other people who are merely persons, not authors. Certainly the founders and builders of institutions of learning lose themselves in their good works; the fact that two famous American universities wear the name of men who had almost nothing to do with making them what they are, is a fit subject for sarcasm. And yet years hence, when the state universities have been disestablished and the private ones are dissolved, the names of the presidents of Harvard will read like the roll of the abbots of Cluny.

In "Classic Shades," Mr. Howe offers courteous and formal introductions to the lives of five leaders of learning in the nineteenth century: Dwight of Yale, Mary Lyon of Mount Holyoke, Hopkins of Williams, McCosh of Princeton, and Eliot of Harvard. Not the least merit of this book is the fact that it has provoked in the skeptical mind of at least one reader, a lively interest in those persons. They who already know much about them had best be warned away, for this is a book of beginnings. The style is easy: the thought is mellow, and the last essay is an act of extraordinary grace. The reviewer is

happy, for in this instance the horse rode the rider, and reading the book was mere pleasure and surprise.

Mr. Saunderson set himself a rather more difficult task: in the first place biographies of Mr. Eliot have been popping out into print every now and then since August, 1926. Then, too, one fears that somewhere someone is preparing the "official life." And again, with thousands of good people, Charles William Eliot was not so much a person as a state of mind. There were queries, to be sure: scientists saw an indifferent chemist; men of the world, a man lacking humor; Republicans, a Democrat! Mr. Saunderson has preferred to see a "Puritan Liberal" — as if there were an almost inevitable contradiction between these words! Some time yet the whole nation will see something more: a personality which rose head and shoulders above the undesirable pettiness of public opinion, until it fairly glorified the man best loved and hated in all New England.

Common talk is forever referring to Mr. Eliot's success when his real triumph was character. Only recently one of the greatest minds at Harvard has set forth the painful and ridiculous results of the elective system at its extreme — about 1900. It was Mr. Eliot's supreme misfortune to prepare for a posterity of persons like himself — therein lay the honest modesty of the man, and a source of trouble in the college! Yet his immense prestige and the long list of his services are the surest evidence of his achievement in the University and the Nation. And he lived in a day when "but" had not yet replaced "and" in the happy phrase of "scholar and gentleman."

Mr. Saunderson describes not a man but a mind. His is a book of chapters, and therefore occasional repetitions; the intellect of Mr. Eliot is carefully related to the forces of inheritance and environment: to Calvin, to Channing, and Emerson, for instance. This is not a biography so much as a study, erring somewhat on the side of circumstance. The actual Mr. Eliot escapes the reader, just as he frequently escaped his contemporaries, not so much through intention as cool poise of manner. Mr. Saunderson accounts adequately for that kind of man whom no one calls by his first name.

It is difficult for either the victims or the beneficiaries of the higher education to look at its saints with detachment. They know that colleges are painful only when preparation for them has been woefully

wanting: hence the continual patter about these problems. Sometimes they feel that, all hiring and firing of presidents apart, the best of the age of universities is passed — that dusk will come down on them just as on the schools of Athens and Bordeaux, or the busy monks of Cluny — that before the gunfire of hard fact, nothing fails like success.

STEWART MITCHELL

A LITTLE LESS THAN GODS. *By Ford Madox Ford. New York. The Viking Press.* 1928. $2.50.

Mr. Ford produces an historical novel that only by the Grace of God and a touch of incest is saved from being the dead spit of a boys' story by G. A. Henty. The era and historical personages serve the same purpose as they would in a contemporary movie of low order — a setting to provide some distinction for a most ordinary love story. It is not Napoleon, it is not Ney; it is the boy-hero and the girl-friend that Ford cherishes. The Corsican is there for glamour, to flavor the lush romance. In fact, and in spite of certain glorious passages, the book is little more than a movie scenario with the setting of the final Napoleonic coup d'état.

G. A. P.

WHITHER MANKIND. *Edited by Charles A. Beard. New York. Longmans, Green and Company.* 1928. $3.00.

Many of the articles are excellent, particularly Russell's, the Webbs', and Ellis' — all Englishmen. Much of the material is worth pondering, and there are numerous sound observations, such as Klein's on business, that "The last thing it can have in mind in this day of blinding speed and kaleidoscopic transformation is any firmly solidified objectives." Those who have the inclination and time for "A Panorama of Modern Civilization," will find this volume very much to their taste.

BERNARD BANDLER II

SHORTER NOTICES

J. S. Bach: A Biography. *By Charles Sanford Terry. New York. Oxford University Press.* 1928. $8.00.

This book is the response to a real need. Heretofore we have had no competent *biography* of the greatest of composers. The great names that leap to our minds — Forkel, Spitta, Parry, Schweitzer —: these men have not written "Lives"; they have not recreated Bach the man for us; they have furnished only appreciations, interpretive criticism. As such they have their place, of course; but their practical value to the serious student is doubtful. To formulate a critical or aesthetic exposition of so personal an artist as Bach, one must be acquainted with the *man*, his setting, his inheritance. One must be at least somewhat familiar with Lutheran and Roman liturgics; the importance of a background in mediaeval and Reformation theology cannot be too strongly emphasized. Bach is difficult; was, in fact, so long unappreciated, simply because of the double infusion into almost everything he wrote of a highly symbolized but nevertheless discrete personality, and a spirit of a philosophico-theological system too autochthonous to be universally understood. It is easy to be "moved" by Bach; it is easy to be bored by Bach; but neither the obvious emotion nor the excusable indifference is just. Neither one is the true understanding. Something more than Mr. Schweitzer's "sorrow motif," "theme of heavenly joy," and so forth, is needed if we are to experience fully the lamentation which opens the B-minor Mass, the overpowering effect of the chorale-melody *Mit Fried' und Freud'* near the end of "Actus Tragicus," or the mystical radiance of the first Flute—or Violin Sonata. To experience, in any but a cheap sense, we must understand; and to understand, it is necessary *rerum cognoscere causas*. The present book, together with Mr. Terry's liturgical reconstructions in a former work, is the first to give us the working facts. It assumes no more.

J. S. Bach is not easy reading: this is not another ludwigification, another "popular," "bared-soul" biography. It will not be widely read, even among the Bach Societies. Here, however, are the necessary sources. A course in Terry, with graduate work in Volume II of Schweitzer, seems to me the best way to the fullest understanding of a Leipzig cantor who became the greatest composer in our future.

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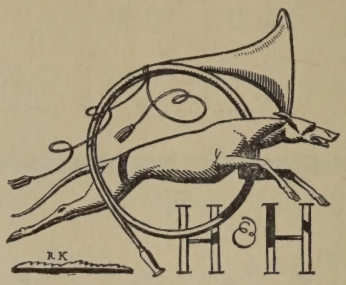

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THE HOUND & HORN: Volume II, Number 4, Summer, 1929. Published quarterly by THE HOUND & HORN, INCORPORATED: Editorial and Executive Offices at 1430 Massachusets Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.; Publication Offices at The Southworth Press, 105 Middle St., Portland, Maine. Single copies, 50 cents; subscriptions, one year $2.00, two years $3.50; Canadian subscriptions, one year $2.25, two years $4.00; foreign subscriptions, one year $2.50, two years $4.50. Entered as second class matter December 10, 1927, at the post office at Portland, Maine, under act of March 3, 1879.

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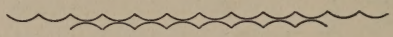

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The Hound & Horn is published quarterly at Portland, Maine, by The Hound & Horn, Incorporated. Publication Office, 105 Middle Street, Portland, Maine. Editorial and Executive Office, 1430 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors, Box A, Cambridge, Mass., and must be accompanied by a stamped return envelope. Payment will be made on publication.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Thomas Stearns Eliot graduated from Harvard in 1910. He has lived in England since 1915. In 1922 he became editor of *The Criterion*. His collected poems appeared in 1926. A review of his most recent book of criticism *For Lancelot Andrewes* appeared in the March *Hound & Horn*.

Malcolm Cowley graduated from Harvard in 1920. He has written poetry and criticism for *The Dial* and other reviews. His first book of poems appears in July.

Howard Fisher graduated from Harvard in 1926. After traveling and working in Europe and Mexico, he began practicing architecture in Chicago where he now lives.

R. D. Darrell attended the New England Conservatory of Music from 1923 to 1925. He is at present on the staff of *The Phonograph Monthly Review*.

John Marshall graduated from Harvard in 1925. At present he is a tutor in the Department of English.

Stewart Mitchell graduated from Harvard in 1915. He edited *The Dial* from 1920 to 1922. Teaching at Harvard for some years he recently resigned to edit *The New England Quarterly*.

Harry Murray graduated from Harvard in 1915. He is preparing a book on Herman Melville and directs the Harvard Psychological Clinic.

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Vol. II, No. 4 July-September, 1929

COMMENT

PROFESSOR CHAFEE of the Harvard Law School, among others, has noted with his usual logical ferocity in such matters, that if the Tariff Bill now before the Senate passes in its present form, the country will have to depend on home talent for unrestrained political thought. Under this bill Customs authorities will be able to declare any book or pamphlet seditious which advocates change of government by force. Logically, any novel or poem (Victor Hugo or Lord Byron) containing characters representing such notions might be refused entry without appeal. As a development in the law of censorship this is interesting: a patriotic customs agent with a talent for terror would have more authority than the Supreme Court, which is at least bound by law. As an example of legislative psychology the measure is astonishing. The bill which contains it was written by the republican majority of the Tariff Committee, and in executive session. How did these gentlemen come to incorporate such legislation in a Tariff Bill? The Tariff, perhaps, is now intended to prevent political competition?

SEDITION IN THE TARIFF

The Harvard Society for Contemporary Art opened its Galleries in Harvard Square last February, and since then has held six exhibitions. If the success of such an organization depends on the public it attracts, this Society has more than earned its way. Perhaps if it continues long enough, the *Boston Evening Transcript* will no longer be able to testify, as it did this winter in relation to the French Show, to the survival of that incredu-

ART AT HARVARD

lous and incredible community which snickered at William Morris Hunt and his Barbizon painters, and at Mrs. Gardner's Siennese primitives.

But on the other side, the patent success of the Gallery, and its ability to fill an important place in the University Community of Cambridge and in the metropolitan community of Greater Boston, is dependent on many things. The Fogg Museum has given the Gallery its unqualified support. Private collectors have generously lent examples of contemporary art which can hardly otherwise ever be seen. The general public has been generous and extremely interested. The mere weight of such interest should suggest repetition of the experiment elsewhere in the country.

SHORT STORIES

The present number of *The Hound & Horn* differs from its seven predecessors in that it contains no short story. Whether from shyness on the part of writers or from a positive dearth of material, the fact is that no stories came to hand that we cared to publish. We regret that this issue in so far lacks balance, and trust that we shall appear in the future better balanced.

SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT HUMANISM

IN July, 1928, I published in *The Forum* a note on the Humanism of Irving Babbitt, which I reprinted in a small volume of essays entitled *For Lancelot Andrewes.* I understand that Professor Babbitt considers that I misstated his views: but as I have not yet received detailed correction from any Humanist, I am still in the dark. It is quite likely that I am at fault, because I have meanwhile heard comments, from sympathetic friends, which indicate that they have misunderstood me. The present essay is therefore inspired rather by desire to make my own position clearer, than by desire towards aggression. Here, I shall find it more useful to refer to Mr. Norman Foerster's brilliant book *American Criticism,* than to Mr. Babbitt's works. Mr. Foerster's book, as the work of a disciple, seems to give clearer hints of what Humanism is likely to become and do, than the work of Mr. Babbitt, which is more personal to himself.

My previous note has been interpreted, I am afraid, as an "attack" on humanism from a narrow sectarian point of view. It was not intended to be an attack. Having myself begun as a disciple of Mr. Babbitt, and feeling, as I do, that I have rejected nothing that seems to me positive in his teaching, I was hardly qualified to "attack" humanism. I was concerned rather to point out the weak points in its defenses, before some genuine enemy took advantage of them. It can be — and is already — of immense value: but it must be subjected to criticism while there is still time.

One of the criticisms which I have heard of my criticism is this: that my criticism is all very well from the point of view of those who "believe"; but if I succeeded in proving that humanism is insufficient without religion, what is left for those who cannot believe? Now I have no desire to undermine the humanist position. But I fear that it may take on more and more of the character of a positive philosophy — and any philosophy, in our time, is likely to take on the character of a substitute for religious dogma. It is Humanism's positivistic tendencies that are alarming. In the work of the master, and still more in that of the disciples, there is a tendency towards a positive and exclusive dogma. Conceive a Comtism from which all the absurdities had been removed — and they form, I admit, a very important part of the Comtist scheme — and you have something like what I imagine Humanism might become.

In the actual Humanist position there is, as I have tried to show, on the one hand an admission that in the past Humanism has been allied with religion, and on the other hand a faith that it can in the future afford to ignore positive religion. This curious trick of identifying humanism and religion in one context, and contrasting them in another, plays a very large part in the Humanist formulation. Mr. Foerster says (p. 244):

> This centre to which humanism refers everything, this centripetal energy which counteracts the multifarious centrifugal impulses, this magnetic will which draws the flux of our sensations toward it while itself remaining at rest, is the reality which gives rise to religion. Pure humanism is content to describe it thus in physical terms, as an observed fact of experience; it hesitates to pass beyond its experimental knowledge to the dogmatic affirmations of any of the great religions. It cannot bring itself to accept a formal theology (any more than it can accept a romantic idealism) that has been set up in defiance of

reason, for it holds that the value of supernatural intuition must be tested by the intellect. Again, it fears the asceticism to which religion tends in consequence of a too harsh dualism of the flesh and the spirit, for, as we have said, humanism calls for completeness, wishing to use and not annihilate dangerous forces. Unlike religion, it assigns an important place to the instruments of both science and art. Nevertheless it agrees with religion in its perception of the ethical will as a power above the ordinary self, an impersonal reality in which all men may share despite the diversity of personal temperament and towards which their attitude must be one of subjection. This perception, immensely strengthened for us by Christianity, was already present in the humanism of the Greeks, who saw that the unpardonable sin is insolence or presumption, an overweening pride of passion or reason, a failure to be mindful of the Nemesis that lies in wait for disproportionate self-assertion. Humanism, no less than religion, enjoins the virtue of *humility*.

With all respect to Mr. Foerster's sound literary criticism, and his usual brilliance of statement which one cannot fail to admire, the passage I have just quoted seems to me a composition of ignorance, prejudice, confused thinking and bad writing. His first sentence, for the meaning of which I am at a loss, is a cloudy pseudo-scientific metaphor; and his remark that "pure humanism is content to describe it thus in physical terms" seems to give his hand away completely to what he calls "naturism." Either his first sentence is, as I think, merely a metaphor drawn from nineteenth-century physics — in which case it is not a "description," and no one can be content with it — or else the author is surrendering to the mechanistic ethics based upon old-fashioned physics. "The reality which gives rise to religion" is a phrase which suggests the older school of anthropology; it is a guarded hint that religion is merely a state of feeling produced by certain physical or quasi-physical "realities" and "facts." Mr. Foerster's "hesi-

tates" and "cannot bring itself" conceal dogmatism behind apparent prudence. Here he confuses, I think, the Humanist with Humanism. If an individual humanist hesitates or cannot bring himself, that is a perfectly natural human attitude, with which one has sympathy; but if the humanist affirms that *Humanism* hesitates and cannot bring itself, then he is making the hesitation, and the inability to bring itself, into a *dogma*: the humanist *Credo* is then a *Dubito*. He is asserting that there is a "pure Humanism" which is *incompatible* with religious faith. When he proceeds to distinguish Humanism from religion by saying that Humanism "holds that the value of supernatural intuition must be tested by the intellect," one wonders with what sort of religion he is contrasting it: for this kind of test was held by the church long before the word Humanism was coined. Next, the "fear of asceticism" is characteristic, not only of Humanism, but of liberal Protestantism, from which Humanism sometimes seems to descend. The typical humanist, I agree, is not conceived as a cenobite; but *Humanism* if it goes so far as to include in its Creed "I fear asceticism," is merely committing itself to another anti-religious dogma. Humanism, Mr. Foerster says, "wishes to use and not annihilate dangerous forces"; but does he really believe that the Christian religion, except in several heretical varieties, has ever tried to *annihilate* those dangerous forces? And if he thinks that religion depreciates science and art, I can only suppose that his religious training took place in the mountains of Tennessee. Humanism, he says, agrees with religion in only one point: in believing in the ethical will. There was once an organization called the Ethical Culture Society, which held Sunday morning services: that seems to be the kind of liberal religion to which Mr. Foerster's humanism boils down.

Mr. Foerster's Humanism, in fact, is too ethical to be true. Where do all these morals come from? One advantage of an orthodox religion, to my mind, is that it puts morals in their proper place. In spite of all the hard (and just) things Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More have said about Kant, the second generation of humanism seems to found its ethics on a similar basis to Kant's. Mr. Foerster finds that "the essential reality of experience is ethical." For the person with a definite religious faith, such a statement has one meaning; for the positivistic humanist, who repudiates religion, it must have another. And that meaning seems to rest upon obscurities and confusions. I can understand, though I do not approve, the naturalistic systems of morals founded upon biology and analytical psychology (what is valid in these consists largely of things that were always known); but I cannot understand a system of morals which seems to be founded on nothing but itself — which exists, I suspect, only by illicit relations with either psychology or religion or both, according to the bias of mind of the individual humanist.

Humanism depends very heavily, I believe, upon the tergiversations of the word "human"; and in general, upon implying clear and distinct philosophic ideas which are never there. My objection is that the humanist makes use, in his separation of the "human" from the "natural," of that "supernatural" which he denies. For I am convinced that if this "supernatural" is suppressed (I avoid the word "spiritual" because it can mean almost anything), the *dualism* of man and nature collapses at once. Man is man because he can recognise spiritual realities, not because he can invent them. Either everything in man can be traced as a development from below, or something must come from above. There is no avoiding that dilemma: you must be either a naturalist or a

supernaturalist. If you remove from the word "human" all that the belief in the supernatural has given to man, you can view him finally as no more than an extremely clever, adaptable, and mischievous little animal. Mr. Foerster's ethics would be much more "reasonable" if they were those of Mr. Bertrand Russell; as they are, they are a form which is quite untenable and meaningless without a religious foundation.[1]

The real trouble, of course, is one of simple human fallibility. Mr. Foerster, like most humanists, was I believe trained as a man of letters; and Humanism bears the imprint of the academic man of letters. His approach to every other field of study is through literature. This is a perfectly proper approach; for we must all approach what we do not know with a limited equipment of the things that we do know. The trouble is that, for a modern humanist, literature thus becomes itself merely a means of approach to something else. If we try to make something do for something else, it is likely to become merely an amateur substitute for that other thing. Mr. Foerster and I would probably agree about the prevalent desiccation of the study of philosophy in universities.[2] Never-

[1] Mr. Foerster's "reason" seems to me to differ from any Greek equivalent (λόγος) by being exclusively human; whereas to the Greek there was something inexplicable about λόγος so that it was a participation of man in the divine. See the late Max Scheler's *Mensch und Geschichte* (Neue Schweizer Rundschau) p. 21.

[2] Not, however, primarily the fault of the teachers, but of the whole educational system of which this teaching is a part. The teaching of philosophy to young men who have no background of *humanistic* education, the teaching of Plato and Aristotle to youths who know no Greek and are completely ignorant of ancient history, is one of the tragic farces of American education. We reap the whirlwind of pragmatists, behaviourists, etc. Incidentally, it is a public misfortune that Mr. Bertrand Russell did not have a classical education.

Humanism has done no greater service than in its criticism of modern education. See Mr. Babbitt's admirable essay on President Eliot in a recent number of *The Forum.*

theless, there is a philosophic training, and it is not the literary training; there are rules of the philosophic game about the use and definition of terms, and they are not the literary rules. One may consider the study of philosophy vain, but then one should not philosophise. What one is likely to do is to philosophise badly, because unconsciously. My objection is not to Humanism, but to Mr. Foerster for not being humanistic enough; and for playing the games of philosophy and theology without knowing the rules.

There is another aspect to Mr. Foerster's position which might earn him the title of "The Newest Laocoön": the interesting consideration that this trick of making literature do the work of philosophy, ethics and theology tends to vitiate one's judgment and sensibility in literature; but this aspect has been so well exposed in an essay (not yet published) by Mr. Allen Tate that I shall not linger over it here. But I should like to mention that Mr. Foerster, in seeking, as he says, "an ethos which has never existed," looks for guidance to:

> Greek sculpture (*of what period?*), Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, Horace, Jesus, Paul, Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Buddha, Confucius, Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe (p. 242).

Mr. Foerster is not quite so silly as this list makes him seem, perilously as he does approach towards Five Foot Shelf Culture; he is merely confusing two points of view. For *culture* (and Mr. Foerster's culture is a propagation of Arnold's), these are the sorts of authority to which we may properly look; and the man who has frequented them all will so far as that goes be a better, in the sense of being a *more cultured* man, than the man who has not. This is the best possible background. But the search for an "ethos" is a very much more serious and risky business than Mr. Foerster imagines; and

Mr. Foerster is more likely to end in respectability than in perfection. Those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and are not satisfied with a snack-at-the-bar, will want a great deal more; and if they follow any one of these leaders, will not be able to follow all the rest. Boil down Horace, the Elgin Marbles, St. Francis and Goethe, and the result will be pretty thin soup. Culture, after all, is not enough, even though nothing is enough without culture.

With these odd mixed motives, Mr. Foerster does not make very much of Shakespeare, though he gives him a patronising word or two. Shakespeare is not a humanist. Mr. Foerster's judgment of Shakespeare is neither a literary nor a moral judgment. He seems to me to depreciate Shakespeare for the wrong reasons, just as, with all respect, Mr. Middleton Murry seems to me to extol him for the wrong reasons. If, as he says, Shakespeare was concerned "rather with mirroring life than with interpreting it," and with submitting "to actuality rather than transcending it," I should say that such a good mirror, if you call that a mirror, is worth a great many interpretations, and that such submission is worth more than most transcendence. If you stick to a literary judgment, you cannot say that Shakespeare is inferior to any poet who has ever written, unless you are prepared to substantiate your opinion by detailed analysis; and if you depreciate Shakespeare for his lower view of life, then you have issued out of literary criticism into social criticism; you are criticising not so much the man but the age. I prefer the culture which produced Dante to the culture which produced Shakespeare; but I would not say that Dante was the greater poet, or even that he had the profounder mind; and if humanism chooses Goethe and leaves Shakespeare, then humanism is incapable of distinguishing between the chaff and the wheat.

Mr. Foerster is what I call a Heretic: that is, a person who seizes upon a truth and pushes it to the point at which it becomes a falsehood. In his hands, Humanism becomes something else, something more dangerous, because much more seductive to the best minds, than let us say Behaviourism. I wish to try to distinguish the functions of true Humanism from those imposed upon it by zealots.

I. The function of humanism is not to provide dogmas, or philosophical theories. Humanism, because it is general culture, is not concerned with philosophical foundations; it is concerned less with "reason" than with common sense. When it proceeds to exact definitions it becomes something other than itself.

II. Humanism makes for breadth, tolerance, equilibrium and sanity. It operates against fanaticism.

III. The world cannot get on without breadth, tolerance and sanity; any more than it can get on without narrowness, bigotry and fanaticism.

IV. It is not the business of humanism to refute anything. Its business is to *persuade*, according to its unformulable axioms of culture and good sense. It does not, for instance, overthrow the *arguments* of fallacies like Behaviourism: it operates by taste, by sensibility trained by culture. It is critical rather than constructive. It is necessary for the criticism of social life and social theories, political life and political theories.

Without Humanism we could not cope with Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Mr. Russell, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Sandburg, M. Claudel, Herr Ludwig, Mrs. Macpherson, or the governments of America and Europe.

V. Humanism can have no positive theories about philosophy or theology. All that it can ask, in the most tolerant

spirit, is: Is this particular philosophy or religion civilised or is it not?

VI. There is a type of person whom we call the Humanist, for whom humanism is enough. This type is valuable.

VII. Humanism is valuable (a) by itself, in the "pure humanist," who will not set up humanism as a substitute for philosophy and religion, and (b) as a mediating and corrective ingredient in a positive civilisation founded on definite belief.[3]

VIII. Humanism, finally, is valid for a very small minority of *individuals*. But it is culture, not any subscription to a common programme or platform, which binds these individuals together. Such an "intellectual aristocrary" has not the economic bonds which unite the individuals of an "aristocracy of birth."

Such a modest limitation of Humanism as I have tried to indicate above (the list is not exhaustive or defining, but consists merely of the qualifications which occur immediately to my mind) will seem more than unsatisfactory to the more hopeful and ambitious devotees of the word. I wish to distinguish sharply however between what seems to me the correct and *necessarily* vague Humanism, and what T. E. Hulme means by Humanism in his notes in *Speculations*. I agree with what Hulme says; and I am afraid that many modern Humanists are explicitly or implicitly committed to the view which Hulme denounces; and that they are, in consequence, men of the Renaissance rather than men of our own time. For instance, Hulme gives as one characteristic of the Humanist (in his sense) the "refusal to believe any longer in the radical

[3] An interesting infusion of humanism in a remarkable religious personality is shown in the late Baron von Hügel's *Letters to a Niece*.

imperfection of either Man or Nature." I cannot help feeling that Mr. Foerster and even Mr. Babbitt are nearer to the view of Rousseau than they are to the religious view. For it is not enough to chastise the romantic visions of perfectibility, as they do; the modern humanistic view implies that man is either perfectible, or capable of indefinite improvement, because from that point of view the only difference is a difference of degree — so that there is always hope of a higher degree. It is to the immense credit of Hulme that he found out for himself that there is an *absolute* to which Man can *never* attain. For the modern humanist, as for the romantic, "the problem of evil disappears, the conception of sin disappears." This is illustrated in Mr. Foerster's illusion of the *normally or typically human* (p. 241). (If Mr. Foerster met Jesus, Buddha, St. Francis or anyone in the least like them, I question whether they would strike him as conforming to this ideal of 100% normalcy.) Hulme put the matter into one paragraph:

> I hold the religious conception of ultimate values to be right, the humanist wrong. From the nature of things, these categories are not inevitable, like the categories of time and space, but are *equally objective*. In speaking of religion, it is to this level of abstraction that I wish to refer. I have none of the feelings of *nostalgia*, the reverence for tradition, the desire to recapture the sentiment of Fra Angelico, which seems to animate most modern defenders of religion. All that seems to me to be bosh. What is important, is what nobody seems to realise — the dogmas like that of Original Sin, which are the closest expression of the categories of the religious attitude. That man is in no sense perfect, but a wretched creature, who can yet apprehend perfection. It is not, then, that I put up with the dogma for the sake of the sentiment, but that I may possibly swallow the sentiment for the sake of the dogma.

This is a statement which Mr. Foerster, and all liberal theo-

logians, would do well to ponder. Most people suppose that some people, because they enjoy the luxury of Christian sentiments and the excitement of Christian ritual, swallow or pretend to swallow incredible dogma. For some the process is exactly opposite. Rational assent may arrive late, intellectual conviction may come slowly, but they come inevitably without violence to honesty and nature. To put the sentiments in order is a later, and an immensely difficult task: intellectual freedom is earlier and easier than complete spiritual freedom.

There is no opposition between the religious and the *pure* humanistic attitude: they are necessary to each other. It is because Mr. Foerster's brand of humanism seems to me *impure*, that I fear the ultimate discredit of all humanism.

T. S. Eliot

Moving Day

Charles Burchfield

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT

WHOEVER heard of a laboratory
in a skyscraper's top story!
Was it genius or merely queer
to seek exalted atmosphere?
Perhaps he found significance
in seeing citizens as ants;
perhaps he merely preferred to soar
above jerky traffic roar;
perhaps there was something in the air
he found up there.
But nobody bothers about ascent
as long as a man pays his rent.

Meanwhile he poised his cones and cubes
'Twixt huge mirrors and sweating tubes,
And at night a million candle-power
Flashed purple and green like an air-mail tower.
No one asked why, for no one cared,
Though sons of Belial sometimes stared
At a sky-scraper top that blinked and glared.

Night-long a brain surveyed the Deep
And puzzled out problems, even in sleep,
Mingling chemical speculations
With geometrical equations
And psychical anatomy
Such as no ancient could foresee.

. . . . . .

Division of soul and body
Is sacrifice to Nobodaddy
Who scuttles the ship effectively
That should explore the Central Sea.

But to empty the skull as one empties a chalice
And wander through the body as through a palace
Ancient, decayed with neglect, yet still splendid;
To ascend stairs that no man for ages has ascended. . . .

Van Helmont, in his *Oriatrike*,
Records (see "A Mad Idea") that his psyche
For two hours was loosed from its normal nexus
And functioned quite well through his solar plexus.
"Mad"? — a clear case of sense-transference;
But he'd missed the point of that little occurrence.
He stumbled indeed on his consciousness' floor,
His toe in the lock of the secret trap-door.
The wolfsbane was clearly but complemental,
And drugs are both violent and accidental.

Involved with this was the whole problem of astronomy, gravitation-geometry being the first key, if we ignore the assumptions of Einstein on an interlocking of ideas for which words furnish no formula as yet. Abstractions applied to profoundest personality, a reversal, a wriggling through, backward as it were, or inward (but here the words deceive, in spite of themselves).

Then again, the practical dangers; for palaces inhabited only in one small room for centuries inevitably sink apart here and there: a wall crumbles, exposing sheer brick to moonlight; staircases fall away in darkness; fissures open in

the marble floorings, especially when intricately tessellated; centuries of rain-drip corrode and groove; essential locks rust together into flimsy skeletons. But worst of all, the danger is best expressed by saying that fumbling or haste alike may tie a knot which straining will only tighten, where nice technique should tie no knot at all, and a strong pull brings the string straight again.

Now all was ready; he would be
Columbus of Infinity.
— Red square of sunlight on the wall,
Circular sun red in the west —
He sat himself twixt square and ball
And closed his eyes as though to rest;
Reached with his right hand for the switch;
Found it, and quickly snapped it on;
Heard the machinery start with a twitch,
And opened his eyes to — a swift green moon?

Before him cube and fire-ball sped
Roaring prismatic from green to red
Faster and faster — the world was whirling —
Or was he himself in his chair twirling — ?
From right to left, flashing, roaring
Faster and faster — his chair was soaring;
The skyscraper spun like a slender spindle;
He felt his whole body swell, yet dwindle. . . .

Quicker —
quicker —
flicker —
quicker —
Flicker quicker flickerflicker
Flickerflurr—rr—blurr—rr—

Rroar—rr—rroo—rroooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
rr oo
rr *The stars, in their slow posturings* oo
rr *Below the horizon of the brain,* oo
rr *Are bright foam circling on deep springs* oo
rr *That pulse and pause and pulse again.* oo
rr oo
rr *Their vast geometries of force* oo
rr *— Cat's cradle of infinities —* oo
rr *Pour upward from the single source* oo
rr *Into enormous vortices.* oo
rr oo
rr *Plunge in! and let yourself be sucked* oo
rr *Beneath the glowing foam, between* oo
rr *The moving currents, through the duct* oo
rr *That leads into the last serene.* oo
rr oo
rroar—rr—rreeee—rr—rroooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
rr oo
rr *We gods, in our vast posturings,* oo
rr *Complete the dance predestinate;* oo
rr *No anguished prayers, no magic rings,* oo
rr *Can cause one step to hesitate.* oo
rr oo

rr *The fiercest feat of outer air* oo
rr *Dashes as vain against our glory* oo
rr *As thunder-breakers blare and flare* oo
rr *Against a granite promontory.* oo
rr oo
rr *The silver fountains of our force* oo
rr *Outcircle from our happiness;* oo
rr *We see, but care not for their course* oo
rr *Through planes and cycles numberless.* oo
rr oo
rr *The pure act soaks into the marsh* oo
rr *Lying about our marriage-feasts,* oo
rr *Diffused and quaking from the harsh* oo
rr *Gales roaring and tumbling like huge beasts.* oo
rr oo
rr *Here rot the knotted living forms* oo
rr *Bound breast to back, each other's prey:* oo
rr *Husband and consort linked like worms,* oo
rr *Sucking the sick life-blood away.* oo
rr oo
rr *The pure act filters up through mud,* oo
rr *Through clutching roots and clotted slime,* oo
rr *Past beings ravenous on salt blood* oo
rr *Sucked leech-like in the night of time.* oo
rr oo
rr *Compressed into one monstrous shape* oo
rr *They merge and slowly brutify;* oo
rr *Mother with child, and man with ape,* oo
rr *The live with dead, the truth with lie.* oo
rr oo
rr oo
rr oo

rr *Here sit enthroned the skeletons* oo
rr *Who with their pointing fingers freeze* oo
rr *The tortures and oblivions* oo
rr *That crowd the marsh about their knees.* oo
rr oo
rr *Yet through the stinking marsh still bubble* oo
rr *The silver fountains of our force,* oo
rr *And rising over stump and stubble* oo
rr *Into the third world take their course.* oo
rr oo
rroar—rr—rreeee—rr—rroooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
rr oo
rr *Dispersed, yet unpolluted still,* oo
rr *They rise as mist, and then attain* oo
rr *Another form, when they distill* oo
rr *Into the firm curves of a brain.* oo
rr oo
rr *Then warm the brain, till it release* oo
rr *The perfume of the primal skies,* oo
rr *That ultimately shall unfreeze* oo
rr *Our happiness as battle-cries.* oo
rr oo
rr *Fight not the living, for their shapes* oo
rr *Dissolve to other shapes instead:* oo
rr *Always the inmost soul escapes.* oo
rr *So aim your dagger at the dead.* oo
rr oo
rroar—rr—rreeee—rr—rroooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
rr oo
rr *Meanwhile we dance, and dancing watch* oo
rr *The shadows of our pageantry* oo
rr oo

rr *That leap and mingle, splotch and blotch,* oo
rr *To farcical catastrophe.* oo
rr oo
rr *Meanwhile we feast, and deeply quaff;* oo
rr *Seeing their wants, their clumsy guile,* oo
rr *We roar with laughter — we can laugh* oo
rr *For it is hollow all the while.* oo
rr oo
rroar—rr—rree—rr—rroooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
rr oo
rr (Sitting somewhere, he managed to twitch oo
rr Off, with his left hand, the switch.) oo
rr oo
rrooooo—rr—oooo—rr—rrmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
rr mm
rr *The veil conceals a mask: the mask* mm
rr *Conceals a face; the face conceals* mm
rr *A word; the word . . .* mm
rr . . . . . mm
rr mm
rr He opened his eyes; the room was twirling mm
rr As water in a cup keeps swirling. mm
He staggered to the window. In the east mm
A green sun glared, and sank, and ceased. mm
He stumbled. Everything was wrong. mm
A cool breeze blew the words of a song mm
Out of his brain. He stumbled — cursed: mm
Somehow the whole room was reversed. mm
He walked like a clumsy child just learning mm
Because he felt the vast world turning, mm
mm
mm

Tilting upward away from the sun mm
And backward, to black oblivion. mm
The corridor ran the other way, mm
As though it were seeking yesterday. mm
Bells? — no, the clash of the elevator door; mm
Then it rose with the strength of an eagle-of-war; mm
And soared fifty stories — to the ground-floor! mm
mm
The street was murmurous as a wood in June. mm
In the west was rising a purplish moon. mm
All the masks lifted, when he went by, mm
And the music they released filled the whole sky. mm
mm
Then silently beside him there appeared mm
A woman's figure, anciently endeared mm
And since forgotten; but now freshened, clearer, mm
As a familiar statue in a mirror mm
Leaps with its primitive vitality. mm
Her voice surged with the rhythms of the sea. mm
mm

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
m
What m Weather! — Weather! — The whole
lovely m universe speaks always and of nothing
weather m but weather. It utters its sunrises
this m and rainbows and bursts of stars in
evening! m an everlasting discourse of incredible
m beauty. Weather is the speech of the
m universe; emotions are the weather of
m the soul. Oh, glorious that it should be so!
m
m

Are you walking my way?

How well you are looking!

What are you saying?

Ha! ha! ha!

What is the matter?

mmmmmmm
m

But Space is endless — how can I find her there? Time also is endless — she slips between the seconds.

Calm-eyed, the eternal Aphrodite rejoicing goes to her immortal love, that never now shall be snared in any golden net, even for the divine laughter.

High above the dimensions, we Gods stand upon our pedestals, never guessing the wars sculptured upon the panels below. On earth we sank in sodden tragedy; while above, we celebrated our marriage-feast, amused at the drama enacted for our pleasure.

Recall Dr. Fludd on the Lute of the Universe; then remember that the microcosm contains macrocosm *in essentiis*. Wherefore believe me, believe me, that here is the slender instrument of love, as yet untuned, unplayed. Linger a little, tightening the knobs precisely; then, when the chords echo from the hollow body, sweep the strings with the white plectrum, meanwhile fingering the melody....

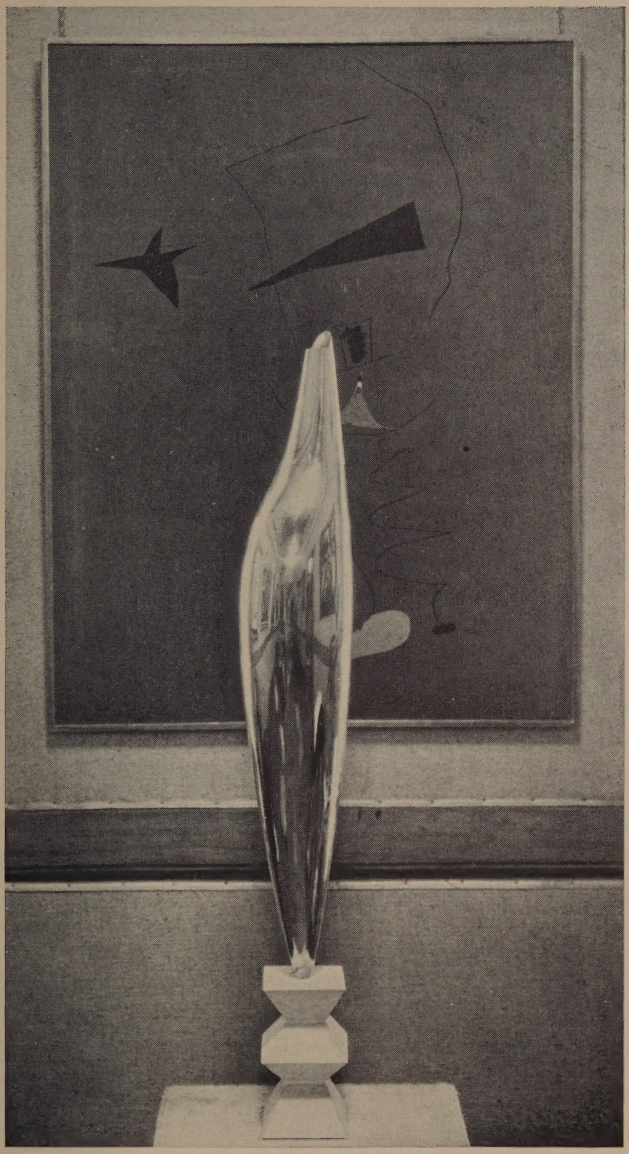
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
m
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
m

m
m
mmm

. . . . . .

— just a temporary aberration
due to the accumulation
of nervous impulse in the brain.
Perfectly sane! Perfectly sane!
But cases are known (this point is the worst)
of people curiously reversed;
to you, his brother, I may confide
his heart is on his right side.
Oh, harmless — nothing in the blood;
a rest in the country will do him good.
Keep him from work a month and more.
— Perfectly harmless — Mind the door! —

S. Foster Damon



Golden Bird Constantin Brancusi

FEELING IN MUSIC

Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei

IN affixing this motto to the title-page of one of his symphonies Beethoven might have selected more accurately the seventh or eighth than the *Pastoral.* Its implications are not realized by the work to which it is applied. The two later symphonies are more truly expressions of feeling: the *Pastoral* deals less with pure feelings directly experienced than with their oblique reflection on a desensitized surface; at best they are secondary feelings, depictive rather than fully revelatory. The familiar paintings of Beethoven roaming the woodland glades, wrapt in self-consciously lofty meditation and presumably translating the ambient pastorality into music, are perhaps not altogether without justification. The *Pastoral* symphony bears internal evidence sufficient to convince us even if we were unaware of the circumstances of its composition that Beethoven was writing too close at hand to his scene to accomplish other than a superficial reflection of it. The rustic naïveté, the gay or plaintive melodies, the indubitably stagey storm, and the pious hymn of thanksgiving are little more than the impressionistic data gathered by a casual tourist. The stage is set: there is a show of the passage of events and the development of their drama. But of the actual drama, the growth and play of feelings in the minds of the beings who inhabit and exercise their functions within the scene, of the enrichened web of feelings and associations that arise within the mind of the observer, the music gives but the scantest inkling.

In his seventh and eighth symphonies Beethoven is no longer concerned with the delineation of momentary surroundings and the impact of instinctive, adulterated, and un-

assimilated impressions upon his mind. In solitude he has absorbed and digested them, filtering out those that are extraneous or superficial, and in the expression of primary feelings he has asserted the genuine substance of art. A field, a brook, a gathering of rustics, the odors of the sty and stable are not in themselves the countryside. It is the experience of these purely factual data that gives them significance, that for art purposes gives them life. The *Seventh* and *Eighth* embody experience rather than regurgitate it. Beethoven strolling through the forest reflected; Beethoven in his study created.

Like the other arts music is the experience of life at one remove: its medium is patterns of sound and silence existing in flux, rather than word, linear, or plastic patterns existing in space. "To hear is to understand," says Santayana. What we hear in music are the pitch, color, intensity, and duration distinctions that give sounds identity: what we understand are the experiences, the feelings actuating the peculiar identity and scheme of relationships of these sounds. The dialectics, the mathematics of music are incidental. The bombardment of sound patterns on the ear (and less noticeably on other specially sensitized areas of the body) is purely sensuous experience. But these stimuli are no sooner apprehended by the aural sense than they set up through the others and through the intelligence an enlarging ring of complex sensations becoming more and more subtle as they proceed from the point of first perception. The complexity of associations taken on by sensations originally aural is far more intricate, extensive, and various than those arising from the impact of stimuli of other genera. The briefest musical phrases may be virtually infinite in their sensory connotations and intellectual implications.

As the cited example of Beethoven indicates, it is imperative

to distinguish between two groups of musically generated feelings. The primary feelings are the purer and spring directly from the experience of sound patterns themselves. Those that are secondary are largely extra-musical, derivative from other sources than that of the music heard. Sensations engendered by the environment and state of one's mind or body, the connotations of the "program" of the work, the memory of circumstances under which the same or similar music has been heard—a myriad non-musical stimuli are at work to imbricate and gradually efface the fundamental musical impressions. That the secondary group may be often the more powerful, the more far-reaching in its effects, must not blind one to the fact that its source is only indirectly in the music at hand, of which its values are independent and whose values are independent of it. The mensuration of *values* of sound patterns (music) can be made only from an examination of the isolated group of primary feelings generated by them.

It is judgment of this sort that is implied when we say that the value of program music rests not upon the value of the programs, or of the music *quâ* program music, but of the music *quâ* music. The obloquy cast by purists on program music since its earliest days (and they are synonymous with those of all music) has always been negated in large part by the obviousness of some program music being excellent music, of music's values existing independently of those of the program.

The case of program music has been belabored endlessly; further examination of its problems is not futile in that they are still largely unsolved. Its actual identity is not always easy to establish. The programmatists point out that no opera, no ballet, no music associated with any sort of action or words may be accepted properly as "absolute music" in the customary

sense of the term. It is possible to go further and to claim that dance and march forms — the very foundation of phrasal articulation and musical architecture — imply at least some sort of program. Fugal forms (evolution from a single seminal motive) are safe from programmatic suspicion, but the supposedly incorruptible sonata (first movement) form with its inherent struggle between two motives (i.e., possible protagonists) implies or at least readily lends itself to extra-musical "meanings."

It is impossible to attempt successfully to differentiate in *genre* between program and absolute music. Once sounds are crystallized into a score, all the composer's and critics' annotations cannot alter the patterns upon which the music's values depend. Scarcely less impossible is the effort to free one's mind of the "literature" collected by almost all musical works — expositions of the composer's aims and ideals, historical and explanatory notes, biographical details, psychoanalytical studies, etc. Were it possible to approach a composition innocent of all program and "literature" one would still find a general program oftentimes explicit in the work itself, as in *Petrouchka* where the settings and the character of the action are unmistakable. The intelligent auditor neither over-emphasizes nor attempts to ignore the program in its various forms but ascribes to it a significance analogous to that of the setting or "theme" of a literary work. It gives the clue to the types of primary feelings one may expect to derive from an experience of the work to which it is affixed. The secondary feelings, whether they originate in the stated program or otherwise, insofar as they pertain to the music do so in the role of a catalytic agent. Unchanged themselves they aid in bringing about the catharsis achieved by every art work by preparing mental channels for the primary feelings.

The problem is further complicated, however, by the program's frequent possession of artistic significance and its own group of primary feelings. The legend of Till Eulenspiegel, Mallarmé's ecologue *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune,* the drama of Tristan and Isolde — to name random instances — are all artistic entities, existing before Strauss, Debussy, or Wagner set about writing their music. The program, then, is not necessarily a mere synopsis or scenario comparable to the plot of a literary work.

The values of programmatic works are measurable not by the accuracy of the reflection of the programs but by the intensity of their expression in sound patterns of the fundamental feelings whose nature is indicated by the program and which the program (assuming it to be an art work itself) expresses in its own medium. When music is merely the accompaniment to an exterior drama, the reflection rather than the experience of a scene, it can arouse only secondary feelings in its auditors; the value of the music *quâ* music is nil. Some primary feelings are irrefrangible, others are better adapted for exploitation in one medium than another and they will assume an inferior significance in the less congenial medium. The intensity of their expression will vary with the sensibilities and powers of the authors. But in essence they are the same: different facets of one stone. Music is where sound speaks for itself, expresses clearly, simply, and unequivocally itself—that which *is* (rather than contains or reflects) a drama. Such music, whether or not it is programmatic, is self-contained and literally absolute. This quality of absolutism, the existence of original and unadulterated springs of primary feelings, is the first test of musical genuineness.

In non-programmatic music the auditor is given no extramusical clue to its feeling-content; determination and under-

standing of the material is possible only through hearing. And hearing is far more than listening. It implies experience, the assimilation and analysis of the complicated rings of sensation expanding from the original sound impacts. The majority of concert-goers who are commonly supposed (in all sincerity by themselves as well as by others) to have a clear comprehension of the principles of musical evaluation seldom subject the sound patterns impacted on their ear drums to examination by the intelligence or even to a full sensory apperception. The music played is little more than an excitant to mental creation of a more familiar, carefully digested and labelled music based on formalistic models or the memory of approved works. They are like Ernest Newman's "professionally trained musician subconsciously collating his impressions with the technique, which, as it was imparted to him in musical infance, is sacrosanct." Those of less musical literacy do not make the slightest pretext of hearing; they like to listen to beyootiful music and they know what they like — i.e., a sacramental aural imbibition of stimulants and narcotics.

Were theirs the "passive immersion of the soul in the profound depths of intuitive experience" of Dr. George Dyson's contemplative listener, one could have little quarrel with them: who is to distinguish between experience through the intuitions and experience through the intelligence? But for them there is no experience, no depth: the surface of the music played reflects cloud castles and sparkling light to mingle pleasantly and innocuously with customary day dreams. Herein is the explanation for the astounding anaesthesia that many men of indubitable intelligence and sensibility exhibit toward music. Their minds may be filled with metaphysics rather than day dreams, but their powers of musical apperception are rudimentary or atrophied; they literally do not hear the music

at all: how can they experience it? It was because Bach's music was stopped at Lamb's ear drums and never flooded his mind that the genial Elia could declare with contempt

> I would not go four miles to visit
> Sebastian Bach (or Batch, which is it?)

Hearing is not easy. The human ear is by no means indefatigable: it tires more easily than the eye or mind or heavier bodily muscles. Except for the rare and gifted few, even musicians cannot retain intact their powers of infallible pitch discrimination for more than a short period. A half hour or so of pitch tests is usually sufficient to bewilder the normal person's ear. Little data is available on the liability to fatigue of the power of perception of tonal color or *timbre*, but as this faculty is engaged with even subtler qualities, one may not unreasonably suppose that it tires still more readily. The great increase of concerts and recitals, and the consequent increase of concert goers and of those who listen vicariously via phonographic recordings or radio broadcasts, are as dangerous in the severity of their demands on the bodily and mental powers of endurance as in the inevitable lowering of standards they entail by a forced and mass production of music to satisfy the augmented demand.[1] In music's earlier days these dangers

[1] The practice, rapidly becoming obsolete, of separating works on a concert program by considerable intervals for applause and relaxation is to be commended on the point of the needed rest it affords to one's ear if on no other score. Wagner planned wisely when he arranged the performances of his operas at Bayreuth to permit lengthy intermissions between the acts. A full length concert program without at least one intermission of ten or fifteen minutes is cruelly taxing to the auditor who is making a sincere effort to experience the music played. It would be actually dangerous if nature had not kindly equipped us with an automatic aural safety valve which, as the faculty of hearing becomes exhausted, closes out the myriad distinctive features of music, allowing only confused tonal wavelets to lap vaguely against the mind's rim. We are dimly aware of them without subjecting them to examination or analysis: in other words we are automatically thrown willy-nilly into the class of those who listen rather than hear.

were undreamed of. The higher types of music existed frankly for the enjoyment of a privileged few, the aristocracy under whose patronage composers were encouraged to work. And even for them concerts were less frequent and less exacting than those of today: music itself — of simpler texture — was less taxing to ear and mind. There were few passive listeners and relatively many active participants in music making. When music was enjoyed by the general public it was as a part of church ritual or the performance of dramatic troupes, or informally in the homes and barbershops. The change in the purely material circumstances surrounding the projection and hearing of music are worthy of serious consideration in any examination of the problems of music today.

The ear's powers of lively recuperation are great. It is susceptible to education and possesses unusual potentialities of development. But its resiliency is taxed to the utmost by music's increasing textural and structural complexity. Literature, painting, even architecture — in principles at least — are comparatively "fixed"; musical technique is forever in flux. So apparently radical are the changes and developments that at times all basic values and *mensura* seem to have been swept away. A single concert season presents a welter of schools and idioms and forms oftentimes so widely divergent as to appear mutually exclusive or contradictory. The sincere auditor's problem of reducing this seeming chaos to some sort of empirical order yearly becomes more difficult. He seeks in vain for counsel: the hair-splitting formalistic exegesis of the musical "theologians" (nearly all of whom cling fanatically to a belief in the immaculate conception of the eight-bar phrase and a rigid scheme of tonal relations) and the descriptive notes of lecturers on musical "appreciation" are equally abhorrent.

The development of musical instruments and the consequent elaboration of ensembles and of musical fabrics during the nineteenth century and beyond have added immeasurably to the composer's vocabulary and dynamic resources, but they have also dangerously undermined music's artistic stability. A sensuous expression of feelings gains when the modes of expression become capable of greater intensity and subtlety. It loses when the feelings are adulterated at their very source, when the novel powers of the expressive means seduce the composer into disguising incoherent or unassimilated feelings by sheer vehemence of statement. The auditor is titillated by the forcefulness or the lushness of sound splashes, forgetful that analysis would reveal them as empty rhetorical devices. The emphasis on detail, the striving for greater dynamic extremes — all the phenomena of pseudo-originality are irreconcilable with organic principles: economy of means and that sense of inevitability, of anticipation and revelatory fulfillment, of satisfying proportion of detail — termed composition in painting — which is the decisive qualification of musical "forms."

Musical technique wins a Pyrrhic victory when it extends the boundaries of its vocabulary at the expense of lessened significance of verbal roots. A rootless art is an art without vitality and gusto, an art without a firm hold on the soil of experience, an art incapable of striking surely and deeply to the heart's hidden springs. Significance must be restored to common intervals and chords[2] — today more anathema to most

[2] "The D minor triad, played in one of its most common positions by stringed instruments, is certainly not new to anyone, no matter how humble his musical experience. Yet, when Strawinsky uses it as the basis of the critical moment in *Oedipus*, its effect is overwhelming and immediate. One can find no obvious explanation of this extraordinary effect, and yet it is inescapable. In some way which defies analysis, the material has been re-experienced by the composer, transmitting to us the vigor and freshness of his own feeling." Roger Sessions in the March, 1928, issue of *The Hound and Horn*. (Vol. I, No. 3.)

composers than the improper preparation and resolution of complex chords was to their great grandfathers. Without them music lacks norms. And not lightly is the heritage of folk song and its associations disowned. The composer who perverts the natural growth of his sound patterns to avoid even the suggestion of consonance is as restricted as he who perverts the natural growth of his sound patterns to avoid even the suggestion of dissonance. The effects obtainable by either are paltry and unsatisfactory in comparison with those of the true musical elective who ignores alike the orthodox orthodoxies and the orthodox heterodoxies of his day and lets his material dictate the idiom of its expression. One need only turn to literature to find that the most refined, the most recondite feelings, find their expression not in scientific and archaic terms, nor in verbal labyrinths, but in the most familiar words, the simplest statements, *subtly considered.* It is only the artist who is unsure of himself and of his material who is afraid to present it in its nakedness. He must clothe it for us, but eventually someone will discover that his work, like the emperor in Hans Christian Anderson's tale, "has nothing on at all!" The bogus artist attempts to infuse emotion into the organic sound stuff of his work; the genuine artist is content to leave emotion where it belongs — in the mind of the auditor who hears the music and who experiences the root feelings of which it consists and which arouse in him that complex web of associations and considered feelings that we term emotion.

The musical weathercocks of today are pointing more nearly in the direction of true progress than at any time (I might go as far as to say) since the deaths of Bach and Handel. It may be a fashion that small combinations of soloists rather than massed choirs and blurred parts of gargantuan orchestras

provide the most appealing medium for contemporary composers, but it is a commendably sound fashion. The dictatorship of the bar line and of the stiff, brittle articulation of phrases and forms, the opposite gulfs of rigidly limited tonal schemes and pure chromaticism (loosely called atonality), the sentimental inanities of much of the music of the late nineteenth century and the frantic and disjunct explosiveness of much of the music of the early twentieth — all the various symptoms of musical constipation and diarrhoea — are becoming less and less menacing. Strawinsky's courageous *volte-face* and the example of his *Oedipus Rex* and *Apollon Musagète*, the neoclassicism of Prokofieff, the spareness and muscularity of the sturdily rooted art of Sibelius and Bartók have not failed to impress the more far-sighted among their contemporaries. Beethoven, Wagner, Verdi, Strauss, and Debussy are seen in clearer perspective: the hypnotic force of their rhetorical and textural innovations has lost its power to conceal the distinction between the works whose claim to musical genuineness is irrefutable and their works whose influence is largely dependent on extra-musical qualities. Monteverde, the Elizabethan madrigalists, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Moussorgsky, and Brahms are looked upon more and more as the fountain heads of pure music — with a maximum of primary feelings and a minimum of secondary ones.

During the last century music expended the vast part of its life energy in the escape from the prison cell of the "classical" schemes of tonality and structure. Who would say that the escape was a futile one? But having won its freedom, this *Ur-Musik* must consolidate its position and put to artistic use the resources it has labored so heroically to develop. They are not the ends they have often appeared, but means. For the expressive powers of music are but empty phenomena, the bar-

barians' thunder stick, without authentic experiences to express. Pre-nineteenth century music stirs us often more deeply than that of the great geniuses of the eighteen hundreds because the earlier men were distracted less frequently, deflected less far from their course, than those later who were all too prone to substitute emotion for feeling — who not only pointed a moral, but wrote variations upon it for full orchestra.

The thinking composer of today, working toward a purer art form, takes his cue from Moussorgsky writing for a scene in *Khowantchina:* a cathedral square in Moscow through which passes a cavalcade of *gendarmerie* taking a group of exiles to Siberia and followed by a crowd of peasants and "old-believers." Moussorgsky writes a few notes for a deep bell, a *basso ostinato,* a long undulating melodic line for the strings and later the oboe — the utmost in tonal simplicity, and yet infinitely "more an expression of feeling than painting." And where the pen of even a Dostoievsky might do little more than imply the world of feeling within the breasts of prisoners, the police, the banished men's friends, and the immemorial crowd; and where the poet can only state —

I am the man. I suffered. I was there.

— in the few bars of Moussorgsky's stripped bare music the inner world of feeling is realized, and the "rock hidden in the deep of the human soul" breaks the surface.

R. D. Darrell

Drawing in Green Crayon — Eugen Zak

(*Courtesy Fogg Art Museum*)

THE ADOLESCENT

I

KELLY'S BARROOM

Always I felt a love for sordid things,
alleys and courtyards, airless tragedies,
whispers in closets, poverty, amours
in the live darkness, swift and sinister.

These gangs parading, drunken pale, these girls
who meet their kind like cats in areaways,
these cluttered streets of theirs, and filthy rooms,
and death around the corner I have found
voluptuous.

The crowd is here tonight;
the nickel-in-the-slot piano plays
Oh, take me back, please take me back to — where
do broken-voiced pianos hope to go?
A floozie sobs tonight, "I'm lonely, please,
Arthur, give me a drink, I'm awful lonely,"
and Arthur humming as he mops the bar.

Tonight I too am lonely for the soil:
Oh, take me back, please take me back — to home,
innocence, the family, marriage, these
ancestral dreams, these melodies of the race.

II

THE RUBBER PLANT

Can you see their angular shadows on the blind?

If ever the rubber plant
ceased to project the crossbars of its leaves
against the cord portières;
if the gilt clock no longer
spied down upon them from the mantelpiece
and folding doors were suddenly flung open,
they could take hands and stride out regally
into —
Yes, that is it exactly;
at least it is possible.

III

NOCTURNE

Mother has washed the dishes, limped upstairs;
Mother has disappeared into the light;
porches are filled where wicker rocking chairs
creak . . . through the emptiness of night
. . . creak . . . scrape, as if they would repeat
the chorus of the daughters of the street:
"Hamburg steak for dinner, runs in our hose,
nobody speaks of them, everybody knows;
meeting me at twilight he handed me a rose:
will he come?

"Will he come with gallant eyebrows, chestnut hair;
will he come and rock beside me in the chair;
will he press my fingers neatly, say discreetly,
life is real,
life is true, will he tell its every secret,
but discreetly,
having realized how sacredly I feel?"

Let me tiptoe through the darkness, boldly whisper,
"He will come:
he will come and take your hand,
swiftly choosing you for queen;
he will drive you to the wedding in his limousine;
he will tell you life is true, and understand
what only you and he can understand."
Through the night her sticky hand
reaches out and touches mine.
"It is you that understand,
it must be you."

"No, I'm sorry."
"But it's true,
true . . . that you beside me in the chair
will tell me all of life and how to play,
will ask me for my hand—"
I shall say
. . . what shall I say?

"Your folk are stronger than mine,
being less bold;
your arms are stronger than mine,
willing to hold;

your faith is stronger than mine,
founded on lies;
my faith is no longer mine,
but melts away in your eyes,
in the syrup of your eyes.
I can never belong to you."

And she: "It is not true."

My words have tapped like pebbles
in the dry well of her mind.
She only smiles and echoes,
"It is not true. You are unkind."
Or else she answers nothing of the kind.

She will say nothing, and I . . . nothing,
only to kiss her hand, to slip away
past willow rockers creaking in the darkness;
if willow chairs could speak, these would say:
"He will come, don't despair,
oval smiles and chestnut hair:
he will come."

MALCOLM COWLEY

NOTE TO THE FOREGOING POEMS

After the war, we drifted to New York, to the district south of Fourteenth street, where one could occupy a hall bedroom for two or three dollars weekly and rent the top floor of a rickety dwelling for thirty dollars a month. Here we lived in a setting much like that of Glenn Coleman's early paintings: low, red-brick, early nineteenth-century houses, crazy doorways, sidewalks covered with black snow, and, in the foreground, an old woman bending under a sack of rags. We lived in the midst of dirt and poverty, insufficiently clothed, poorly fed, making drafts against our abundant constitutions, and enjoying ourselves almost feverishly. For there was much in our surroundings that agreed with our mood. We had been born with illusions, unlike the present generation, but having lost them at a very early age, we felt the need of replacing them with others; and we had come to erect the sordid into a kind of religion. We worshipped the cluttered streets, the overflowing ash-cans, the houses full of people and rats; we felt something like veneration for the barrooms then in the last months of their legal existence; and our writings, too, had the smell of sawdust and sour beer. They had other qualities that were more questionable — a sort of crooked sentiment, a self-protective smirk — yet in a way I respect their emotions, and I like to think that the dead adolescent who wrote these poems has a right to be heard among his elders and his heirs.

M. C.

THE MODERN DWELLING

THE PROBLEM AND A SOLUTION

THE modern dwelling presents a new and a complex problem. We are in possession today of a great number of inventions, ranging all the way from modern plumbing, central heating, and ventilating, to telephones, sunshine lamps, and disappearing beds. We also have at our disposal a constantly and ever increasing variety of building materials — besides steel and concrete, of no less importance are such things as insulating material, membrane roofing, and composition flooring. But it is not only in the structure of our buildings and in their mechanical equipment that we are presented with a new problem. The plan itself is affected, for the whole mode of living has changed. This is due not only to alterations in our social structure — witness the servant problem — but modern ideas of health and hygiene and the mechanical inventions have also changed our daily life. We have new standards of comfort — in fact, *comfort* is a modern invention. Not only does the bath room or the garage constitute a new element in our dwellings, but today we must plan for many baths and in most cases for at least a two-car garage.

The modern dwelling presents a new and a complex problem, yet it is not recognized as such. We continue to copy the dwellings of the past, making only those changes absolutely necessary. The possibilities are not realized. We are surrounded with poor dwellings and we expect nothing better for we know of nothing better and we have not the time nor the knowledge to imagine anything better. We have not yet begun to think of our houses and to criticise our houses as we

do our factories or our automobiles. We accept what the architects hand out, and the architects hand out what we accept, and there is no progress.

Persons who would not tolerate for one minute inferior elevator service in their office buildings, or think of maintaining inefficient machines in their factories, will cheerfully pay out good money to architects for building them extravagant houses with bad light, poor air, and hard noisy floors. The fact is, many architects of wide practice look down on the design of a dwelling house as a rather uninteresting job involving no particular problems worthy of their time and thought. A lecturer in the School of Architecture of Harvard University once told his pupils that he hoped they would never be content to be mere house architects, but would try to work up to bigger things. Is there any wonder that the problem of the house still remains unsolved — the problem has hardly even been looked upon as a problem.

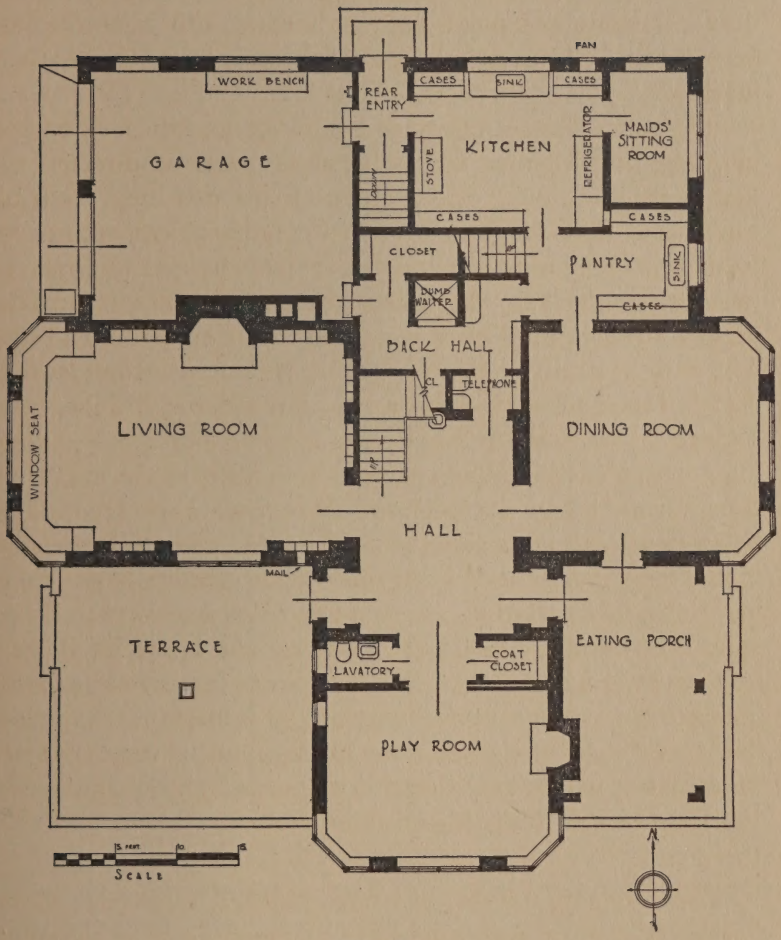
The solution lies in a fresh point of view. As long as we continue to model our modern dwellings on the houses of the past, as long as we try to fit bath rooms and garages into imitations of Tudor and Spanish architecture, there is no hope for us. We must start all over. The problem must be analyzed and studied from the beginning. We can and should retain all the knowledge possible of the use of materials and the theory of design to be gained by a study of the work of the past. All else must go. The problem must be tackled as the problem of the clipper ship was tackled — the problem of the automobile, and the problem of the airplane. The house has above all a function to perform, and if it is not a success in performing this function it is a total failure. The house which is not first and foremost a complete and satisfactory place in which to sleep, bathe, dress, rest, talk, and eat, in sunlight and

warmth in winter, and in shade and coolness in summer, is not a house, but a mere piece of stage scenery — and no matter how charming and picturesque as scenery, it is none the less scenery and not a fitting place for the home of men and women.

The same human effort and intelligence which has gone into the development of the airplane must be directed towards the solution of the problem of the dwelling. It is no small task. The dwelling is a complicated problem and no one man can any more hope to perfect it than one man can hope to perfect the airplane. At present there are but few standards. Every minute detail must be studied and perfected, and this can only be done by the coöperative effort of a considerable body of men all working together. But when it is done, then indeed we shall have dwellings worthy of our age — dwellings as good, as well planned, as economically made, and of as fine design as our automobiles. When we have freed ourselves from the encumbrances of the past, have perfected the house functionally, and know our modern materials and their possibilities, we shall also have an *architecture* worthy of our age. And what is more, public interest and appreciation will be as keen and as critical as it is now in the case of automobile design. No longer will the designing of domestic architecture be looked upon as a mysterious hocus-pocus, strange and remote, but it will be considered in the same light in which sailors consider the designing of their ships.

* * * * *

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Fisher, Winnetka, Illinois, is here offered as an example of an attempt to realize some of these ideals. The problem here was to design a residence for a family of six children (five boys and a girl) and their parents. The emphasis was placed in that or-


FAN
WORK BENCH
REAR ENTRY
CASES
SINK
CASES
GARAGE
KITCHEN
STOVE
REFRIGERATOR
MAIDS' SITTING ROOM
CASES
CASES
CLOSET
PANTRY
SINK
DUMB WAITER
CASES
BACK HALL
CL
TELEPHONE
WINDOW SEAT
LIVING ROOM
DINING ROOM
HALL
MAIL
TERRACE
LAVATORY
COAT CLOSET
EATING PORCH
PLAY ROOM
SCALE

First Story

der. The location was in northern Illinois on the shore of Lake Michigan with severe winters and hot summers, and at times many mosquitoes. Although a definite attempt was made to analyze the problem and to develop a solution based on this analysis, the house that was finally built is far from a complete solution. The numerous errors and inconsistencies in its design and construction are only too well known to its designer. The house is, with one exception, fundamentally conventional in its layout. For example, no attempt was made to depart from the traditional arrangement of rooms or to make use of such things as disappearing walls.

The exception is in the use of the roof area for porches. The entire family is accustomed to sleeping out of doors, not only in the summer, but during most of the year. There was required, therefore, in addition to a living porch and a dining porch, a considerable area of sleeping porch. As the principal object of a porch is to furnish a cool place where you can sit and enjoy the open air the roof affords an excellent location. Not being protected by shrubbery, trees, or surrounding buildings, no matter how slight a breeze may blow, nor from what direction, you receive the full benefit of it. This location for the porches also affords far greater privacy. But there is another advantage, perhaps even more important than these in that it affects living conditions throughout the entire winter months—a porch on the roof does not cut off the sun from the rooms. On the roof, in addition to the living and the sleeping porch, a terrace opens to the south providing a delightful place to sit in early spring before mosquitoes become objectionable. An open fireplace here can be used for cool evenings in the fall.

In order to give a maximum of air and cross ventilation in summer and a maximum of sunlight in winter the rooms were

House at Winetka

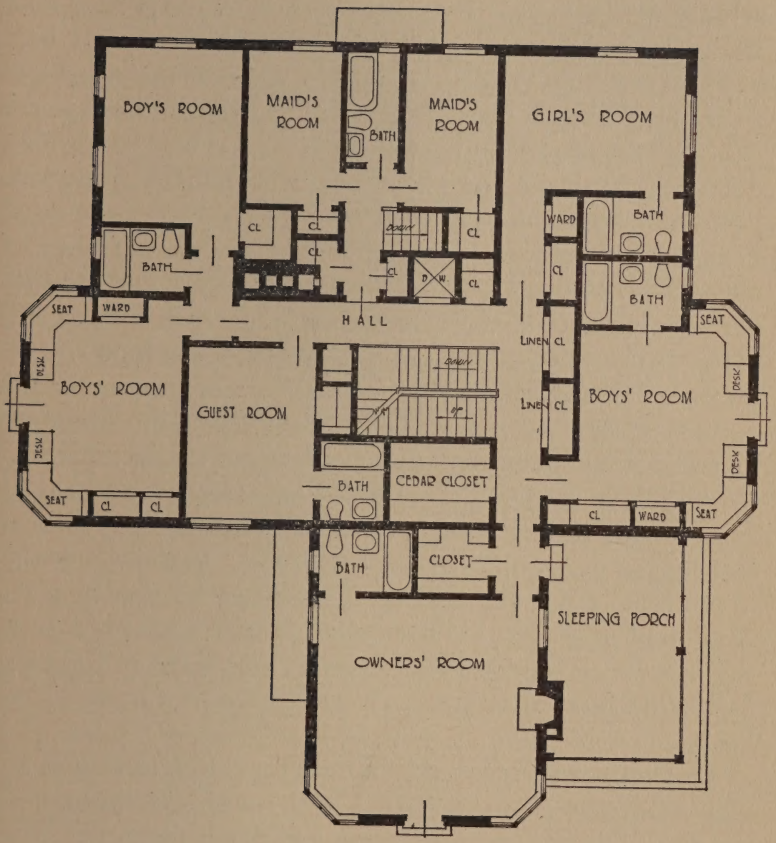
Designed and built by Howard Fisher

House at Winetka

Designed and built by Howard Fisher

Detail, House at
Winetka

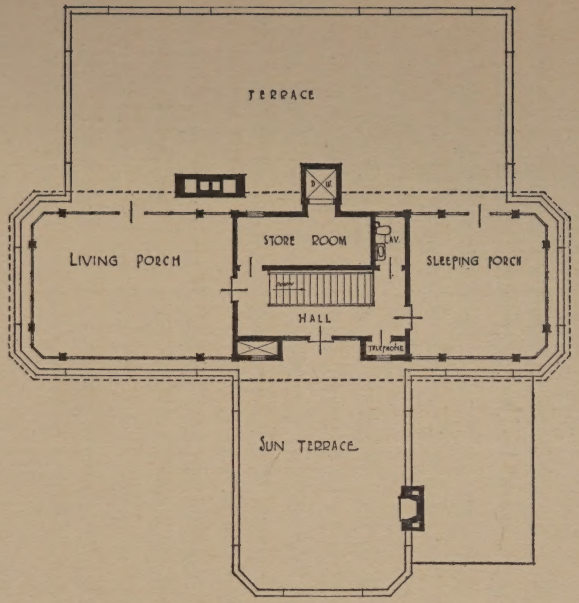
Designed and built
by Howard Fisher



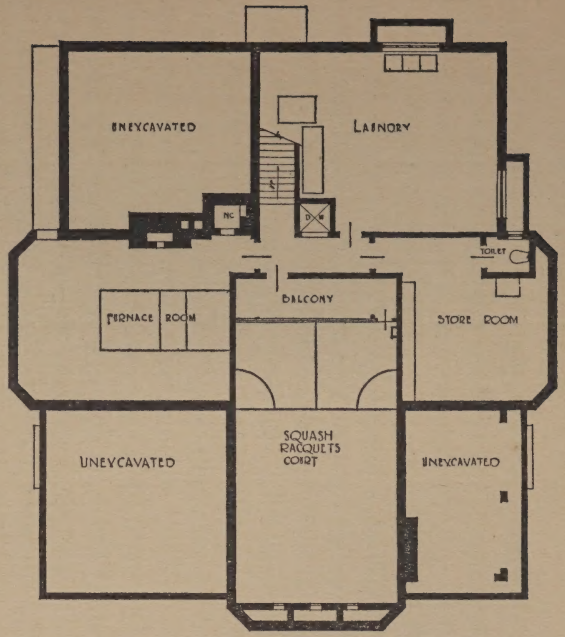
Second Story

arranged around an inner central hall with the living room projecting to the west, the play room and the parents' room above it to the south, and the dining room to the east. This arrangement also makes possible a terrace on the ground floor well protected from the north and east. All the family bedrooms have cross ventilation, and in addition the three end rooms have French doors giving full ventilation down to the floor. These rooms, and the three typical rooms of the first floor, have their exterior angles cut off diagonally, with windows running around the corners. This eliminates the usual dead corners and gives more light and a far greater feeling of openness. The windows themselves are of steel, and set flush with the exterior surface of the building, thus adding still more to the feeling of light and space in the interior. As they are of the casement variety they furnish full ventilation and can be set to catch a breeze from any direction. There are no roller shades, but instead curtains, which can be pulled all the way back, are hung from concealed built-in curtain rods. In the living room a built-in completely upholstered window seat runs across the entire end of the room. In the winter this is protected from the cold of the window by double glass. Double glass is also used to prevent excessive heat loss from the large roof windows and doors. These serve to light the hall below, and in summer, act as ventilators for the entire house.

This house was designed primarily for the children and the play room was given the best location with sun throughout the day. The play room, terrace, and porch (with the lavatory and coat closet) constitute a combination specially designed for the use of a small nursery school run by Mrs. Fisher. Also with the children principally in mind a full-sized squash-racquets court with a balcony was placed in the base-


TERRACE
LIVING PORCH
STORE ROOM
SLEEPING PORCH
HALL
TELEPHONE
SUN TERRACE

Roof


UNEXCAVATED
LAUNDRY
TOILET
FURNACE ROOM
BALCONY
STORE ROOM
UNEXCAVATED
SQUASH RACQUETS COURT
UNEXCAVATED

Cellar

ment. This is equipped so that it can be used as a children's basket ball court, and contains a swing, a trapeze, and rings. Again primarily for the children is the tile drinking fountain in the front hall.

The building is heated by means of a warm-air furnace, fired with an oil burner. The air is recirculated with a multi-vane fan, cleaned with a viscous oil filter, ozonized, and automatically humidified. In summer, in place of the furnace, an electric refrigerating unit cools the entire house. Domestic hot water is supplied automatically the year around by a combination oil-fired vacuum vapor system, which also heats the north side of the house in winter. With oil burners and an incinerator there is neither garbage nor ashes. It is, therefore, possible to abolish the usual exterior cellar stairs. These are dirty and dangerous, and by doing away with them it is possible completely to do away with the usual back-door atmosphere.

In addition to the more important mechanical features there are the now usual kitchen ventilating fan, mechanical refrigerator, electric clock, etc. A dumbwaiter, large enough to carry trunks, runs from the basement to the roof. Garage doors of wood roll up out of the way like old-fashioned desk tops. Of no less importance in the operation of the house are such details as the rubber counter in the pantry, the hinged folding fire screen, the wire-shelved pot closet, the special platter shelves, the built-in mail box, or the razor blade slots in the bathroom walls.

The exterior walls are made of an inexpensive unsorted red brick, backed with hollow tile, and insulated with celotex. The roof is paved with tile, and heavily insulated with from six to eight inches of waterproofed rock wool. The building is thus not only inexpensive to heat in winter but it is cool in

summer, a fact of even greater importance. The interior is of common wood construction finished in rough plaster. There is no cornice, no trim, and no window or door frames. Contrary to the most modern ideas of our "realtors" the bathroom walls are neither tiled nor colored, but finished in a smooth hard plaster and painted with a white waterproof enamel paint. The floors of the bathrooms, like all the other floors in the house outside the service portions, are of lacquered cork — soft, silent, warm, clean, and easily taken care of. Rugs and carpets — expensive, unsanitary, and difficult to keep clean — are thus eliminated.

The architectural design is here almost entirely determined by the requirements of the practical problem. Brick and wood are combined to form a simple and consistent exterior. There is no superficial ornament. The interior is without architectural decoration, the walls being designed to form an unobtrusive background for whatever decorative scheme it is desired to carry out by means of the interior furnishings. In both the exterior and interior, the simplicity, the arrangement and proportion of masses, the consistency in the use of materials, and the texture, combine to give to the design whatever virtue it may possess.

HOWARD T. FISHER

NOTES FROM A SOVIET DIARY

II.

STRAY NOTES: The new architecture in Moscow is timid. Certainly the new Telegraph Building, with its unconvincing façade, looking like a rather bad architectural rendering of 1920, is not a pleasing building. The cubic Lenin Institute is very much better, but not as good as some of the modern apartments. The building, such as it is, especially for the housing of the new crowds that have come to the capital since the Revolution is a very careless thrown-together kind in construction.

The need for thrift is shown in Moscow in rather an amusing way. The motor buses cost two kopeks more than the electric trams, about one cent. Yet the people crowd the trams to save this extra fare. The buses are excellent and the transportation about the city is more rapid than in most western cities due, of course, to less street congestion. You search out the conductor to pay and are fined one ruble if you go beyond your ticket limit.

One sees evidence everywhere of the attempt by the government to educate its millions of illiterate people. Of course from the literary-intelligence standpoint they are mere children. The translations from American works are illuminating and seem, in some ways, strange. Jack London, Kipling, James Oliver Curwood, Sinclair Lewis, and Dreiser, the latter two are being translated in full. It is interesting to note that in the case of Kipling, it is his style which has attracted people. They seemed to see in it his ability to teach them how to write

historically of the Revolution or in a propaganda fashion of the future. We are told that at present there seems to be a tendency away from the novel, and that journals dealing with engineering problems are much more in demand among the Russians. This indicates as we have already found in Russia the love of the American mechanical sense. There exists, here, the paradox of a great sympathy with the *outward results* in America of a capitalistic system but with, of course, no sympathy for the capitalistic spirit itself which really brought the result about. Indeed there is here, it could be said, considerable "Chicagoismus."

The above not only applies to Moscow. There is in Europe, it seems to me, an almost unfortunate striving for American manner and the so-called American efficiency yet with little knowing how it is done and little realizing how concentrated American business is. The people who are working here in Moscow are earnestly enthusiastic in trying to overcome old methods and old ways, but their problem is a tremendously difficult one. Adding machines lie idle beside the old counters that click merrily on. The bank clerks sip their tea at eleven. Everyone smokes at business.

As the result of the Trade Union development, writers in Moscow are financially more secure on the whole probably than anywhere else in Europe, for they are paid a definite amount by the line and the young poets are not concerned over much when asked to write a bit of poetry advertising a tooth-paste! In other words we have a completely commercial and utilitarian aspect of the literary problem. There is great complaint on the part of the older writers that the younger group are illiterate and ungrammatical and refuse to get down to study and work and that their seriousness can be doubted. Somehow this had a familiar ring to it.

Friday. We visited this morning the remarkable Schukin Collection, now the First State Museum of Modern Western Paintings. The collection is staggering and the museum is crowded with people. One need only mention that this collection contains 34 Matisses, 4 Van Goghs, 4 Renoirs, 17 Gauguins, 8 Cezannes, 7 Henri Rousseaus, 46 Picassos, not to mention Monet, Sisley, Pisarro, 7 Degas, and 3 Vlamincks; and there remains the Morosoff Collection of equal proportion in the same schools.

Friday evening. With Rozinsky to an all Scriabine Concert at the Academy of Music. I was bored with part of it but was surprised to find so much Schumann and Wolf and Chopin in it. The study for left hand Opus Nine is very fine of its kind and the slow movement of the Nineteenth Sonata I thought to be very good. Of the sonatas played the Fifth and Ninth were by far the best. The audience was very enthusiastic and I enjoyed it for the reason that Scriabine is so hard to hear at home. I don't feel that the Russian carries with him his remarkable critical powers which he uses in the theatre when he goes to the music hall. Russian contemporary music is conservative—the best Russian composers are out of Russia.

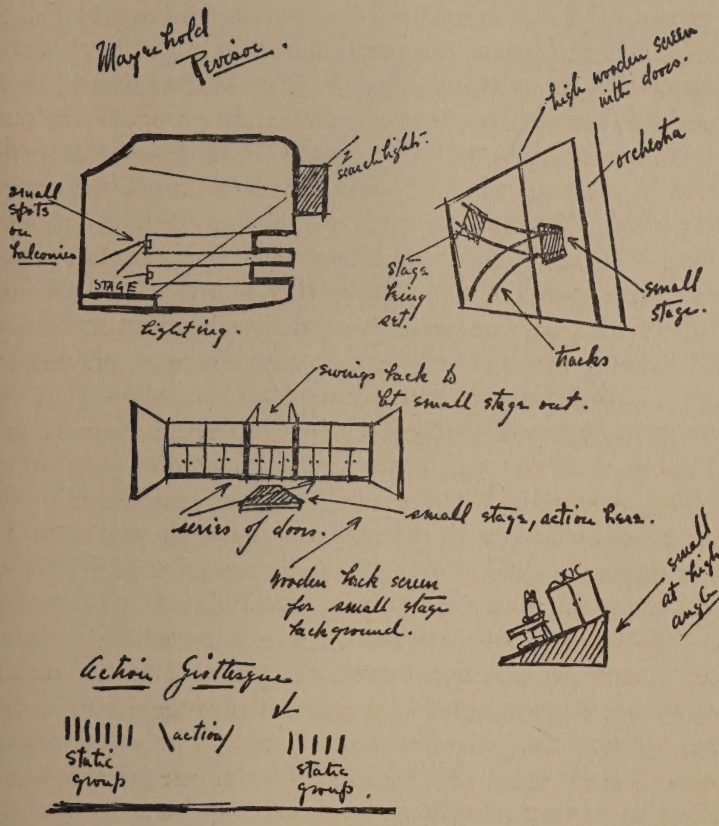
Saturday. We spent the morning trying to get theatre tickets, but apparently it's much the same as New York during the holidays for we had no luck at all. All the theatres were sold out and there are some over nineteen in Moscow! This evening to a New Year's party at a literary club here in Moscow. It was on the whole not too interesting but rather fun at that to see the various types. There was some good dancing. It is probably the only New Year "I will meet" as the Russians phrase it in the U. S. S. R.

Sunday. This morning in a tram with O'C to the Novodgevitchi Monastery. The church contains some extremely good

works by the painters of the Moscow school of the 17th century and really good ikon painting that makes the Italian Schools look to their laurels. We walked on further towards the river in the direction of the very beautiful Sparrow Hills, now called the Lenin Hills. This section contains many of the summer residences of the nobility. The river was crowded with skaters and many were skiing on the slopes. The cathedral of the Monastery rising above the walls very beautiful with the red texture of the belfry amid the baroque characteristics of the surrounding buildings. It made an effective contrast against the startling white of the snow. We find the Russian baroque exteriors in red and white, thoroughly delightful. On our return we went into a rather ugly little church, 19th century, near the Monastery. A christening was going on. The peasant mother and father were seated on a bench with the youngster while an old white-bearded priest wrote down the name of the child in a ponderous book. The church was not heated, in fact it was very cold, but the baptismal water had been, and it steamed away in a lively Wagnerian fashion. Superstition and religion so firmly grounded as it has been in the past in Russia is not removed merely by an edict of the state. The young are not in church now but the old cling on. There were very few interesting ikons in this church, but I noted two, however, that seemed interesting in connection with Greco. Will have to return.

After a late dinner, one eats one's meals almost at random here with a very late lunch, usually at three-thirty or four—a bite hastily taken before theatre and then supper after—we went with O'C for our first of what was to be many evenings at Mayerhold's theatre. The play was Gogol's *The Inspector-general* or as it is called in Russian, *Revisor*. Mayerhold has, of course, rewritten it or rather he has taken parts from both

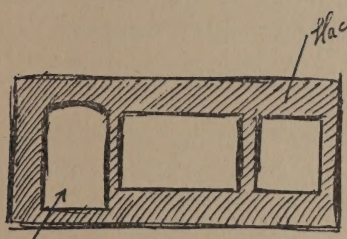
of Gogol's manuscripts and also has interpolated various bits from letters from the correspondence of the author. We were back stage almost before we realized it! One is tremendously pleased and impressed with the ease with which one is able to see things in Russia. Everybody seems quite willing and eager to show you what he is doing whether it be in painting, work in the cinema, or in the theatre. It goes without saying that Mayerhold's theatre is one of the outstanding features of Europe. His influence in direction upon Central European theatres and to a certain extent upon some of the smaller theatres in this country has been great. For example, Piscator in Berlin is really a small edition of Mayerhold. Mayerhold's theatre is simplicity itself. He uses no curtain and the properties for all of his plays can usually be observed pulled up to the ceiling above the production which happens to be playing at the time. He feels quite free to interpose the cinema with his play even to the extent of using it in combination with the action going on on the stage. His lighting is unique. There are no tricks. It is usually handled by two large searchlights covering the stage from a booth in the rear above the top balcony. These lights are each of twenty-two thousand candle power. There are in addition simple spots manipulated by operators from the front of the side balconies and the whole thing is under telephonic connection with the stage. The staging of *Revisor* was impressive and the rough drawings show, in the main, the way the play was manipulated. The small stages were set up off stage and moved on by an electrical motor. The action was not necessarily confined to the small stage, although it usually furnished the background for the principal actors. The use of Giotto-like composition was often employed, the action in the center trailing off to a static side and the small stages were of exaggerated slope, the angle being


Meyerhold Version.
small spots on balconies
STAGE
lighting.
2 search lights.
high wooden screen with doors.
orchestra
stage lighting set.
small stage.
tracks
swings back to let small stage out.
small stage, action here.
series of doors.
wooden back screen for small stage background.
small stage at high angle.
Action Gesture
static group
action
static group.

quite sharp. The whole effect was directed towards a concentrated and vivid series of pictures, which in their surrounding of the empty space of the rest of the stage became very impressive. The effect had certain psychological advantages. Mayerhold is a mechanician. His directing leans upon Mechanics. Not entirely upon the mechanics of the stage, per se, sliding wings, whirling stages, etc., but upon the mechanics of Physics. He recognizes the psychological value of certain types of motion, that is, complementary action other than gesture. For example a person standing upon an inclined ramp even though stationary suggests the lack of equilibrium, the feeling of the inevitable ascent or descent and this additional factor can be added as a theatrical force to the emotion the person so placed is attempting to convey. Mayerhold knows that acrobatics are like animated "vector forces" and can be employed to enforce tension dramatically. Complementary action on the stage of his theatre during a performance reaches a subtlety that is rarely attained elsewhere. One recalls vividly the scene in the *Revisor* in which the letter is read. The elegant baroque drawing-room of the small stage crowded with people — the surrounding stage empty. Suddenly a little man in one corner attempts to pass a chair to a friend on the other side of the room over the heads of the people. The effect is electric. Not only is there no room upon the small stage for such action — there is no room for it upon the large empty surrounding stage — there is no room for it in the theatre. The sense of crowd has become positively unbearable to everyone. It is typical of the style of this director.

Thursday. With O'C to Mayerhold's for a rehearsal. How obvious it is that his actors believe absolutely in him. The fervor and earnestness with which they went into character at the rehearsal was remarkable. No lost time. The word of the

Rastom

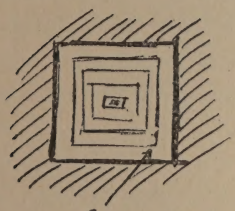


stage masqued.
openings lighted only when scene is being played.

one scene played at sharp angle.

Fed.

45° slope.



Scene screen
opens up like camera diaphram.

régisseur absolute. The theatre display of stage models is excellent. Most of the theatres in Moscow have small museums connected with them containing well-made and very interesting models of past sets. These rooms are crowded at entre-act. After the rehearsal we spent a leisurely hour looking at Mayerhold's collection, he alternately sputtering in very bad German and very rapid Russian, smiling the while enthusiastically pointing out this and that innovation. How eager these people are to get reactions.

Saturday. *Raslom.* Here is the influence of the cinema upon the stage. A topsy-turvy condition. How, at home, it would open up long arguments on the decline of the theatre and the growth of the movie. The play, a popular one, was concerned with the mutiny aboard the *Aurora.* It was excellent melodrama, tense, exciting — but the presentation was its outstanding feature. The stage was masked in black with three openings as shown in the sketch and the action took place behind these. It was exactly the cinema screen. Sometimes the scene behind the opening opened just as a diaphram of a camera lens. There could be no doubt about it. Here was cinema dictating to theatre.

Friday. With R——— to call on the composer Alexandrov. His work showed the usual Russian background, Moussorgsky and the rest. In fact I do not find the work in contemporary music in the U. S. R. interesting. After all an "advanced form" is rarely a popular form. One does not present the masses bundles of polytonic sounds. They are not pleased. Neither does there seem to be a group in Moscow corresponding to the Paris crowd, Thomson et al, who now concern themselves with sparseness and clean cut melodic line. Russian music remains, though noisy and blurred, sugary. The polished steel is not there. Nor is there the mathematical

complication of Schönberg and some of the other German writers.

Thursday. The Russian Government having collected from the churches hundreds of ikons is now putting the most important of them into the hands of experts who are literally exposing them to view for the first time. In other words in their laboratories the layers of repaint, sometimes as many as five, are being removed. Thus one is finding a great mass of most important Russian work of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is a grand contribution to the knowledge of art. It will be of utmost value.

Leningrad. Sombre, drab, grey. Imperial, magnificent. Its vast squares, its superb neo-classic architecture, its empty palaces. The ice-choked Nerva, the endless gold needle of the Fortress of Peter and Paul catching the sun hanging low in the south. A city once seen and never forgotten. What a contrast with hurried Moscow! The Revolution happened here. *They* have gone. One feels it. One senses the hasty flight, the hurried exodus, the last hope. And over it all the city of Peter the Great refusing to change, looking down upon the new, always tragic, aloof, imperial. Little wonder that the new government moved to Moscow. Not wholly economic was the reason, one hazards the guess. The plastering out of coats of arms, the removal of statuary, little did that change the soul of this city. Of tragedy there is much in Russia. There is little of Russia about Leningrad except its tragedy. Even the fact that it is non-Russian in appearance is significant. One of the most impressive cities of the world it must remain a monument to the old regime. We drove through blinding snow to our hotel. It was dusk. It was sad, dreary dusk.

JERE ABBOTT

TRAINING IN REASONING

SINCE the vogue in this country of the Herbartian pedagogy, which I hope is far weaker where it touches such sciences as I happen to be acquainted with than anywhere else — though it seems strange that of a philosophy not altogether distinguished for sobriety in its theoretical departments this practical part should alone remain in high favor — the old ideas which used to cluster about the phrase *Liberal Education* have become scattered. One of those ideas was that the matter of instruction in the common education was of less concern than the training of men's powers. The pedagogists of today sneer at this as an antiquated and crude conception. But for my part I continue to believe that the welfare of the commonwealth depends far less on the assent of all the citizens to any definite propositions — such, we will say, as the doctrine of the independence of the executive, legislative, and judiciary functions, which, after all, are easily made handles for bosses, than it does in the power of recognizing the sort of thought and the sort of methods in which it will be well for the government and public opinion to put their trust. In the last analysis it comes to this, that the very focus and centre of common education should be placed in the art of thinking, *ad omnium methodorum principia viam habens.* I do not know why a man should not devote himself to the training of his reasoning powers with as much assiduity as to corporal athletics.

There are a good many books that bear upon the subject. Some of the Logics pay attention to this matter, such as *L'Art de Penser* of the Port Royalists, Beneke's *Logik*, and Dressler's two treatises. Then there are irregular logical essays, the

Règles de l'esprit of Descartes and the first book of the *Novum Organum*. There are special works devoted to the consideration of the matter. The *Medicina Mentis* promises what it fails to perform. But Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*, Watts's *Improvement of the Mind*, "a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing" remarked Dr. Johnson, Senebier's *Art d'Observer*, and many others might be mentioned. In addition there are various books of exercises, more or less trivial, more or less calculated to inculcate machine made discussions, the ready logic of the English leader-writer, a vicious habit fatal to all living and healthy reasoning. I will not say, however, that a moderate use of such books is altogether useless. I would not absolutely condemn even Jevons's *Studies in Deductive Logic* although the author shows in his own person how very unadroit a reasoner a man of real ability may be.

But neither reading books nor working exercises — whether they be trivial or serious — will suffice to develop the reasoning powers. An analytical method of procedure is requisite which shall perfect one by one our performance of the different mental operations that enter into the business of inquiry. Now the mental operations concerned in reasoning are three. The first is Observation; the second is Experimentation; and the third is Habituation.

Observation consists of two parts which though theoretically they have much in common yet practically are of almost contrary natures. The first is a sort of subconscious induction, by which upon repeatedly reviewing an object of perception a certain element of it acquires great associational potency — that is, has a magnified tendency to call up other ideas. For example, I cast my eyes let us say upon an impressionist marine picture, one of those things in which the wet pastels are

affixed in blotches nearly as large as the end of your little finger. It has a very disagreeable look and seems very meaningless. But as I gaze upon it, I detect myself sniffing the salt air and holding up my cheek to the sea breeze. That subconscious element of observation is I am strongly inclined to think the very most important of all the constituents of practical reasoning. The other part of observation consists in moulding in the upper consciousness a more or less skeletonized idea until it is felt to respond to the object of observation. This last element is quite indispensable if one is trying to form a theory of the object in hand, or even to describe it in words; but it goes a long way toward breaking down, denying, and pooh-poohing away, all the fineness of the subconscious observation. It is, therefore, a great art to be able to suppress it and put it into its proper place in cases where it attempts impertinent intermeddling. Do not allow yourself to be imposed upon by the egotism and conceit of the upper consciousness.

Observation may also be divided into three nearly independent genera according to the different natures of the elements observed. Namely, it may be directed to the qualities of objects or to experimental facts of relation, or to the relations between the parts of an image one's own phantasy has created. These are all observations, composed of the two elements I have mentioned. Nevertheless, they are so far different that in training one kind you do not necessarily strengthen either of the others in any sensible measure. It consequently becomes necessary to train each of these three modes of observation separately.

The qualities which we observe may, in the first place, be sensible qualities, colors, sounds, sizes, shapes, etc. Or, in the second place, they may be secondary, or emotional qualities,

such as the esthetic qualities. A training in discrimination of sensible qualities will affect the power of discriminating emotional qualities in no inconsiderable measure, and *vice versa.* Thirdly, there is observational discrimination of mental states, which in my experience has been found associated with sense-discrimination much more frequently than I should have anticipated that it would be.

All these powers are most important in reasoning; and I need hardly say that just as a person who has not frequented a gymnasium or its equivalent can in a single month amazingly bring up the strength of a given set of muscles by means of systematic exercise, so a person whose powers of observational discrimination have been neglected can by analogous exercises attain results quite as surprising.

I am sure that I need not tell you how much education for the power of discrimination there is in practice with a photometer or color-box. But, perhaps, you may be surprised that I should put such stress upon such exercises as contributing to the cultivation of the reasoning powers. I have certainly known men great in their powers of observational discrimination who nevertheless showed lamentable defects as reasoners. But I never knew a man whose sagacity as a reasoner compelled my admiration without finding in him a considerably cultivated discrimination. Perhaps the same ardent desire to learn which causes a man to become a good reasoner also causes him to cultivate his senses. I have known an ardent votary to truth to place himself under the tutelage of the *sommellier* of some famous cellars, until he could not only tell at once what class of Bordeaux he was tasting, but also the precise vintage within certain limits of time. He held, himself, that there was something of a rational education in it. Nor did he become a mere Sybarite, but continued with the great poet of Nature to prefer

A *cru* that's not too high and good
For human nature's daily food.

It needed a great poet to make a rhyme like that. I will not say that every wine-taster is a man of sense; but I will say that a man who, like an acquaintance of mine, can tell by smelling the percentage of real attar in attar of roses with a probable error of 2 *per cent.* will probably be a man whose acquaintance is worth making.

If it was superfluous for me to speak of the intellectual benefit to be derived from the cultivation of sensuous discrimination, it is ten times more so to speak of training in esthetic discrimination.

Of psychical discrimination there ought to be still less to be said, for its practical utility is too obvious. When I read Theophrastus — whose great strength, by the way, lay in his power of discrimination whether he was writing upon logic, or psychology, or botany, or what — or when I read La Bruyère, and other French delineators of character down to Maupassant, or when I read George Eliot (I will except Lavater), I must confess I am not half so much struck with the extraordinary fineness of their discriminations as I am with the comparative obviousness of the remarks they have thought worthy of registry. I have met with incomparably subtler observers. But then it is to be remembered that the first and most genuine element of observation — the subconscious observation — was not the principal task of those literary artists. What they mainly had to do was to translate observations into words — and to draw character sketches which the not too fine reader would recognize as agreeing with his own subconscious impressions.

The art of looking at a man and reading what lies in his heart depends, I am sure, on no extraordinary faculty; but it

can be carried to such perfection that its results seem miraculous. Lavater's *Essais de physionomie* are well worth careful study and comparison with the book of nature. One of the themes to which he constantly recurs is that the higher consciousness must not be allowed to obtrude itself between the observer and his object. For that reason comparatively little weight is to be allowed to his propositions in physiognomy. When he tells you that he judges by the shape of a man's nose, that, you must remember, is only his theory of a process which in his own mind takes place behind a curtain which he is never able to lift. His personal judgments were said to be often very wonderful. Such a man as Goethe considered them to be so, I believe. But he tells us that his greatest successes have been impressions, unstudied, instantaneous, irresistible. On the other hand, he openly confesses to having committed the most ridiculous blunders, which he details in the frankest candour. For example, he tells us how on one occasion when, expecting to receive a portrait of the poet Herder, that which he actually received was a sketch of a ferocious and stupid murderer, before reading the letter of explanation, he went into rhapsodies over the sublime and noble inclinations which he fancied he detected in the head. Such errors are very instructive. When you desire to increase the sensitiveness of a balance, you raise the centre of gravity of the beam. Fine balances are provided with a weight on a vertical screw over the fulcrum for this purpose. In your extreme effort after sensitiveness, you screw the centre of gravity up till it is higher than the fulcrum; and then what happens is that the next wrong weight you try will upset your balance as the phrase is and the error of weighing may go to almost any length. It is just so with the fine observer when he screws himself up too fine. He is thrown off his balance — and then the great wine-

taster will mistake sherry for Madeira, the connoisseur of pictures will mistake a Rembrandt for a Franz Hals, or the physiognomists will mistake a murderer for a moralist. The moral of it is that you must not judge of delicate discriminations by their occasional gross errors but by the proportion of their eminent successes.

This applies for example to *clairvoyance*. If you choose to set it down as a humbug without examination, I for one shall applaud your good sense — for life is altogether too short to permit any person with business to do to investigate every monstrous story that is told him. But once you have made up your mind to enter upon the investigation, you cannot logically come to a negative conclusion because you discover your *clairvoyante* to be a liar. You knew from the first she was in an abnormal condition of nerves; and everybody whose nerves are not in perfect adjustment does lie. So that was what you had to expect from the outset.

So far we have considered Discrimination of characters. Now we come to Observation proper, that is to say, observation of the relations of real objects and parts of objects external to us. Of all the varieties of this observation proper it seems to me that the easiest must be that of objects of Natural History — using the term in so wide a sense as to include for example the examination of bank notes — in short, the observation of *things*. For you generally have in the first place an assortment of specimens. Then you can handle a thing, turn it over, view it from different sides, and even avail yourself of instrumental aids to observation. Yet everybody knows that even this kind of observation requires professional training. To observe an event, especially one which is not repeated, is necessarily far more difficult. The whole art of the prestidigitator depends on that difficulty. In the life of Robert Hou-

din there is an account of the exercises which he and his son went through in learning the Second Sight Trick. It is a good hint. Next, we may consider observation of character which is an altogether different thing, by the way, from discrimination between qualities of character. One of the keenest observers I ever knew had this habit. He saw that I had an inkling of it; and so he took me into his confidence, thinking that would bind me not to betray him. Whenever he went into a large gathering of able men, which frequently happened, he would beforehand carefully select one topic upon which to converse with a number of men separately. As soon as he had learned the sentiments of any man on that subject, you might see him take out his tablets in a semi-distracted manner, make a single mark and put them up again. When he got home, he would not lay his head on his pillow until all those men's relative sentiments had been assiduously posted in a ledger. By relative sentiments, I mean, upon any given man's page of the ledger would be written, "Tendency to think so and so somewhat above the average." The result of this was that in the course of a few years he could tell accurately how any important man would feel about any given matter.

I would not advise a man to devote much time to observations of oneself. The great thing is to become emancipated from oneself. To make your own acquaintance does not mean introspect your soul. It means see yourself as others would see you if they were intimate enough with you. Introspection, I mean a certain kind of fascinated introspection, on the contrary, is looking at yourself as nobody else will ever look at you, from a narrow, detached, and illusory point of view. Of course, a man must search his heart somewhat. It is highly needful. Only don't make a pursuit of it.

There remains still another kind of power of observation which ought to be trained; and that is the power of observing the objects of our own creative fancy. In such objects there are three different elements to which observation may be particularly directed. The first is the sensuous element, the second is the relations between different parts of the object, whether as coördinate parts or as governing one another, and the third is the system, the form, and the idea of the whole. In regard to the vividness of sensuous imagination the differences between different persons is astonishing. Some men, myself among the number, are almost entirely destitute of this power. I can match colors from memory with a degree of precision quite beyond the average lady's, unless she be a Parisian. And yet when I look at a red thing, and then shut my eyes, I cannot *see* anything in the least like the vision. You will here and there meet with a psychological writer who utterly denies that there is any power of reproducing a peripheral sensation; and I thought so, too, until conversation with accurate observers convinced me that it was merely an idiosyncrasy of my own. You will see an artist put himself to some trouble to get a dark place by the side of his picture where he can project the image he is copying without its colors being modified by the actual ones upon which they are superposed.

Among exercises for strengthening the power of accurate dealing with the relations of parts of an image may be mentioned chess-playing and the solution of the mathematical problems in *The Educational Times*. The English, who have proved themselves to be in some respects the best-educated people in Europe, notwithstanding their artistic insensibility, pay much more attention than any others to practice with mathematical puzzles; and this is a practice that ought to be imitated.

The highest kind of observation is the observation of systems, forms, and ideas. No other exercise I know of is half so good for strengthening this faculty as the study of pure mathematical theories, and practice in making ourselves such theories. I would not advise any man to go without reading Hegel's *Phänomenologie des Geistes;* but in my opinion as a discipline for the mind it is almost immeasurably inferior to the study of mathematics.

So much for the first of the three psychological operations involved in reasoning. The second is experimentation. In observation, the most essential condition is passivity, the inhibition of the natural tendency to meddle, conjecturally to emend, the dicta of Nature. In experimentation, on the contrary, the most essential ingredient is energy, perseverance, in short, strong work of the will, both external and internal. In the dialect of the medieval writers on occult science, *laborare* means to make experiments. We now, for instance, perform abstraction, that is, we seize upon transient elements of thought and pin them down as subjects of thought. Accordingly, it is a fact beyond all doubt, that whatever strengthens the will power, strengthens the powers of reasoning. I used to find it a salutary practice to lift a thousand pounds dead weight three times a week.

A certain amount of contrivance is also called for in experimentation. It is nothing extraordinary. The chief qualities that this contrivance requires are, first, an agility of creative imagination which is a will power that nothing can fatigue but is always begging for a harder task, second, a *flair* which abridges the work by enabling the man to pick out the suggestions probably best worth study, and third, perseverance, in tracing out different suggestions and tracing them out into sufficient detail to make sure of their advantages and disad-

vantages. The solution of chess problems makes a tolerably good practice in contrivance.

Detached experiments, like detached thoughts, or detached soldiers, are of little account. It is when they are massed into squads, and companies, and battalions, and regiments, and brigades, and divisions, and armies that they become strong and stronger. There are plenty of experiments that are easy to make and which in systematized masses are potent instruments of learning. An active mind ought always to be carrying on some systematic experimentation.

An indispensable condition to system of any kind is *systematic records.* Everything worth notice is worth recording; and those records should be so made that they can readily be arranged, and particularly so that they can be *rearranged.* I recommend slips of stiff smooth paper of this exact size. By ordering 20,000 at a time, you get them cheap; and 20,000 will last an industrious student a year. For you won't average more than 60 a day and there will be one way and another a month of idleness in the year. Upon these slips you will note every disconnected fact that you see or read that is worth record. Besides that, you want a book of the same size containing 30-40 pages, for nearly every day. A gross of such books only costs a dollar or two. Each book is a connected record of some little investigation. At the end of a year, you have 10,000 to 20,000 slips which you have arranged in bands, in envelopes, and in drawers or boxes; and you have near a gross of books. There is *that* part of your year's experience. After thirty years of systematic study, you have every fact at your fingers' ends. Think what a treasure you will have accumulated. There will not be a man or any subject of interest that you ever had dealings with, whose whole character you will not be able to survey at pleasure.

Experimentation is of three kinds, that which is made upon images of our own creation, that which is made upon outward things, and that which is made upon persons. But I have already said enough about them under the head of observation. Exercises for training in Observation and in Experimentation will differ mainly in this that the former class are chosen for the difficulty of the passive element of the performance while the latter are chosen for the difficulty of the active part.

The third of the psychological operations involved in reasoning is Habituation — the power of readily taking habits and of readily throwing them off. There is no habit more useful than this habit of easily taking up and easily throwing off mental habits. Let me briefly outline what I conceive to be the logical significance of habit. I have already said that from a logical point of view generality is continuity. A continuous curve, that is, one whose differential coefficients are continuous, is one which can be described in general terms, that is, has an equation. True the curve may have singularities, which are no doubt discontinuities. In reply to this objection, I shall at present content myself with remarking that the only kinds of point-singularities a curve can have are *crunodes*, or points of crossing, ⨯, *cusps*, ⌓, and *acnodes*, or isolated points. Now crunodes and cusps are not strictly discontinuities of the point, but only of its differential coefficient. As for an *acnode*, the way in which it arises is this. A curve has two branches, ○○. There is no breach of continuity here; but mere plurality. Now one of those branches shrinks to a point, ○·, and that gives the acnode. The rest of the curve is continuous and the acnode presents of itself no *break*. The two together are merely a curve with two branches. Thus in no case is there a pure point-discontinuity, such as an extremity would be, ○̄, or furcation, Y. Those genuine discontinuities are impos-

sible. But in my appended lecture I shall take up this objection again and answer it much more thoroughly explaining fully how it is that such singularities arise as do occur and demonstrating that they fully bear out and confirm the identity of continuity and generality. For I grant that my present reply to the objection is not entirely satisfactory, the *crunode*, at any rate, being undoubtedly an *exceptional* point, and therefore a breach of generality. But even taking it so, the puzzle is how a perfectly general description, like an equation, can intrinsically involve an exceptional case. My full reply will show that in truth it *cannot* do so; that the exception arises not out of the general description but at an attempt to reconcile two mutually contradictory hypotheses.

Generality, then, is logically the same as continuity. But continuity is Thirdness in its full entelechy. Now Firstness, Secondness, and Thirdness are all-pervasive categories, and appear in psychology with great clearness. Feeling-quality or Immediate Consciousness, is First; for the first is that which is whatever it is in and for itself. The sense of Reaction between the Inward and the Outward, which takes the two forms of Exertion and the shock of Experience, is Second; for the second is that which is as it is in the accident of something else. Now I hold with Reid that both in Exertion and in Experience, which really differ only in degree, we are directly conscious of an Ego and an Other. This is no hypothesis to explain a *datum*. It is a *datum*, as much and in the same sense as any other result of introspective analysis is properly called a *datum*. In addition to these elements there is a direct consciousness of habit-forming, or learning, equally a *datum*, which particularly appears in our consciousness of the flow of time; for a *Tertium*, which as you are aware is a synonym of *Medium*, is defined as that which is as it is in the pairing of

two other things, that is, in the bringing of them into relation with one another. Now the consciousness of the formation of a mental habit, or association of ideas, is the consciousness of something coming to pass within us whereby a certain quality of Experience will be connected with a certain quality of Effort. You may object that this is not a direct *datum* of consciousness but rather of the nature of an inference. Could you establish that proposition you would only bring the Thirdness, and the radical contrast with both Feeling-quality and the Sense of Reaction, into stronger prominence. And that there is an Inferential character to it, I admit. That is the nature of Thirdness. Nevertheless, I contend that it is impossible to escape the fact that the flow of time for instance is a direct *datum* of consciousness. It may be urged that the evidence is that consciousness oscillates up and down across the limen, at the rate of 30 waves a second; so that we really have no such direct consciousness of a flow. I will grant you *that*, for the sake of argument, but every such objection only strengthens the conclusion. For how then do we get this idea of a flow? If there is nothing like it in sense, you must think it a sort of Kantian form of sense, an innate hypothesis which we inevitably apply even in the very teeth of the data. But this is only making it all the more a direct *datum*. You are supposing a consciousness behind the sense-consciousness which sees the gaps in the sense-consciousness. In no other way could the atoms of consciousness get synthetized. To talk of its being untrue would be simply to forget what truth means, as Kant virtually says. That is to say, authentic Kantism and Reidism come to the same thing, at last. The consciousness of inferring is in a sense inferential; but in being inferential it is a direct *datum;* because it is the consciousness of the operation in its actual operation and as it really is. In

short, the more objections you raise, the more thoroughly you are led to see that this consciousness of learning is a peculiar element of consciousness different from feeling-quality and from the sense of reaction. If you say that this analysis of consciousness into three elements is merely a logical analysis, I reply that it is so utterly logical that it belongs not merely to subjective logic but to the logic of being. However, we have not time now to dwell further upon this point.

The operation of acquiring associations is the third of the psychological operations involved in reasoning. It is a sort of generalization by which, for example, the middle term is dropped. Perfect readiness to assimilate new associations implies perfect readiness to drop old ones. It is the plasticity of childhood, which if a man is going to become a teacher, or an exponent of a fixed idea, or a mechanic at any immovable trade, or a settled man in any respect, it is just in so far best that he should outgrow. But so far as a man is to be a learner, a *philo*-sopher, it is most essential that he should preserve it; and to do so he has to battle against a natural law of growth. To be a philosopher, or a scientific man, you must be as a little child, with all the sincerity and simple-mindedness of the child's vision, with all the plasticity of the child's mental habits.

What are the exercises conducive to this? Extensive reading to begin with. A hundred volumes a year or three and one-third days per volume does not sound like hard work. Fifty volumes are easily read, if you can find so many good books. Real reading consists in putting oneself into the author's position, and assimilating his ways of thinking. Conversation with all sorts of people whom we do not altogether understand freshens the mind; but then interesting people are as hard to find as interesting books. As a corrective to all

that a suitable dose of rumination and solitude is indicated; provided that it be not idling, but intense and systematic activity of the most definite and diagrammatic thought.

In order to make thought systematic it should be recorded. The record should be brief and almost tabular. No laconism is to be permitted in the record. It should have the style of the obelisk which sets forth that which it has to express completely, clearly, and purely. Carry your train of thought to its terminus, and draw up the schedule of it in a copy book devoted to it, in such shape that thirty years after, if you wish to recur to it, the force and good sense and unity of the idea may compel you to say, "After all, I wasn't such a fool in respect to what I did see, however much I may have failed to see."

There are three kinds of exercises which seem to be particularly suited to strengthen the power of habituation. Exercises in divisions and classifications, exercises in definitions and the logical analysis of ideas, and exercises in compacting theories or trains of reasoning.

Now let me conclude this review of the best means of improving our reasoning powers by noticing the three fallacies which according to my experience are most apt to delude thinkers. I mean the positive fallacies; for not to have thought deeply enough and not to have carried out your thought to its extreme consequences, although these are the worst and commonest of all defects of thought do not imply any positive error. I will say parenthetically, however, that while in practical matters nothing is more unwise than to carry an idea to extreme lengths, yet in speculative thought, this is the greatest of locomotives for advance upon the road to truth. Indeed, it is the extreme cases which alone teach you anything new.

But I wish to notice one fallacy each in retroduction, in deduction, and in induction. The commonest fallacy of retroduction, as it seems to me, is the idea that the most probable hypothesis is the best. If you consult almost any treatise on logic you will find it laid down after Aristotle, that a hypothesis should be more antecedently probable than the facts which it serves to explain; and on the same principle a most probable hypothesis is superior to a less probable one. There is some reason in this, too. If you really can find an explanation having sufficient probability to be worth consideration, you escape in great measure from reposing upon retroduction and make your inference inductive. But probability in that sense of the term in which it is of value, is some positive information you possess. It is not mere seeming and not mere ignorance. The difficulty is that in most cases where resort is had to retroduction you know nothing about any factual probability. A much more useful maxim is, be upon your guard against assuming anything to be true because it seems likely or a matter of course; for that is the great source of delusions. All the most admirable rules of retroduction are more or less allied to this; such as that of Bentley, Of various readings of good MSS. prefer the most difficult. Still better is the modern formula, Adopt that reading which though it be not found in any MS. best accounts for the readings that are found. This, you will remark, is sure to lead to the adoption of a reading not at all to be expected antecedently. You have to remember that any hypothesis is merely provisional. It will be sure to be corrected by and by. But you want to begin with the one which while it synthetizes the known facts can at the outset be most conveniently tested by comparison with observations you are most nearly ready to make. I regret I have not time to give an example of the fallacy I speak of;

because any good example would require long discussion. But you can find examples in abundance in a work of ancient history by one of the masters of the modern method of internal criticism, whose results the still more modern archeological method has treated so cruelly. Hultsch's *Griechische und römische Metrologie* is such a pagoda erected on quicksands. More in your line is Zeller's *History of Ancient Philosophy*. See the way he treats Pythagoras. He seems to think that because all our chief witnesses about Pythagoras are extremely untrustworthy therefore the safest way is to disbelieve everything they say. He makes a feeble attempt in the right direction when he disbelieves them most when what they all testify would in all probability have happened. When you have to rely entirely upon testimony, no matter what liars your witnesses may be, the best way to begin with is to accept what they say as far as you can believe them all, and where you cannot do that to adopt the simplest hypothesis which will account for their testifying as they do. It is possible in this way to get a conception of Pythagoras which explains every item of testimony remarkably well. It may not be altogether true, probably is not; but it is the most rational hypothesis that we can at present frame.

The worst fallacy of deductive reasoning consists in not reasoning at all, but only going by the rule of thumb. That is to say, the *soi-disant* reasoner has been in the habit of inferring in a certain way which in his experience has worked well; and he now roundly asserts its absolute necessity. The commonest form that this fallacy takes is that of treating every collection as if it were finite, and every sequence as if it must have a last or a first, an assumption destitute of all shadow of reason and resting on brute habit merely. It is astonishing how many men go through the world successfully

enough whose rational part seems altogether abortive. Somewhat more subtle forms of this fallacy are Euclid's assumption that every whole is greater than its part, and that reasoning of the doctrine of limits which thinks it proves a quantity to be zero by saying, if not, let n be its value, and goes on to show that the value is less than n. What this does prove is that the value of the quantity is less than that of any n quantity chosen as n has been chosen, generally as a finite quantity. This proposition really proved is *less* than the truth, even though the proposition supposed to be proved is more than the truth.

The most dangerous fallacy of inductive reasoning consists in examining a sample, finding some recondite property in it and concluding at once that it belongs to the whole collection, instead of definitely determining what the property to be tested is and then drawing a sample and testing the property with that sample.

CHARLES SANDERS PEIRCE

[Note: The Editors desire again to express their thanks to Harvard College for permission to publish some of the uncollected papers of Charles Sanders Peirce.]

BOOK REVIEWS

DIVERSE LAWS

POINT COUNTER POINT. *By Aldous Huxley. New York. Doubleday Doran and Co.* 1928. $2.50.

Point Counter Point is distinguished from Mr. Huxley's previous novels by the thorough maintenance of a critical attitude. In spite of a possible psychological attachment between the author and Quarles — Quarles's conception of a novel prevails, and all the other characters find common acquaintance only in him — the book has no real protagonist: the activity of each character is examined with judicial detachment; no one character, nor any group, enlists complete sympathy of treatment. Any meaning the book may have, then, must be derived from the entirety of its critical attitude.

In this respect the book shares the nature of classic satire. Its true subject, the ideas which govern the lives of its characters, is the traditional matter of satire. Though the consciousness of each character is adequately analyzed, since the book is primarily concerned with the activity of its characters, it achieves the objectivity demanded by the best traditions of satire.

When Mr. Huxley undertook this novel of ideas, besides excluding as characters all but about .01 *per cent.* of the human race, he limited his audience in similar proportion. *Point Counter Point* is scarcely a novel for the public which demands a "good novel" from the bookseller's clerk, meaning a novel which can be depended on to furnish an emotional catharsis. *Point Counter Point* will move only readers who have an interest in ideas for the sake of ideas. It is, then, from the standpoint of this limited audience that one must examine the book, absolving Mr. Huxley from obligation to the rest of the reading public.

The immediate predicament of every satirist is the selection of a structure; Swift, for example, in *Gulliver*, chose the fiction of voyages. If the critical attitude from which his satire springs is constructive and formulated, the satirist will seek a structure that will make his attitude plain; Swift, again, has the Houyhnhnms.

Mr. Huxley meets the difficulty by constructing his satire in musical form. Whether this structure serves to make plain his critical attitude, whether indeed the satire springs from a criticism that is constructive and formulated, are questions with which this review must deal. This musical structure is explained on page 294:

> Meditate on Beethoven . . . Get this into a novel. How? The abrupt transitions are easy enough. All you need is a sufficiency of characters and parallel, contrapuntal plots. While Jones is murdering a wife, Smith is wheeling a perambulator in the park. You alternate the themes. More interesting, the modulations and variations are also more difficult. A novelist modulates by reduplicating situations and characters. He shows several people falling in love, or dying, or praying in different ways — dissimilars solving the same problem. Or, *vice versa*, similar people confronted with dissimilar problems.

That Jones and Smith are occupied as they are barely indicates their rôles: only perhaps if one observed their dissimilar responses to similar situations would their parts as the wife-killer and the uxorious man be felt. By means of this modulation and variation, each character in the satire is realized, and his part defined.

Illustrative of the use of modulation and variation in *Point Counter Point* is the scene in Sbisa's restaurant (pages 396 to 405) in which a characteristic response to the statement of Rampion's characteristic dogma is assigned to Quarles, the "intellectual-aesthetic pervert," to Spandrell, the "morality-philosophy pervert," and to Burlap, the "Jesus pervert." By this device the significance of each is reiterated in preparation for the conclusion of each theme, Quarles's misery in the death of his child, Spandrell's achievement of an ultimate *verboten*, Burlap's seduction of his latest playmate, and Rampion's momentary acceptance of the abstraction of the quartet.

Yet it is the themes themselves, and ultimately the counterpoint, which indicate the significance of the book. "The problem for me," writes Quarles (page 316), "is to transform a detached intellectual scepticism into a way of harmonious all-round living," for Quarles, representing an intellectual intelligence, realizes, quite as the charac-

ter he creates (page 340) "his psychological defects, and desires, in theory, to change. But it's difficult to break life-long habits; and perhaps the habits are only the expression of an inborn indifference and coldness, which it might be almost impossible for him to overcome." For Quarles, change is indeed impossible: he leaves the book with his problem unsolved. "I was sorry to hear about your little boy," said Spandrell (page 423).

> Philip mumbled something and looked rather uncomfortable, like a man who finds himself involved in an embarrassing situation. He could not bear to let anyone come near his misery. It was private, secret, sacred. It hurt him to expose it, it made him feel ashamed. . . . "How's Eleanor standing it?" [asked Spandrell]. "Badly. . . . We shall go abroad in a few days, if Eleanor feels up to the journey. To Siena, I'd thought. And then perhaps to the seaside somewhere in the Maremma." It was a comfort to be able to go into these geographical details.

Burlap's theme, though the validity of his intuitive belief in life is occasionally thrown into relief, for the most part furnishes a comic note: his actual feelings on poverty are scarcely those of Franciscan sanctity, and his chastity is an implement of seduction.

The ultimate significance of themes in counterpoint is skilfully handled in the conclusion of the themes of Spandrell and Rampion. Spandrell's theme is clearly stated on page 216:

> Ever since his mother's second marriage Spandrell had always perversely made the worst of things, chosen the worst course, deliberately encouraged his own worst tendencies. It was with debauchery that he distracted his endless leisures. He was taking his revenge on her, on himself also for having been so foolishly happy and good [as they had been together, abroad, before the second marriage]. He was spiting her, spiting himself, spiting God. He hoped there was a hell for him to go to and regretted his inability to believe in its existence.

Rampion, without the background of inherited education, is disposed toward the entire and obvious humanity of the "non-intellectuals" — as Quarles, following his teaching, calls them in an excellent exposition (pages 314 to 319) — toward the balanced functions of Blake's *Job* and Jung's psychology. Preoccupied with a method of living, he has as yet no values of living. "You are quite right," he tells Spandrell, recognizing the perfection of the *heilige Dankgesang* in the final scene, "It *is* heaven, it *is* the life of the soul. It's the most perfect spiritual abstraction from reality I've ever known. But why should he have wanted to make that abstraction? Why could n't he be content to be a man and not an abstract soul?"

At this moment the themes of Spandrell and Rampion meet in brilliant counterpoint. It is a crisis for each. For Spandrell, the scene represents the last moments of life. For Rampion it is the beginning of something new, it is a glimpse of a valuable construction beyond the mere formulation of living.

"I won't argue with you," said Spandrell [in answer to Rampion's rhetorical question]. He felt at once extraordinarily tired and depressed. It had been a failure. Rampion had refused to be convinced. Was the proof, after all, no proof? Did the music refer to nothing outside itself and the idiosyncracies of its inventor? . . . Even if it's meaningless, he thought, it's beautiful, so long as it lasts. And perhaps it is n't meaningless. After all, Rampion is n't infallible. . . .

The music began again. But something new and marvelous had happened in its Lydian heaven. The speed of the slow melody was doubled; its outlines became clearer and more definite; an inner part began to harp insistently on a throbbing phrase. It was as though heaven had suddenly and impossibly become more heavenly, had passed from achieved perfection into perfection yet more deeper [*sic*] and more absolute. The ineffable peace persisted; but it was no longer the peace of convalescence and passivity. It quivered, it was alive, it seemed to grow and intensify itself, it became an active calm, an almost passionate serenity. The miraculous parodox of eternal life and eternal repose was musically realized.

They listened, almost holding their breaths. Spandrell looked exultantly at his guest. His own doubts had vanished. How could one fail to believe in something which was there, which manifestly existed? Mark Rampion nodded. "Almost thou persuadest me," he whispered. "But it's *too* good."

"How can anything be too good?"

"Not human. If it lasted, you'd cease to be a man. You'd die."

Though a beginning for Rampion, for Spandrell, by his reversal of values, as it were, moving in an opposite direction, the perfection of the music is a final and tragic reaffirmation of his youthful faith in the validity of a perceived beauty, for the sake of which he had perverted all his aims.

Here, at least, Mr. Huxley has succeeded in putting into practice his theory of a musical structure. Yet, though it furnishes a general direction to the narrative, this structure becomes significant only on analysis. Mr. Huxley, then, demands of his readers the same intelligence with which one listens to musical counterpoint. As a result, the book seems to some readers "only a meaningless tangle of low passions, brutal cruelties, and inane strivings after nothing"; the play of the counterpoint, and, to a great extent, the critical attitude of the satirist, is lost. If Mr. Huxley, who is after all an essayist of some

pretensions, a pleasantly thoughtful traveller, and in one case admittedly the writer of a novel of ideas, conceived this structure with the intention of making clear a meaning in his satire, he must have had opportunity to doubt the success of his experiment.

But then, a writer so gifted in the art of wise-cracking and ghoulish contrast, always risks misinterpretation when he attempts to combine these gifts with a more serious purpose. He must expect that it will be thought more pertinent to remark that his characters copulate like monkeys than to examine the reasons for their activity. He must expect that his product will more often be classed with the puerile sophistications of Michael Arlen and F. Scott Fitzgerald than with its rightful fellows.

Granting, then, that the structure adopted does not make evident the critical attitude of the satirist, is any such formulated attitude discernible? Dangerous as an answer is, one must point out that the book as a whole seems to approve the theory of living asserted by Rampion: though its applicability to an intellectual culture is doubted, no real fallacy in its assumptions is pointed out, despite the attacks of Quarles, Spandrell, and Burlap. Its limitation, however, is recognized, namely, its preoccupation with the method of living, and its neglect of values in living, of a constructive ethic. Characteristically, too, the exponent of this theory is a parvenu to culture, and hesitates to submit to the specialization which civilization traditionally demands. But the validity of the theory is apparently allowed by Quarles, despite his pathetic inability to assume its doctrine (pages 314 to 319).

But what values in living does the critical attitude of this satire recognize? In general the satire is devoted to stripping out-worn values of their glamor. For example, as Dr. Krutch points out in *The Modern Temper* (pages 97 and following), love has lost its value for Mr. Huxley's characters, though they are not, perhaps, conscious of the loss; the treatment of the theme in Mr. Huxley's satire is based on a refusal "to surround it with mystical implications," but, like certain of the Church Fathers, "looking at it as a biological fact," to find it ridiculous and disgusting. Yet in stripping out-worn values, Mr. Huxley is presumably seeking only to find values that persist. And he nowhere seems to doubt that some values do persist.

That Mr. Huxley recognizes a persistent value in perception alone

is indicated by a comment *in propria persona* on the human fugue, prominent structurally because it serves as a first announcement of the contrapuntal method (page 23):

> In the human fugue there are eighteen hundred million parts. The resultant noise means something perhaps to the statistician, nothing to the artist. It is only by considering one or two parts at a time that the artist can understand anything. Here, for example, is one particular part; and John Sebastian puts the case. The Rondeau begins, exquisitely and simply melodious, almost a folk-song. It is a young girl singing among the hills, with the clouds drifting overhead. But solitary as one of the floating clouds, a poet has been listening to her song. The thoughts that it provoked in him are the Sarabande that follows the Rondeau. His is a slow and lovely meditation on beauty (in spite of squalor and stupidity), the profound goodness (in spite of all the evil), the oneness (in spite of such bewildering diversity) of the world. It is a beauty, a goodness, a unity that no intellectual research can discover, that analysis dispels, but of whose reality the spirit is from time to time suddenly and overwhelmingly convinced. A girl singing to herself under the clouds suffices to create the certitude. Even a fine morning is enough. Is it illusion or revelations of profoundest truth?

Again, the importance of the *heilige Dankgesang* in the closing scene presumably indicates a value in abstraction, if the abstraction is from a complete reality. A value which persists in the face of a scepticism like Rampion's and a despair like Spandrell's would seem in some measure to have demonstrated its constancy.

But this is dangerous ground. Perhaps Mr. Huxley will soon make these matters clearer.

JOHN MARSHALL

THE LATER EMILY DICKINSON

FURTHER POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. *Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston. Little, Brown & Company.* 1929. $2.50.

Of all attempts to explain the genius of Emily Dickinson by reference to her life, not one has added anything to what we may learn from the poems. Mme Bianchi, in her introduction to this present volume as well as in *The Life and Letters*, darkeneth counsel with a half-told story of frustrated love which was the climax of Miss Dickinson's life but which the niece is content to leave very vague in the mind of the reader. It had been far better to bequeath a full, specific account of this affair to be published in 1986, or to keep silent altogether. If we can be simple enough to master the poems, we shall know more than others of the poet in relation to her work, and only so far is curiosity legitimate.

We shall then discover a delicate mechanism which — as a fine watch absorbs eternity and transmits news of it in terms of time — seized on the abstractions of life, nature, love, language, and with impartial fidelity set them all into intricate but similar patterns. She recorded happy hours and unhappy, bad weather and good, in exactly the same idiom. These patterns bring the vast and the tiny into one measure, balance a mustard seed and an epoch, jostle rhetoric against colloquialism, God against a rat, sunsets against a bouquet, the tragedy of love forsworn against a bobolink. All things, all abstractions, all words, enter the circuit of her dial and assume equal importance. If it be true that her heart and mind were agitated differently by different events, then we must disbelieve what she says and our own conviction after reading the poems.

The present collection might well stand as Volume IV to the series published in the nineties. But our enthusiasm is refreshed by the new material; the unfamiliar works in the familiar tone bring back the delight of our first acquaintance with Emily Dickinson's work. We note at once the timeliness of the poems, as if in their hiding place they had been constantly rewritten to keep abreast of the more in-

teresting developments in the modern school. Doubtless the effect would have been just as fresh had they not been discovered until fifty years hence. Like Blake in his larger era, Emily Dickinson quite unconsciously anticipated by many years most of the good which was to come from the conscious revolt of later poets. She also escaped the witless extremes into which the centrifugal forces of revolt flung so many of her successors. Following her natural ear, she devised measures exactly appropriate to her matter, succumbing neither to the pedantry of syllable-counting nor to that of cadence. Her observation was keener than an imagist's yet not an end unto itself but rather a purveyor to the imagination. Original in the best sense, she was far too shy to exploit her personality; hence she remains our one inimitable poet.

One or two questions may be asked concerning the present find. We are told in bold type that the poems were "witheld from publication by her sister Lavinia." Yet on investigation we surmise that they have not just come to light and that if Lavinia withheld them she did so on someone else's advice. Lavinia was a tender sister but an ignorant critic. She was first indifferent to the poems, then, when they attracted attention, timid about them. We see her clearly, as she was once described to me, sailing down the street in a long black cape and a bonnet from the fashions of twenty years before, but we cannot imagine her making a bold critical decision. My guess is that Colonel Higginson and Mrs. Todd rejected these poems from their collection and advised Lavinia to put them away. One of them (see page 43) was presented to me in facsimile some years ago with the information that it had never been published because it included a quip about the Holy Ghost which might be thought offensive. Here is the dangerous poem:

I never felt at home below,
And in the handsome skies
I shall not feel at home, I know;
I don't like Paradise.

Because it's Sunday all the time
And recess never comes,
And Eden'll be so lonesome
Bright Wednesday afternoons.

If God could make a visit,
Or ever took a nap
So not to see us; — but they say
Himself a telescope,

Perennial beholds us, —
Myself would run away
From Him and Holy Ghost and All;
But — there's the Judgment Day!

Surely it does not rasp a modern ear or even a modern reverence. If the fate of that poem be typical, and we have every reason to believe so, we may look forward with some hope to yet more material.

Meanwhile, there remains the question of the editing. Nearly all reviewers have already pointed out that the punctuation and the arrangement of lines are unintelligent. Miss Dickinson's form seldom deviates from the simple ballad quatrain, and using that as the norm a child should be able to arrange the stanzas correctly. Apparently Mme Bianchi and Mr. Hampson were over-punctilious in preserving what they supposed to be the intention of the manuscript. Miss Dickinson's handwriting, especially during the latter years of her life, was a sort of printing with little or no distinction between small and capital letters. Moreover, she frequently brought parts of lines over to the left-hand margin instead of writing them half-way under the lines of which they were a part. The editors, evidently sharing the common misconception that the poet was an eccentric artist — which, most certainly, she was not — acted on the assumption that the stranger the poems looked on the page the more nearly they approximated the author's purpose. Hence we have all manner of meaningless divisions and capital emphasis on the most unlikely words. On the other hand, they did not substitute words of their own for the originals, as has been done, in editing this unlucky poet's work.

Whoever is now in possession of Dickinson manuscripts has a responsibility to the future. Neither the present volume nor any which has preceded it is satisfactory. Sooner or later we must have a complete and exact edition of the most interesting poetry America has produced.

ROBERT HILLYER

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

PRESIDENTS I'VE KNOWN AND TWO NEAR PRESIDENTS. *By Charles Willis Thompson. Indianapolis. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.* 386 *pages.* $3.00.

This is the book of a professional reporter of politics, a man who has been one of the noticeable successes at newspaper work during the last thirty years. Charles Willis Thompson has served in the offices of a variety of journals, among them such different specimens as the *New York Times* and the *World.* He is thought to have written "powerful editorials in support of the Allied cause during the War"; there is no question that he "covered" every national convention from 1896 to 1924, and toured the country with Bryan, Roosevelt, and Wilson. In 1921 he became a "free lance" — that is, his reputation was wide enough to allow him to write as he pleased.

The subjects of this, his third book, are the gentlemen who by one means or another have got into the White House since Grover Cleveland left it — the two "near-presidents" being, of course, Messrs. Hanna and Bryan. One smiles to think of Colonel House and the palace government of 1919. The sources of this book are the personal experiences of the author drawn from his own memory and his diaries; the inclusion of material which has appeared previously in such a variety of publications as the *New York Times,* the *Commonweal,* and the *American Mercury,* only goes to show how free a lance a man can couch if he keep his wits about him. "The aim," writes Mr. Thompson modestly by way of explanation, "is to set down the exact truth."

Of the author's marksmanship every reader ought, perhaps, to be his own judge, but for one, at least, this book was a long, painful disappointment. The style is chatty and often merely cheap; the pages are clogged with repetition and stuffed with the vain mannerisms of men who must write every day and fill a certain space; the superficiality of observation and judgement are shocking. After thirty years of wide travel, various acquaintance, and the immediate need of

sharpening thoughts to pen-points, this is all that Mr. Thompson has to offer. Cranks are always telling critics they should be "constructive": even at the risk of being pert, then, this reviewer would urge the author to read Villard and stay away from Washington. Against the father of *Prophets True and False* (1928) one might bring several complaints: every week he nags us in the *Nation;* he not only poisons wells, he even does not hate the Huns; in a country of comfort where Mr. Thompsons will always be necessities, Oswald Garrison Villard has the genius to make himself a glorious nuisance. Indeed, the appearance of these two volumes is convenient for the dividing of all journalists into the sheep and the goats.

Readers will see for themselves — as, for instance, the story of the campaign of 1924 as told by Mr. Thompson. The spiteful treatment of Mr. Davis is not important, but to omit all mention of the decisive influence of Madison Square is outrageous: once the Smith Democrats had vetoed McAdoo's challenge, Mr. Coolidge won by default. Again, the description of the "taking" of Panama is merely flippant; and finally the author's exquisite sense of proportion may be adequately gauged by his observation that the Republican nomination of 1920 was an act of cruelty — not to the American people, be it noted — but to Warren G. Harding!

And yet this poor book is of first importance. For any one who is still so rash as to wonder what is wrong with the United States, and why, the unconscious evidence of such journalism is a revelation. Here are the facial facts of eight men, only three of whom (Hanna, Roosevelt, and Wilson) can ever by any stretch of the imagination be thought significant at the long last. And of these three the greatest is Mark Hanna, the first high priest to preach well-being and security, but also a rare combination of contradictions: intelligence, plain-speaking, and sincerity. It was his fortune to raise up one feeble man and see another inherit the place by what a high-priced lawyer calls an "act of God"; and his own death was to ratify that very accident. But dollar marks and all (and he relied too much on money), Hanna left to the tradition of American politics the blessing it needs most — frankness. He collected cash and he spent it; for him the only virtue of a campaign was victory.

As for Roosevelt and Wilson, it is difficult to be patient with public opinion, dividing, as it does, between them in an ecstasy of hate and

admiration. For if ever the fat twin boys with caps came to life out of *Alice*, these men were they: the accidents of their characters and careers were curiously similar; they were indeed a precious pair. Each was "learned," each played the liberal, each had the gift of gab, each first got into the White House by the back door. In each the holding of office developed delusions of grandeur which ruined both for real leadership, when the fatal moment for self-assertion finally came. And after 1912 each was incessantly conscious and jealous of the other's prestige with the public. And, last and least, each wrote. Yet how the smoke and stir of all they did in the fashion of reform, is merely so much sound and fury.

Mr. Thompson, as might be expected, has a sneaking affection for Theodore Roosevelt. To read his sketch packed full of anecdote, of hustle and bustle, of large words and little deeds, and then to look back over the real record of those years, is wonderful: through all the camouflage of courage and controversy certain inconvenient memories will poke their noses — the rout at Albany by Governor Cleveland, the backing down on Blaine in 1884, the denial of the Parker Charges in 1904, the ridiculous quarrel with "Dear Maria" Storer over a cardinal's hat, and that most unhappy article on Belgium in the autumn of 1914. Often the acts themselves were nothing of importance; it was the apologies or explanations that made laughter for the gods. And it is characteristic of his admirers that they should slur over the most creditable chapter of his whole life — the great revolt of 1912.

Woodrow Wilson was a kind of intellectual acrobat: seeing how much ground Roosevelt had covered on his ear, he put his own there, too, heard the same sounds and said the same things. Once he was installed in Washington, the tact of House and the votes of Bryan supplied legislation which recalled the great days of Thomas Jefferson. But as the first real test of Wilson's politics came in 1916, the still-unsettled question of his character must hang on the desperate act of April 2, 1917. In view of the fact that both Wilson and House edited the keynote speech of Glynn at St. Louis in 1916, it is difficult to disassociate either of them from the famous campaign slogan of that year. Truth is, that a majority of the American people voted against war three times: 1916, 1918, and 1920, and even Wilson saw the import of the last. It can never be said he was wounded in

the house of his friends — blind rather to the fact that fate had entrusted the power of the whole world to his hands, he shook the pillars of it and pulled that world down on his own head, an absurd Samson.

Whatever the merits or demerits of the "great refusal" of April, 1917, it was certain immediately after the revelations of the Russian archives the following autumn, that we were engaged in a war of pots and kettles. From then on the eventual collapse of our foreign policy was unescapable, but the foreign policy was not of first importance. It was the reign of terror at home that laid the past in ruins: in view of the excellent goodness of the golden age of 1913-1917, it is tragic to acknowledge that this nation is actually the worse for Woodrow Wilson's having lived.

These two men, then, are the political heroes of an age which seems to have but little use for the quiet courage of conviction and character. Mr. Thompson's description of them both is amazing: one would imagine we all of us ought to be dwelling in Zion, whereas they made of us nothing more than noisy crowds of Montagues and Capulets. The pain and pathos of the period, the hope and disillusionment, the comedy and tragedy of it still cry out for an author. Mr. Thompson had the chance; the pity is that he was not the man.

STEWART MITCHELL

TIMON OF AMERICA

HERMAN MELVILLE. *By Lewis Mumford. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company.* $3.75.

Among the features that distinguish the present from other epochs in the history of literature not the least is the achievement in the realm of biography. This achievement was marked in its beginnings by two departures from hereditary forms. The first of these was a move towards intimacy and homeliness. Our hero was no longer regarded in terms of his social stage rôle, but the biographer forced his way into the dressing room of the actor and caught him out of pose. With senses more dispassionate than theretofore he observed and recorded the precise idiom, the unpremeditated act, the muffled expostulation, the wry gesture that belied the cultivated manner. This Zolaesque approach to character by exposing the all-too-humanness of genius satisfied our common vanity, fed our appetite for concrete reality, and, as practised by a few distinguished men, achieved a conspicuous artistic success.

The second move in biography was the consequence of the poetical intuition that the history of a true man is an allegory; that life as it is phenomenally experienced may be apprehended as successive exemplifications of general forces, similar to the motifs with which a musician seeks to construct his symphony. By this view the mind of man becomes a stage for the playing out of the varied exigencies of his nature, which by a relentless logic are set, amid an ever-increasing complexity, towards the achievement of that dramatic unification which is the realization of his self. The individual himself may be unconscious of his destiny and the forces that drive him to it, but a biographer with the poetic gift may intuit them.

Of these two innovations in biographical technique, the former is concrete and perceptually real, the latter is abstract and idealistically real. We cannot do without the first; for a miscellany of characters such as Barnum, Bismarck, Dickens, Proust and Queen Victoria, all of them definitively of this world, may be transmuted to us only by this means. But for others — Blake, Dostoievski, Nietzsche, Keats

and Emily Brontë, let us say — we need the two aspects or we founder on the shallows.

Lewis Mumford in his latest and best work, *Herman Melville*, uses both methods with success. The giant of American letters is with us in the flesh throughout the book, and yet it is "Herman Melville's strength and energy in the spiritual plane" that Mumford is most determined to expose. That the latter attitude is central is intimated at the outset by the division of Melville's life into epochs: Olympian, Titan, Pilgrim.

Mumford comes to his subject with varied gifts. He has background and a humanistic system of values. His nostril is trained to discriminate between Life and Death. He is sensitive to bad air, to bourgeois odors, and all that suffocates life generative. With a bent for realism he sets out to accept all of Melville — all; and because he is securely poised in sanity he almost does it. But he does not stop here. Every act of Melville's life is touched by an ethereal radiance. For Mumford's conception of life is essentially religious and he himself is a poet.

It can hardly be said that he has succeeded in full.

To achieve a complete unity between the potential and the actual, the ideal and the real, the grand and the homely may not be possible in biography. Insurmountable may be the limitations imposed by the stubborn facts. We are inclined to believe that man is of clay or that he is of spirit; we are not easily convinced that he may be both at once. When we do know the grace of that insight we are in the sway of genius at the full flood of power. Name such high tides on your fingers. Twice in America. *Leaves of Grass* and *Moby Dick*. *Moby Dick* at least — we are certain of that — marks an eternal Himalayan moment in the history of the human mind when soul and substance were unequivocally fused. We cannot deny Mumford when he refers to this book as "one of the supreme poetic monuments of the English language."

Mumford follows Weaver in his facts, but makes more magic out of them. His literary criticisms are acute; his general comments permeated by an humane wisdom. He tells us of New York's provincial pride and cultural pretensions, the complacent priggishness of Herman's parents, the bankruptcy, Herman's plight, his grand tour and his return as the prodigal son. At a measured pace enlightened by

glowing appreciations we are led to share Melville's meteoric rise to self-consciousness and self-expression, his enigmatic conflicts and his tragic self-consumption. Mumford makes his most notable contribution to Melville's factual existence by giving us a complete account of the later days. It is without reluctance that we follow him and his subject through forty dreary years until that final *éclaircissement* which gave us *Billy Budd.*

Mumford's book is more than a biography, for Herman Melville is set within an essay which commences with the prologue, interpolates itself at appropriate points throughout the story and ends with the epilogue. It is an essay upon the nature of the creative spirit in art and in life. The creative spirit as a formative process gives meaning to life. "Within the world of these forms there is Life, a thing of value, and not merely living, a matter of fact and habit and animal necessity."

In America two hundred and fifty years of settled life had produced the beginnings of a culture of which *Moby Dick* is the most irrefutable evidence. The Civil War uprooted this culture and "a material civilization, inimical in many aspects to the forms and symbols of an humane culture, was swept in by the very act of destruction." The effort to make life significant must begin again, says Mumford. In the new synthesis we need Melville's cosmic defiance as well as Whitman's cosmic faith. For whatever may be our own path to grace "our choice cannot be called enlightened until it has faced the gritty, unassimilable substratum Melville explored."

This in brief is the humanistic thesis which Mumford employs to flog the philistine and exhort the free spirit. The book, then, is more than a distinguished commentary upon the life of an arresting personality. It is an assertive voice calling.

H. A. Murray

SHORTER NOTICES

SCHEHERAZADE, *Or* The Future of the English Novel. *By John Carruthers. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1928. $1.00.
THE STRUCTURE OF THE NOVEL. *By Edwin Muir. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company.* 1929. $1.25.

The status of the novel is curiously mixed. It has proven the literary form best adapted to the intelligences and interests of that enormous reading public brought into being by the increase of literacy; and it has attracted, in part because it could so readily be used for the expression of complex moods, a considerable proportion of the first-rate minds and imaginations of the last century. On the other hand, it has, as a rule, been neglected by critics of primary importance, and as a result the many recent studies of the form have been only moderately illuminating. One cannot, perhaps, blame critics for finding drama and poetry more rewarding than prose fiction, and yet we manifestly need some one who can perform for the novel a service of clarification comparable to Aristotle's analysis of the drama.

So far as existing studies are concerned, the major difficulty is, as Edwin Muir points out, the inability of the students to fasten their attention on the novel itself. Of this failing Mr. Carruthers' *Scheherazade* is unpleasantly illustrative. After dilating, not altogether convincingly, on the low estate of prose fiction since the war, Mr. Carruthers predicts a brilliant and imminent renaissance. The trouble has been, he argues, that novelists have been dominated by the old atomic, materialistic conception of life. Now, however, Whitehead, Koffka, Eddington, *et al.*, have shown that organic pattern is "the ultimate fact about life," and all that is necessary is for novelists to accept and apply that idea. It is not easy to tell how much Mr. Carruthers knows about modern physics and psychology, but it is certain that he must know more about the history of the novel and the processes of literary creation than his little treatise would disclose. How he must marvel, if he really believes what he says, at the generations of writers who have composed their masterpieces without benefit of *Gestalt* psychology!

Mr. Carruthers makes a few sound comments on the relation between the novelist and the society in which he lives, but he has al-

most nothing to tell us about particular novels, and nothing at all convincing about novels in general. Mr. Muir, on the other hand, keeping in mind his own advice about concentrating on the novel itself, makes many admirable comments upon individual writers. He is a resourceful critic, full of ideas and sensitive to subtle effects. Concerning each of the novels he mentions, from *Tom Jones* to *Mrs. Dalloway*, he makes some discerning and informing comment, and his book has interest and value apart from the theories it expounds.

Mr. Muir's virtues as a commentator on particular books and writers have, however, been sufficiently demonstrated by the two collections of his essays. What one looks for in this discussion — and in considerable measure finds — is some more generalized analysis of the novel as a literary form. Mr. Muir concludes that there are two major types of novel: that which develops its action in space, and that which develops its action in time. The former is apparently loosely built; it introduces a variety of characters, presents a picture of society, and seems essentially static. The latter is dramatic, gives the impression of more rigorous selection, and emphasizes the changes that take place in its characters. *Vanity Fair* illustrates the first type, and *Wuthering Heights* the second. The emphasis on one dimension at the expense of the other is, Mr. Muir maintains, absolutely necessary, since it is only by such abstraction that any conception of the universal may be obtained.

So to condense Mr. Muir's position is, inevitably, to distort it, but perhaps the outline is clear. Stated as he states it, the argument seems to have great force, and it is only as one considers a large number of particular novels that one finds queries rising in his mind. It is significant that Muir himself has to invent a third category, the chronicle novel, in order to make his groups sufficiently inclusive, and that only the expense of considerable ingenuity permits him to fit into his scheme such books as *Moby Dick*, *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, and *Ulysses*. When, moreover, the reader recalls that *Vanity Fair* can be diagrammed on a dramatic curve quite as certainly as *Wuthering Heights*, and when he remembers all the intricacies that have been introduced into the structure of the novel by the disciples of Henry James, Mr. Muir's theories, even with his own qualifications, seem misleadingly simple.

No amount of scepticism, however, can deprive Muir's theories of

a degree of validity, and the least that can be said is that he has made a suggestion deserving minute analysis. What seems probable is that the use of such terms as time and space is a false step. It would be quite as useful and rather less dangerous to say that there are two ways of looking at human relations: a novelist may present a character in his social relationships, which are essentially casual and on the whole static; or he may look upon a character as part of a definite movement, a social complex, which may be regarded, not altogether arbitrarily, as having a beginning, a middle, and an end. A few minutes' introspection will convince anyone that either way of looking at an individual's actions has its justification, and that the mind is incapable of fully comprehending both sets of relationships at the same time. To this extent Mr. Muir is sound, though it is impossible to determine the exact proportions in which the two points of view may be introduced in a single novel. For a contemporary example of the difficulty of simultaneously riding both horses, one need go no farther than *Mamba's Daughters*.

Muir has discovered, it seems, one pair of alternatives between which novelists must choose; but perhaps there are others; perhaps the whole art of the novel consists in discerning various alternatives and in choosing wisely. If so, the seemingly loose novels of Thackeray may display quite as much skill of construction as the closely-knit and carefully pre-determined plots of Thomas Hardy. This is important, for there is a tendency today to depreciate what Mr. Muir calls the space novel and to exaggerate the importance of form in the narrowest sense. The tendency is, of course, a revolt against the esthetic principles of the middle generation, against the work of Dreiser, Anderson, and Lewis, of Galsworthy, Bennett, and Wells. But the defect of these men, as Mr. Muir says, is not a defect of structure but a failure of imagination. In an admirable chapter on the period novel he analyzes this type, declaring, in the words of M. Ramon Fernandez, that its weakness lies in the "substitution of an order of conceptual exposition for the order of living production and of rational proof for esthetic proof." It is discrimination of this kind that makes Mr. Muir's book instructive. Its clarity and conscious empiricism indicate the path which studies of the novel must follow if we are ever to achieve an understanding of the possibilities and limitations of this form. Without such understanding, based on a knowledge of the laws

of the novel and not, as Mr. Carruthers intimates, on the laws of physics, the future of prose fiction is likely to be dark, for we have long since reached the age of self-conscious experimentation, the age when spontaneous creation, without thoughtful consideration of methods and means, becomes impossible.

GRANVILLE HICKS

TRANSITION STORIES: *Twenty-three stories from transition selected and edited by Eugene Jolas and Robert Sage. New York. Walter V. McKee.* 1929. $3.00.

"Stories" is a misnomer. This is a collection of laboratory experiments, and should be criticised from no other point of view. Most of the contributions are prose rhapsodies, ranging all the way from the dreary incomprehensibilities of Miss Stein and the recent Mr. Joyce to the sardonic loveliness of Matthew Josephson's idyll, "Lionel and Camilla," and the amusing pseudo-Dadaism of Kurt Schwitters' "Revolution." The whole value of *transition* (which cannot be overestimated) lies in its faithful adherence to its expressed policy: *We welcome new work, but not the kind that might be accepted elsewhere.* It is true, in Mr. Jolas' Preface there is a good deal of blowing up of the trumpet in the red new moon; the naif tags of the *liberati* (preciously translated from MacDougall Street 1920 and Beacon Hill 1922 to a less hardboiled Paris-that-never-was) are all here. "Aesthetic chaos," "decadent dogmas," "traditional regimentation," "the bourgeois forms of literature": they are amusing phrases, and if they are a bit cheap and a bit hard to justify, "modernists" from the time of the mediaeval Virgilius the Grammarian down have found them grateful to recite. But the presence in this volume in particular, and in *transition* in general, of so much genuinely good work, must excuse the waving of hoary flags on the editors' part. *transition* is an incubator, necessary because the editors of the three American periodicals which might be expected to encourage unknown experimentalists are either constipated or given to literary philately; admirable and most worthy of serious attention because its tone is a sincere, and frequently a powerful, tone.

The present volume is a good cross-section of typical *transition* prose. In addition to the contributions of Messrs. Josephson and Schwitters, which I have mentioned, there is a bitterly hilarious "prose pantomime" by Murray Godwin, which is something more than a blessed parody of Joyce's *Work-in-progress* method; there is an interesting experiment in a "new" form by Robert M. Coates, valuable for its possibilities as a medium for oblique narrative; and there are skillful pieces by Robert Sage, Elliot Paul, and Philippe Soupault. The other "stories," when not null-and-void, like those of Miss Stein and Mr. Joyce, or simply childishly dull, like those of Leigh Hoffman (a "modernist," dears) and Ralph Manheim, are generally worth more than a casual reading. . . . It is to be hoped that this encouraging volume will be followed by a collection of *transition* poems.

DUDLEY FITTS

THE GARMENT OF PRAISE. *By Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Herbert Agar. Garden City. Doubleday Doran & Company.* 1929. $5.00.

The purpose of this book is to justify poetry. The method of the authors is tripartite: first there is a discussion of the nature of poetry, supplemented by a not wholly fortunate attempt to establish Aristotelian type-categories upon a Platonic basis; next, since definitions must be illustrated, there is a brief history of England, obviously necessary to the fullest understanding of the "major figures and trends in English poetry"; and, finally, there is "an attempt to relate the poetry and the general life of today in such a way as to help in understanding both of them."

The book begins with the familiar Platonic paradox: the "real and invisible" as opposed to the unreal and visible. The poetic view of life is defined as a preoccupation with the perdurable world of the spirit, and so far Mr. Agar assents to Plato; but his next step is prompted by an unforgivable misapprehension of Plato's meaning, and leads him whither Plato would surely never follow: "real and invisible" is taken too literally as meaning "opposed to the material" and there follows a singularly fruitless attack upon science (which is factu-

al, and therefore "unreal") which logically pursued would seem to imply that the average Prep. School Fourth-Former, failing in Chemistry but able to turn a decent triolet *To His Soul*, is more of a poet than Lucretius. The obvious fact (is it therefore "unreal"?) that the scientific point of view and the poetic point of view are not only not repugnant, but are consonant, and, on the highest plane, identical, is overlooked; possibly because it is a "visible" fact. The same fogginess blurs Mr. Agar's distinction-into-types: we have the "poetry of virtuosity" — noise alone; "poetry of vision" — apparently, noise in a spiritual colour-bath; and finally "poetry of prophecy" — noise, *plus* chromatic psyche-bath, *plus* a thoroughgoing philosophy of life. Pope-Swinburne; Wordsworth-Keats; Dante-Milton. But since in his condemnation of Pope Mr. Agar remarks that "a great poet may be assumed to have a system of ethics, but he will not attempt, in poetry, to give it dogmatic or systematic expression," it is difficult to understand why Dante and Milton are described as "poets of prophecy," or, for that matter, how there can *be* any poetry of prophecy. And obviously poets like Donne, Herbert, or Crashaw — neither sonal, optical, nor mantic — are excluded from the system altogether. Mr. Agar has overlooked the visible fact that "types of poetry" exist only in textbooks.

The historical portions of the book are less debatable reading. It is hard to see why the Saxon poets should be snubbed and then treated at greater length than the Elizabethans; it is hard to understand why the Tudor poets should be slighted, although the reason is possibly to be found in Mr. Agar's plaintive observation ". . . no one can deny that the Tudors were important; but how anyone can find them either pleasing or admirable, I do not see." But if the general tone is reminiscent of Dickens' *Child's History*, and if intricacies are too frequently evaded by the use of suspension-points, the skeleton of the facts is here: this is unquestionably *History Every Young Critic Should Know*.

The last section of the book is the most interesting, although, since what is good and what is not good in contemporary poetry is more or less a question of any-man's-guess, it is the least valuable. On the whole, *The Garment of Praise* is an essay in good intentions. A book with such a purpose is needed: but this is not the book. Throughout the tendency is to decry the precise, the ordered, the non-ecstatic,

which alone marks the *creator spiritus* in art — be it the art which is Poetry, or the art which is Science.

DUDLEY FITTS

A NATIVE ARGOSY. *By Morley Callaghan. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1929. $2.50.

In September, 1928, Mr. Callaghan published his first novel, *Strange Fugitive,* very much in the Chicago-Paris-Hemingway measure of hardboiled realism. It dealt with Toronto bootleggers and hence appealed to, if it did not reach, the same romantic American heart that just now takes its eternal pleasure in such plays as *Broadway, Crime,* and *The Front Page.* The subject matter and the superficies of the treatment — "hard" description free of simile, colloquial dialogue, and a compact air of physical violence — gave the book its interest and its success. The interest lay perhaps in the ease with which the American sincerely takes up the hardboiled pose; and the success was the success of the school. The works of such a school result from the coöperation of external conventions rather than from an unanimity actually achieved; so that only the writer greater than the school can accomplish an individual work. In *Strange Fugitive* Mr. Callaghan fell short, disappointing readers of certain of the stories now contained in *A Native Argosy.*

The latter book is made up of fourteen short stories and two longer ones — "An Autumn Penitent" and "In His Own Country." The emphasis of the school is still present both in treatment and subject matter, but with a notable difference in *donnée,* in the conception of the theme. There is a paragraph in Santayana's Soliloquy on Dickens which runs as follows:

> I do not know whether it was Christian charity or naturalistic insight, or a mixture of both (for they are closely akin) that attracted Dickens particularly to the deformed, the half-witted, the abandoned, or those impeded or misunderstood by virtue of some singular inner consecration. The visible moral of these things, when brutal prejudice does not blind us to it, comes very near to true philosophy; one turn of the screw, one flash of reflection, and we have understood nature and human morality and the relation between them.

It is not meant to compare Dickens with Callaghan or even to suggest an identity of motive between them; but Santayana's paragraph admirably applies to the pair of long stories which close this volume and occasionally to the shorter pieces preceding them. It is in terms of "some singular inner consecration" that each tale is conceived, and Mr. Callaghan has that delicacy so much more important than verbal delicacy, the delicacy of accumulated perceptions, which brings the senses in the end to a gasp of recognition. The moral of his characters is made plain because their fate is understood. No judgment is imposed, no apology entered; catastrophe is seen as the particular harmony of circumstance — as this man or that woman follows to its conclusion some prejudice, some stupidity, some deformity of mind or spirit.

The book is "hard" in its school and has no illusions; because the characters the book expresses are so patently full of illusions. Almost the only colour the author lends to his creatures is a curious equanimity with which their ultimate attitudes are invested; their instincts, their animal spirits, are just to the event. Possibly this effect is obtained because the author refrains from metaphor and rhetoric in dealing with death, suicide, and insanity: so that the metaphor is character and the rhetoric action.

In the last century Maupassant, Chekov, and Stephen Crane all sometimes wrote short stories of this order. Each forced his sensibility to take a certain form as it accepted experience, and each was critical to an extreme in his fidelity to that form. Mr. Callaghan also has his fidelity. In "An Autumn Penitent," perhaps, the fidelity is most agonized and most perfect. The story is simple and the "singular inner consecration" to which Mr. Callaghan surrenders his chief character, Joe, is familiar. A husband, a wife, a niece are living comfortably together in a small village outside Toronto. A young Baptist preacher begins a series of revival meetings in early summer which are to terminate in a public baptism in the fall. The women are interested, are converted. Joe is not interested, not godly, but sympathetic. One evening while Joe is in the hotel on a small party, the niece tells the wife she is pregnant by her uncle Joe. Instead of going to church the two women go down by the river and drown themselves. Joe meditates the rest of the summer and in the fall is baptized in the lake — it is the best he can do for the dead, and he is sure from things

he can remember that his wife would have liked him to be baptized. So Joe is made to realize himself and the dead; God and human fate. Everything in the story happens by necessity, and therefore freely. The reader is able to adopt the curious equanimity of the characters and to share intimately in the inner consecration.

This is the sort of story Mr. Callaghan sets forth at his best; and the best is a good half by quantity.

R. P. BLACKMUR

THALIA, OR A COUNTRY DAY. A masque. *By John Finley. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1929. $2.00.

Mr. Finley's masque is a didactic pastoral, written in an archaic diction, and concerned with nature, or its relation to man. "It is imagined that on a certain day in spring, the wild creatures gather to a place in the woods to hold a yearly celebration. They each have risen early to procure some present of their choice, which they will bring to the festival." Homely-minded Woodchuck, kindly Porcupine, fantastical Rabbit, intelligent Fox, meet and quarrel, watch a play in which two bumpkins and a magician confuse each other; wrangle again with the play as a text; are admonished by Thalia; and compose their discord as dusk draws on. The procession of the hours from dawn to night, the passage of day over the land, is the groundwork against which the discourse of the animals is patterned, and the substance of their figures and examples. In their silences it is directly realized by a series of exquisitely modulated and subtly constructed songs — quotation only hinting their beauty —

> Mark, bat, and begone.
> The pale day climbs his road.
> Pantried roach and croaking toad,
> Be off before the dawn.
>
> Horses attent that hear day's fumbling hush
> Blow in the shadowed crib the hayseed dancing.
> They stir and return; they wake and, backward glancing
> Sense at the looming door the swallow brush.

Nature creates for these beasts a certain small bond of humanity. The wise can meditate and the simple put on a sobriety that at least

ekes out their unwisdom. To the Fox, whose intelligence seems cynicism to the others, Thalia speaks her lesson —

> To know, to grow, to likeness and the part
> Of the part-passing universe, to be
> What you are not and look with changeling's eyes
> On what you are, at the chance opened door
> To peek in fleeting second, and to call
> A few brief insights, a few sympathies,
> Transient upon the windy moment, wisdom:
> Therein is life's deception and its good.

The diction is indeed archaic; but instead of an artificial pastiche of Thomson or Collins, it is a legitimate projection of the antique pastoral tradition. An apparently eighteenth-century façade is largely composed of authentic classical marble. The archaism is accidental. It is the language of a dignity which comes easily to the author, and fits best his formal attitude towards nature. Mr. Finley's treatment of nature is the most satisfactory thing in the poem; it is, indeed, what gives the poem its distinction of attitude. It is quiet acceptance, and appreciation of those slender bonds of interest which link man to man, and men to nature, which is neither resignation nor despair and is without gesture or exhortation.

Obviously, Mr. Finley is an isolated phenomenon in the world of contemporary poetry, and *Thalia* raises certain important questions that can be hardly more than asked here. Can any poet of the twentieth century turn from the passionate intensity of our individual insecurity to an objective world, without giving the feeling that he is a poet of escape? Mr. Finley has been lucky; for him the problem apparently does not exist, and, like Robert Frost, perhaps, he has slipped quietly into the possession of a world, the quality of which by no means excludes a rich reference to the world of ours. Then, should not a poet's first responsibility be to his language, and his efforts be bent toward the reworking of language into a fresh idiom expressive of a fresh poetic sensibility? One must answer that it should, if poetry is to be re-oriented, and in this respect Mr. Finley's salvation is perhaps only personal. But for himself at any rate, the question is unimportant, for he uses language as it might be used in a normally poetic era; the cloth is ready woven and the poet fashions it into the shapes that his imaginative intelligence dictates.

As far as its relation to contemporary poetry is concerned, this poem is perhaps a happy accident, and one doubts whether its attitude or the method it employs could be generally valid. But in itself it is an extraordinary and sustained achievement, built on the structure of a cogent philosophy, which to almost any other poet, would have seemed a threadbare overapplication of the bland facts of life. Quotation displays some of its excellences, but is unjust since Mr. Finley's emphasis is on basic unity, wholeness, an objectivity of tone.

Perhaps his most serious fault is the placing of the central play, the time of which is night, in the high noon of the mask. The progression of time, which before and after is so admirably suggested is here broken and confused. But such lapses are those of an immature judgment rather than of any inherent lack of taste. He has conceived a long poem with a clarity, directness and distinction above much of the more tragic verse of the day.

EDWARD NOTT

MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN. *By Siegfried Sassoon. New York. Coward-McCann.* 1929. $2.50.

Nowadays it is not the fashion to spend one's life frankly enjoying oneself, unless such activities can be preceded or justified by financial success, or at least some form of glorious Work. So that Mr. Sassoon's picture of a world in which "the future was a matter of the four seasons of the year," and those seasons simply the occasions for cricket matches; and cubbing, and fox-hunting; getting the horses up from pasture, and the hounds in condition, and the foxes' holes stopped — all the simple yet immensely respectable business of a Master of Hounds and his followers, seems to some American reviewers almost unreal, at any rate pointless. Most of them have persisted in classing the *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* as social satire; and even the cynical Mr. Krutch is troubled because the characters are so much less despicable than their lack of serious purpose should warrant, although one of them roundly asserts that he would "sooner cheer a pack of Pomeranians after a weasel than waste his life making money in a blinking office."

This novel, clearly autobiographical in spirit and substance, is the

record of a happy and satisfying out-door life in pre-war England. George Sherston goes down from Cambridge without a degree or any plans for a "career," satisfied that an income of six hundred pounds a year, and a keen enjoyment of the very narrow world he knows hold enough promise of happiness. So he buys a horse, hunts in winter and plays cricket in summer, and goes up to London once — to get himself a pink coat for the coming season. Until the war intrudes itself, the keenest emotional interest in the book consists in the hero's youthful, enthusiastic respect and admiration, first for his aunt's groom, Dixon, and later for Dennis Milden, the young Master of Hounds in the adjoining country. The author is humorously aware of the limitations of his young man's mind and experience (that he had never set foot out of England transpires at a dinner "when we were saying how superior the English were to all foreigners"), but he clearly likes him none the less for that.

For George Sherston is always a great deal more than simply "a good man to hounds"; the sensitive eye that watches the countryside, and the keen wit that appraises the varied personages of the hunting-field, are those of a poet. I can think of no contemporary writer who has expressed so perfectly the peculiar charm and delicacy of southern England. And the men whom he sees riding through these fields are to him, however simple, definitely romantic. Indeed to many people the chief interest of the book will lie in the light it throws on Sassoon's bitter war-poems: showing them to be, not the product of a mere pacific theory, nor simply an outcry against war's brutality; but primarily a violent indignation at the destruction of such a happy world. The last two chapters deal with the beginning of the war, and the gradual fading, into the unattainable background, of the writer's preoccupation with horses and hunting. When George Sherston has snatched his last gallop behind the lines, and his company is finally moved up into the front trenches, the thread which bound him to the hunting field can be stretched no further, and the book breaks off abruptly. But the gloomy ending emphasizes admirably the pleasant calm of the earlier pages, and the tranquillity of the author's "land of lost content."

EILEEN HUGHES

SHORTER NOTICES

THE BLACK ROCK. *By John Gould Fletcher. New York. The Macmillan Company.* 1928. $3.00.

In poems, words are made to come together, to sound, to show, to thrill, and to teach. A poem is its meaning; it means what it says. It is impossible to apprehend a poem by separating the form from the content, and if a writer makes this separation, he does not write poems. Words are symbols; poetry is a sacrament.

Fletcher's art consists in a fine sense for vowel quality and for cadence, and a more intermittent sense for images. His message was characterized, before he gave it, in Irving Babbitt's criticism of the Romantics. He sometimes displays his art in conjunction with his message, but as he never delivers his message in his art, his poems may be said not to exist.

Explicit teaching is out of fashion; it is thought that to sound, show, and thrill is to teach. This is a matter of technique. If verse is not didactic, it is worthless. To have something to say is to be didactic. It is all very well to repeat after Goethe that good ideas do not make good art, that morals are better acted than spoken. That is A B C. Unfortunately, two pseudo-corollaries have been drawn from this axiom. One of them leads to the short cut to "Art" of saying nothing, the other leads down the devious meander of the art of thinking out loud. It has become necessary to distinguish these false "Arts" from the art of recording the process of thought and feeling.

Fletcher wants to write poetry. He wants to call forth sounds and sights from words in order to thrill and teach, but he always stops short in the process of recording sights and sounds just as he dallies in the process of thinking and feeling. Even when he writes (like Arnold and Longfellow) *after* and not (like Pound and Whitman) *before,* or (as he usually does) *while* making his own thoughts and feelings clear to himself, he tries to use thoughts and sentiments instead of words as his medium. But when Fletcher uses words as his medium he conveys very little thought or sentiment, even though words provide an excellent medium for that purpose.

He neglects the possibilities of words so indolently that I was tempted into the stock criticism of the Imagists: that the literary meaning, the sentiment of many of these poems would have been clearer, if Fletcher had not written them at all, but painted them. I

forgot for a moment that painting is, no less than writing, an art which requires talent in conception and execution. Fletcher defines nothing for us, but instead he sells us his private exercises in definition. The proper thing to do after reading Fletcher, or any lazy D'Annunzio, is to look, not at Odilon Redon, but in the dictionary — which contains all poems.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT

CAVENDER'S HOUSE. *By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York. The Macmillan Company.* 1929. $2.00.

In this, his latest long poem, Mr. Robinson has returned to an earlier type of theme treatment not to be found either in the allegorical tragedies of *Merlin* and *Lancelot* or in the sheer romantic pageantry of *Tristram*. This clinical record of Cavender's soul-sickness must be associated in the minds of Mr. Robinson's readers with *Roman Bartholow* and *Captain Craig* in that it is the record of an individual catastrophe, not a universal cataclysm, the story of an insoluble problem, rather than the comprehensive canvas of an irrevocable holocaust.

Twenty years before the opening of the poem Cavender has killed his wife, fearing on the vaguest suspicion that she has been unfaithful to him, and now he is tormented, not by remorse for his violence, but by doubts as to whether or not his violence was justified. Here at least is an unconventional angle of a theme in itself sufficiently banal. Cavender has returned to his darkened home of other days in quest of the solution of the doubts which beset him, but no voice from beyond the grave, no plumbing of his own inner consciousness can with certainty vindicate his action.

The now abandoned house that had been his and Laramie's, is to Cavender but a symbol of the blackness of his existence:

> In Cavender's House,
> As in the Lord's house, there are many mansions,
> And some that he had not so much as opened,
> Having so much to learn.

There is no release either in life or death from the bitterness and bewilderment to which he is heir.

In this return to an earlier and more austere mood and in the ban-

ishment of the high chivalry and romantic pageantry of *Tristram* there may be disappointment for some of Robinson's readers. The subtlety, the psychological probing, the sombre and tragic introspectiveness of the poem will attract only fit persons and those who admire and understand sheer poetic achievement. The light and easy reader of facile verses will find here only frustration and what he may deem obscurantism. Robinson's integrity has never allowed him to cater to such as these, but to the truly aesthetic, the truly perceptive, here is an allegory of Fate and the magnificent justification of poetic endeavour.

LUCIUS BEEBE

FORM AND STYLE IN POETRY. *Lectures and Notes. By W. P. Ker. Edited by R. W. Chambers. New York. The Macmillan Company.* 1928. $4.00.
PHASES OF ENGLISH POETRY. *By Herbert Read. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company.* 1929. $1.25.

Literary criticism plays two rôles; it reviews and describes the work of the past, and, by deciding which practices are good and which bad, it dictates the practice of the future. Aristotle, reviewing the work of the Greek tragic poets, not only arranges and classifies, he also, by passing judgment, tacitly creates the criterion according to which other work may best be accomplished. This double rôle of criticism is responsible for the irregularities in its history; for when it becomes too dictatorial, over-emphasizing its second function, it produces rules, and a lifeless literature, and when it becomes too much of a parasite it produces pedantry and no literature at all.

Now the central tradition of English criticism, of which the first great representative is Dryden, preserves the proper balance between these two rôles. It clarifies the work of dead poets for the benefit of the living, and though the poet himself may get on without it by being his own critic of tradition (which he must do to a great extent if he is to amount to anything), nevertheless criticism of the right kind gives him a short cut, awakens his sense of values, and moulds — to use the favorite word of Mr. Read — his sensibility.

To this central tradition the late Professor Ker belonged. Most of

his published work, to be sure, concerned literary history rather than criticism, but in this posthumous volume — consisting largely of the lectures on form and style in poetry which he delivered yearly at London University — he reveals his interest in questions of a less temporal character. And, though not a great figure in the history of criticism, nevertheless he was an important one — he influenced a whole generation of teachers of English literature; and his point of view is so sane, so enriched by learning, that for us, who fumble and grope for a tradition, his book is valuable. It has, of course, its limitations. Ker at times, like so many historians of literature, appears to hold, perhaps unconsciously, a somewhat hothouse view of poetry; purely literary influences upon a poet are overemphasized, a fact which comes out particularly clearly in his treatment of Chaucer. One is also led to wonder how necessary are the discussions of poetic classifications and the history of various forms which occupy so much space in the volume.

Yet these very things are significant of the traditional assumptions which underlie Ker's book. His treatment of the various verse forms, for example, showing how long a history and how strong a vitality they have, is not only interesting to the student of literature, but also stimulating and valuable for the practicing poet. Throughout there are excellent remarks. "Poets who do not use separate diction depend mainly on their logic." "This is the true spirit of parody — the sound detached from sense — and a homage to the beauty of the original"; and the treatment of fancy and imagination (in the seventeenth London lecture) is one of the most illuminating and satisfactory in English criticism. One feels throughout that to Ker poetry was both a living organism and the finest of all crafts, and one would say of him what he once said of Saintsbury's *History of Prosody:* "One thing is amply proved in this book, namely, that the technical study of poetry has no chilling or deadening effect on the true worshipper." Indeed, as far as Ker is concerned, the effect is just the reverse, and it is his implicit enthusiasm, as well as the sense of balance and tradition which underlies it, that makes these lectures so rewarding.

Read belongs to a different generation; though he treats his subject chronologically — which Ker does not — he lacks just that sense of an established, authoritative point of view which is so striking in Ker. Like all serious-minded people today, he seems to feel the need of

questioning the very bases of his subject; as a result many of his criticisms are either private or over-subtle. Though he is not so learned as Ker, and in no way comparable to him as a master of evidence (one of the essentials of a good critic), it is this "new-fanglenesse" that chiefly distinguishes his work from Ker's. Few of Read's observations make one exclaim, "That's true": on the contrary one is inclined to challenge nearly everything he says. Take this description of Chaucer: "He is sensual rather than sensuous, vulgar rather than recondite, still, with all his learning, the poet of the community rather than of the cabinet." Not one of these distinctions can be accepted without violent protest, and when we read the next sentence: "Spenser is the first and most perfect representative of humanism in English poetry," one cannot accept it all, or at least not until we find out what Read means by humanism, and this we are not told.

Of course the book is very condensed, and, one imagines, written somewhat hastily. Otherwise it is difficult to account for many of Read's remarks. But the difficulty goes deeper than this, for Read, unlike Ker, has no point of view from which to start. Nor, unfortunately, has he any solution on which to end. His final chapter, on modern poetry, is singularly discouraging. With one part of his mind, he believes that the poetry of the future will have to be based, like the ballads, on "group-feeling"; while with the other, he believes that it should be solely based on the intelligence — "a veiled activity, leading the poet deep into the obscurities of the human heart." One admires Read's frankness in admitting this division in his intellectual house, but it does not inspire confidence. And it is this lack of a unified point of view which makes his individual criticisms so frequently unacceptable, and which sends the reader back to Ker for a mind which does not, perhaps, attempt to include quite so much, but which, for what it does include, is at least well ordered and controlled.

THEODORE SPENCER

A Bookman's Daybook. *By Burton Rascoe. New York. Horace Liveright.* 1929. $3.00.

"The books I reread with the greatest frequency are: *The Anatomy of Melancholy, The Crock of Gold, Jurgen,* Lucian's *Dialogues of the Gods,* . . . Whibley's *Book of Frankness*. . .

"My favorite poets are Sappho, Anacreon, Catullus, Shakespeare, ... Villon, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Goethe, T. S. Eliot. . . *and* Maxwell Bodenheim, Conrad Aiken, Edna St. Vincent Millay. . .

"I think that Cabell's *Jurgen* is one of the indubitable masterpieces of literature. I think that *Paradise Lost* is not.

"I have the utmost confidence that time will justify my estimate of the following prose artists and poets: Maxwell Bodenheim, Ben Hecht, Frank Moore Colby, Kenneth Burke, Amory Hare, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stephens and Henry Blake Fuller. . ."

Having stated some of Mr. Rascoe's preferences, let us consider some of his diversions, for literary gents, like lesser breeds, are sometimes revealed to us through their amusements. "M. Bodenheim came to see me this afternoon . . . He is the Rimbaud of our day in America."

"About nine o'clock to night a taxi drove up and there came trooping up the stairs Mary Blair, dressed in pajamas, house slippers and a raincoat; Tallulah Banhead in bathing suit and cutaway coat; and Edmund Wilson Jr. in a brown dressing gown and a top hat. They gave us forthwith a superb vaudeville performance. . . It was all refreshing and amusing, and I pondered the happy circumstances which allow so serious and studious a young man as Bunny Wilson to forget himself in a riot of giddy nonsense and absurdity. . . I should have preferred, for the sake of the evening's impromptu perfection that he and Tallulah did not repeat that they must seem very silly. . ."

For, as Mrs. Isabel Patterson, authoress of *Life Among the Booksey Folk* (or some such title), reminds us, Mr. Rascoe was really much more interested in many people's "grave opinions about literature, art and life" than he would have us think — such people, that is, as Mr. Bodenheim, Mr. Cabell, Mr. Hecht and Miss Marianne Moore. Reading Mr. Rascoe makes us think with some degree of pensiveness about the general jocularity and jocundity of a Bookman's Book-Life, to say nothing of his Day-Life, of his Night-Life. Does a

friend, John Mosher of *The New Yorker*, for example, remind us that no Main Street, no Babbitt-warren can equal these people in pretence, combined with a sort of furtive, facetious, small-time, small-boy appraisement of life, day, night and always? Tush, John, away with you! What do the likes of us know about literature. . . .?

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

THE MODERN TEMPER. *A Study and a Confession. By Joseph Wood Krutch. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company.* 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Krutch's book, which is subtitled, "A Study and a Confession," is not intended, he tells us in his foreword, to be any more than the description of a state of mind. "My subject," he says, "is not any series of objective facts, but a state of mind, and in the effort to describe and account for it I am not responsible for Truth, but for the convictions, scientific and otherwise, which I and my contemporaries have been led to hold." I believe that Mr. Krutch has described a very common state of mind, but he is so exclusively its victim that he cannot see beyond it, or criticize it. What this condition is may be gathered from the preface: "Unlike their grandfathers, those who are its victims do not and never expect to believe in God; but unlike their spiritual fathers, the philosophers and scientists of the nineteenth century, they have begun to doubt that rationality and knowledge have any promised land into which they may be led."

Mr. Krutch's state of mind in other words is that of a man who questions no theories calling themselves scientific, but who doubts whether a knowledge of these theories makes life any better for us. His first chapter, called the "Genesis of a Mood," is the familiar tale of the successive waves of scientific disillusionment, beginning with Copernicus and ending with Freud. In his second chapter, "The Paradox of Humanism," he compares mankind unfavorably with the other animals, yet confesses to a perverse liking for mankind. His dilemma here is that his scientific authorities do not justify his preferring Socrates to a red ant. Nor do they help to improve Socrates: in "The

Disillusionment with the Laboratory" we find that "a laboratory knowledge of what, for want of better terms, we must still speak of as the soul and its activities, does not result in any greater mastery of them." Meanwhile he never doubts that the laboratory does increase our knowledge of the "soul."

It is no wonder that one who has the scientific habit of ethical passivity should fail to see what is meant by humanism, or that one who recognizes only laboratory facts and generalizations derived from them should fail to see what is meant by love or art. It is not surprising that Mr. Krutch, with his deep but unacknowledged faith in the metaphysics of science, should be unable even to perceive any metaphysical questions. The surprising thing is that with all his pride in his tough-mindedness and scepticism he should find it so easy to believe in a universe composed of Bohr atoms and Oedipus Complexes. One gets the impression that Mr. Krutch is either allowing himself to be bullied by the scientists, with their apparatus of facts and proofs, or else that he is uncritically seizing every illusion-smashing conception he can lay his hands on to support a merely temperamental gloom. The last sentence in his book has a suspiciously lyrical and triumphant ring: "We should rather die as men than live as animals."

Mr. Krutch's book is too muddled to be of much importance in itself. But there is no doubt that his state of mind is shared by many writers and talkers. It is not the plain people who feel as he does: they make their livings and have their misfortunes without asking permission from Freud or Einstein. It is not the practising artists, who are too absorbed in the attempt to order their material; it is only when the material becomes unmanageable that they are driven to juggling with other people's theories. It is not the scientists themselves, as anyone who knows a few scientists will agree. The experimental scientist is typically a man whose life is divided between the specific concerns of his laboratory and a simple personal life. But there are a great many people who work only with books; who never deal with the concrete, and therefore use only their minds and not their spirits. These are the victims of Mr. Krutch's modern temper; the "*angélistes*" — subscribers to the heresy that one mind can see farther into a generalization than its knowledge of the separate facts upon which the generalization is based.

FRANCIS FERGUSSON

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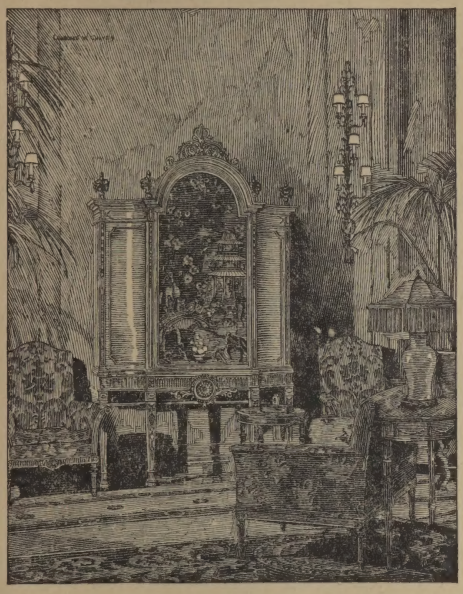

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